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THE WHITES AND THE BLUES.

VOL. I.

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"ADVANCE WITH THE WATCHWORD!"

Drawn and etched by Félix Oudart.

THE WHITES AND THE BLUES, I. *Frontispiece.*

THE

WHITES AND THE BLUES.

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In the "Marie-Antoinette Romances" Dumas substantially wrote the history of France from the first appearance of Maria Theresa's daughter upon French soil, as the betrothed wife of the Dauphin, down to her heartrending death upon the scaffold, a dethroned and insulted queen. In the "Companions of Jehu" he took up the story once more at the period of Bonaparte's return from Egypt, leaving an interval of something over five years, which the present narrative, written at a somewhat later date than the "Companions of Jehu," exactly covers, — thus making the chain complete from the marriage of Louis XVI. to the battle of Marengo.

The events immediately succeeding the death of the Queen, — the fall of the Girondins, followed in quick succession by that of Danton and his followers of the Cordeliers, and at last by the "Thermidorian reaction," which whirled away Robespierre and Saint-Just; the horrible, revolting brutalities

of Carrier, Lebon, and Fréron at Nantes and Toulon; the campaign of Pichegru and Hoche against the Prussians on the Rhine, with incidental reference to Bonaparte's share in the reduction of Toulon, — all these are sketched cursorily, but with strict adherence to fact, as leading up to the celebrated rising of the sections on the 13th Vendémiaire, which is the main theme of the second portion of the story.

Much interest is added to the first part ("The Prussians on the Rhine") by the fact that its chapters embody largely the personal experience of Charles Nodier, author of "Souvenirs de la Révolution," and the connection and friend of Dumas.

The 13th Vendémiaire (4th October, 1795) stands alone among the innumerable days of street-fighting in Paris, — the city of barricades, — in that the insurrection of the Sections, which came to a head on that day, was an uprising of the best classes of Parisian society against the avowed purpose of the Convention, then nearing its end, to perpetuate the influence and power of its own members, by decrees requiring that two-thirds of the Councils provided for in the new constitution should be chosen from among their number.

Zealous Republicans, who were apprehensive of the resuscitation of the Mountain and of all that the 9th Thermidor had destroyed, stood shoulder to

shoulder that day on the Pont Neuf and the steps of Saint-Roch with equally zealous Royalists and foes of the Revolution of every description.

That the Convention triumphed on the 13th Vendémiaire was due to Bonaparte; his opportunity came to him when Barras intrusted him with the defence of the Convention, and he so used it that that day marked the real beginning of the dazzling career which soon became, and continued until its close, the main thread of French history.

The Directory under the new constitution was to consist of five members, one to be chosen each year, while one-third of the Councils were to be chosen each year. By virtue of the decrees alluded to above, a large majority of the first Councils were of the ultra-revolutionary, Jacobinical party; and they chose five men to the Directory, all of whom had voted for the death of the King.

As the reactionary spirit was then prevalent everywhere in France, it was easy to see that the time must soon come when a reactionary majority in the Councils would find itself confronted by a Terrorist majority in the Directory.

The inevitable happened, and the 18th Fructidor (3d September, 1797) was the result.

A recent writer[1] has succinctly stated the imme-

[1] Captain A. T. Mahan, The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire.

diate causes of this *coup d'état*, to a description of which the second portion of these volumes is mainly devoted.

[In April, 1797,] "the internal condition of France became alarming. The time had come to choose new members to replace one-third of each body of the legislature; and the elections, still influenced by the memory of the Terror, resulted in the return of so many reactionaries as to give these a majority in both houses, especially in the lower. The latter at once showed its spirit by electing for Speaker, by a large majority, General Pichegru, who was in open quarrel with the Directory, and followed up this significant act by a series of measures calculated to thwart the executive power and enfeeble its action. The opposition between the legislature and the Directory grew more and more pronounced throughout the summer months; but the reactionists failed to read aright the signs of the times. They allowed themselves, by the machinations of the royalists and through injudicious acts of their own, to seem enemies of republican government, which aroused the anxiety of Hoche, commanding the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse, and they directly brought into question the conduct of Bonaparte towards Venice, thus stirring up the more personal and violent enmity of the brilliant conqueror of Italy. The legislature thus found itself opposed by the two generals who stood highest in public esteem as essential to the safety of France, and who, each according to his own nature, transmitted his feelings to the troops under his command, and prepared them for a *coup d'état*.

"Inflammatory speeches and toasts prevailed throughout the armies, to which the republic was dear rather as a name than as a reality, and they were easily led to think that the two houses were contemplating a return to royalty.

"The majority of the Directory, half believing the same thing, and chafed by an opposition which seriously hampered the working of the government, were ready for violent measures. Two of its members, however, were not prepared for such action; and one of these, Carnot, the organizer of the republic's early victories, was then serving his term as President of the Directory. Unknown to him, the three plotters matured their scheme, and called upon Bonaparte to send them Augereau, the most revolutionary of the generals in Italy, to direct the troops in such forcible proceedings as might be necessary. Upon his arrival he was made commandant of the military division of Paris, despite the opposition of Carnot. The latter's presidency expired on the 24th of August, and he was succeeded by one of the conspirators. On the night of September 3d Augereau surrounded the castle and garden of the Tuileries with twelve thousand troops and forty cannon, driving out the legislators who were then there, together with their guard. The Directory ordered the arrest, by its own guard, of the two members not in the plot. Carnot escaped into Switzerland; but Barthélemi, their other colleague, was seized. The next day the members of the two houses who had not been imprisoned met and passed a resolution invalidating a number of the recent elections, and exiling to Cayenne the two directors and fifty-three representatives."

This extract from the work of a careful and impartial writer affords an excellent means of determining the extraordinary fidelity with which Dumas adheres to the facts of history in his romances.

There seems to be no doubt that Napoleon deliberated very carefully before making up his mind to support the Directory in their contemplated *coup d'état.*

"The 18th Fructidor, 1797," says Captain Mahan, "was the logical forerunner of the 18th Brumaire, 1799."

Pichegru lived to escape from Cayenne, only to die at last by his own hand, after trial and conviction as a conspirator with Cadoudal and Moreau against the government of the Emperor Napoleon.

Georges Cadoudal is a prime favorite of Dumas, — indeed, it would be difficult to find him mentioned otherwise than with a large admixture of sympathy and respect, save in Bonaparte's despatches concerning him at the time of his last attempt to revive the traditions of Rochejacquelein, Stofflet, and Charette, and the Vendée of '93.

The tragic story of the family of Sainte-Hermine will stand for that of many a family which clung to the fortunes of the unhappy Bourbon race during the revolutionary upheaval, and the second son of that ill-fated family, whom Dumas presents to us here and elsewhere under the *nom de guerre* of

Morgan, is a type of a vast number of young royalist noblemen of that day who sacrificed property and life to their devotion to an undeserving, ungrateful prince.

The character of Morgan is drawn with exceeding vigor and force, as is that of Diana de Fargas, the avenger of her unfortunate brother.

A word has been said in an introductory note to the "Companions of Jehu" as to the genesis of the world-renowned expedition of Bonaparte to Egypt and Syria, — an expedition whose hope of success perished with the glorious victory of Nelson at the mouth of the Nile.

The "Eighth Crusade," which was written as an addendum to the "Whites and the Blues," is largely devoted to a narration of the celebrated siege of Acre, enlivened by divers exciting and heroic episodes, in which Sergeant-Major Faraud and Corporal Falou figure prominently, to say nothing of Roland de Montrevel, Bonaparte's favorite aide-de-camp and one of the heroes of the "Companions of Jehu."

Cut off from Europe by the loss of the Mediterranean, and realizing what the moral effect must have been of the disaster to his fleet, Bonaparte, "surrounded by deserts and the sea, saw, on and beyond both, nothing but actual or possible enemies."

He was in utter ignorance of the real state of

affairs in Europe, but supposed that negotiations between France and Turkey were in progress, and that striking military successes in Syria might hasten them to a satisfactory conclusion. Influenced by this among other considerations, and by the fact that an invasion of Syria coincided with his ultimate purpose of an advance upon India by that road, he determined upon that invasion. As a matter of fact, Turkey had declared war upon France; but when he first learned that that was the case, his troops were already in the desert, and he about to follow them: it was too late to draw back, had he wished to do so.

Of the siege of Acre, where the triumphant progress of the first military genius of the age was checked by another English naval officer, — Sidney Smith, — Captain Mahan well says that it was "petty in itself, but momentous in its bearing upon events. . . . As the best port and the best fortress on the coast, Acre was the bridgehead of Palestine. . . . If Bonaparte advanced, leaving it unsubdued, his flank and rear would through it be open to attack from the sea." And so he led his army back to Egypt under the scorching heat of a June sun. It had lost fifteen hundred men killed or dead of disease, and more than two thousand were wounded.

After the clandestine departure of Bonaparte, leaving Kléber in command in Egypt, the French

occupation lingered on until Kléber was assassinated, and succeeded by Menou. In September, 1801, the last of the French troops sailed from Alexandria, leaving nothing more substantial than a memory behind them.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Period, 1793–1799.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, General of the armies of Italy and Egypt.

MARIE-ROSE-JOSEPHINE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, afterwards married to Napoleon.

EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, her son.

HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS, her daughter.

MADAME TALLIEN, friend to Josephine.

BOURRIENNE, Napoleon's Secretary.

CHARLES NODIER.

BOISSY D'ANGLAS, President of the National Convention in 1795.

MARIE JOSEPH CHÉNIER,
MM. DELAUNAY, LAPORTE, GILLET, AUBRY, DELMAS, GARAT, and LANJUINAIS, } members of the Convention.

CHARLES PICHEGRU, General-in-Chief of the army of the Rhine.

BARBIER, called "the Desperate," a vine-dresser, his friend.

CITIZEN REIGNAC, Chief-Secretary to General Pichegru's Staff.

CAPTAINS DOUMERC, ABATUCCI, GAUME, and CHAUMETTE, *aides-de-camp* to General Pichegru.

CITIZENS LIEBER, BOURSIER, MICHAUD, and HERMANN, Brigadiers-General in Pichegru's army.

GENERAL MATHIEU DUMAS,
COLONEL MACDONALD,
COLONEL RENÉ SAVARY, } officers serving under General Pichegru.

SPARTACUS, head drummer of the batallion of the Indre.

CORPORAL PIERRE-CLAUDE FARAUD,
CORPORAL GROSEILLER,
CITIZEN VINCENT,
FALOU, a *chasseur*,
} soldiers serving under Pichegru.

CITIZEN LEBLANC, *valet-de-chambre* to General Pichegru.

CITIZEN ESTÈVE, Paymaster of the army of the Rhine.

ROSE CHARLEROI, the "Goddess of Reason," married to Corporal Faraud.

CITIZEN LAZARE HOCHE, appointed General-in-Chief of the armies of the Rhine and Moselle.

GENERALS DUBOIS and BROGLIE, of the army of the Moselle.

ANTOINE DESAIX, *aide-de-camp* to General Broglie.

GENERALS MENOU, BESSUYER, VERDIÈRES, and CARTEAUX, French officers at Paris.

COLONEL HULOT,
GENERAL DUGOMMIER,
} Republican officers.

GENERALS MURAT, RAMPON, KLÉBER, JUNOT, VIAL, LANNES, CAFFARELLI, DESTAING, and MARMONT,
MM. REYNIER, CROISIER, and DAVOUST,
MAJOR DESNOYERS,
COLONEL GUDART,
CAPTAIN MORANDI,
COMTE DE MAILLY,
THE SHEIK OF AHER,
} officers serving under Napoleon in Egypt.

ROLAND DE MONTREVEL, *aide-de-camp* to Napoleon.

BERTHIER, Chief-of-Staff to Napoleon.

GENERAL MOREAU, commanding a division of the army of the Rhine.

GENERALS MASSÉNA, KELLERMANN, SCHÉRER, and JOUBERT, of the armies of Italy.

SERGEANT-MAJOR PIERRE AUGEREAU, of the first regiment of Paris volunteers, afterwards General Augereau.

GENERAL DUTERTRE.

JEAN-GEORGES EULOGE SCHNEIDER, "the Monk of Cologne," Judge Advocate of the Revolutionary Commission of the Lower Rhine.

CITIZEN EDELMANN, a musician,
CITIZEN YOUNG, a shoemaker, } his friends.
CITIZEN MONNET,

CITIZEN SAINT-JUST, } representatives sent to the army of the
CITIZEN LEBAS, } Rhine.

PROSPER LENORMAND, friend of Saint-Just.

MADEMOISELLE CLOTILDE BRUMPT.

COMTE DE BRUMPT, her father.

MADAME GÉRARD, Mademoiselle Brumpt's companion.

CITIZEN BERGÈRE, manager of a company of players at Strasburg.

MADAME FROMONT, } members of his company.
CITIZEN FLEURY, }

MADAME TEUTCH, of the Hôtel de la Lanterne at Strasburg.

GRETCHEN, her servant.

MM. BARRAS, REWBELL, LA REVEILLIÈRE LEPAUX, LETOURNEUR, CARNOT, and FRANÇOIS BARTHÉLEMY, of the Directory.

M. COCHON, Minister of Police,
M. LENOIR-LAROCHE, his successor,
M. SOTHIN, succeeding M. Lenoir-Laroche, as Minister of Police,
M. BÉNÉZECH, Minister of the Interior,
M. FRANÇOIS DE NEUFCHÂTEAU, succeeding M. Bénézech,
M. TRUGUET, Minister of Marine,
M. PLÉVILLE-LEPELEY, his successor,
M. CHARLES DELACROIX, Minister of Foreign Affairs,
M. TALLEYRAND, his successor,
M. RAMEL, Minister of Finance,
M. MERLIN, Minister of Justice,
M. PÉTIET, Minister of War,
} under the Directory.

CITIZEN COCLES, a groom.

CITIZEN TÉTRELL, chief of the *Propagande* at Strasburg.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL CHARLES PERRIN.

CITIZENS DUMONT and BALLU, commissioners from the Commune of Besançon, his friends.

CITIZEN CHARLES THEODORE FRANÇOIS, Civil Magistrate of the Second District.

MADAME DE STAËL.

BARONNE DE KRÜDNER.

MADAME RECAMIER.

MADAME GOHIER.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

M. FOUCHÉ.

COMTE DE PROVENCE, assuming the title of Louis XVIII.

PRINCE DE CONDÉ,
DUC DE BOURBON,
GENERALS KLENAU, HADGE, and WURMSER,
} officers of the armies fighting against the Republic.

GENERAL GEORGES CADOUDAL, the Chouan leader.

EDOUARD DE SAINTE-HERMINE, styling himself Citizen Morgan,
M.M. DE VALENSOLLES, DE JAYAT, and DE RIBIER,
} chiefs of the Companions of Jehu.

COMTE DE SAINTE-HERMINE,
LÉON DE SAINTE-HERMINE,
} brothers of Edouard de Sainte-Hermine.

LUCIEN DE FARGAS, of the Companions of Jehu, condemned to death for betraying them.

MADEMOISELL DIANA DE FARGAS, his sister.

CITIZEN AUGUSTE DANICAN, General-in-Chief of the Sections of Paris.

M. DE FRÉRON, assisting in the rebellion against the Convention.

COSTER DE SAINT-VICTOR,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL RAMEL,
CENERAL VILLOT,
BARBÉ-MARBOIS,
MONSIEUR and MADAME LAFFON-LADÉBAT,
MM. LACUÉ, DESSONVILLE, DU COUDRAY, DELARUE, and ROVÈRE,
} Royalists.

M. DE FAUCHE-SOREL, an envoy from the Prince de Condé, passing as Citizen Fenouillot, a commercial traveller for the House of Fraissinet.

CHANTE-EN-HIVER,
CŒUR-DE-ROI,
BRANCHE-D'OR,
BRISE-BLEU,
TIFFANGES,
BÉNÉDICITÉ,
MONTE-À-L'ASSAUT,
} Chouans serving under Georges Cadoudal.

ABOU-SAIB, Governor of Jaffa.

ABDALLAH, Pacha of Damascus.

DJEZZAR PACHA.

KOSCIUSKO.

ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

GENERAL EISEMBERG,
FIGEAC, a surgeon,
} condemned to be guillotined.

ADMIRAL GANTHEAUME.

ROSE, a dressmaker.

M. PÉRIGNON, President of the Tribunal at Nantua.

PÈRE ROSSIGNOL, a jailer.

MADEMOISELLE LENORMAND, a fortune-teller.

MADEMOISELLE AURÉLIE DE SAINT-AMOUR, mistress of Barras.

SUZETTE, her maid.

RENÉ SERVET, landlord of the Dauphin Inn at Nantua.

CITIZEN PROSPER BAUER, landlord of the Golden Lion at Woerth.

CITIZEN FRANÇOIS GOULIN, travelling through France with the guillotine, and executed by the Chouans.

VIGOGNE, an attendant to Napoleon.

MASTER NICOLAS, an executioner.

STEPHAN MOINJKI, a Polish spy.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the preface to the "Companions of Jehu" I told why that romance had been written; and those who have read it cannot fail to have seen that I borrowed my *denoûment* from Nodier, who was an eye-witness of the death of four of the Companions.

Now, "The Whites and the Blues" being a continuation of the "Companions of Jehu," it will seem perfectly natural for me to borrow my beginning from Nodier.

During his long illness, which was simply a gradual decay of strength, I was one of his most constant visitors; and as, on account of his incessant labors, he had not had time to read my books relating to the epoch with which he was so well acquainted, he caused the seven or eight hundred volumes to be brought to him while he was ill and confined to his bed, and devoured them eagerly.

In proportion as he became better acquainted with my methods of work, his literary confidence in me increased; and when I spoke to him of his own work he would say: "Oh, I have never had time to do more than sketch

out rough drafts of events which, if you had had possession of them, would have furnished you with material for ten volumes, instead of two hundred lines."

And then he related to me the substance of the four pages which were the foundation of the three volumes of the "Companions of Jehu," and the anecdote of Euloge Schneider, from which he declared that I should have made at least ten.

"Some day, my friend," he added, "you will certainly write those volumes; and if it is true that any part of us survives, I shall rejoice yonder in your success, and shall flatter myself that I have had some small share in it myself."

Then I wrote the "Companions of Jehu;" and since the success which it achieved, I have been possessed with the idea of writing a great romance, entitled "The Whites and the Blues," from what he told me, and from his writings, taking my point of departure for this new book from Nodier's "Episodes of the Revolution," as I derived the motive for a former one from his "Thermidorian Reaction."

But as I was about to begin, I was seized with a scruple. This time I was not only about to borrow a few pages from my old friend, but I was also intending to bring him personally into the book.

Then I wrote to my dear sister, Marie Mennessier, to request her to allow me to do for the second time what I had already done once without her permission: namely, take a graft from the paternal tree, to improve my own stock.

This is what she replied: —

"Anything and everything that you wish, brother Alexandre; I deliver my father to you with as much confidence as if he were your own. His memory is in good hands."

MARIE MENNESSIER-NODIER.

From that time there was nothing to stop me; and as my plan was made, I set to work at once.

I therefore offer this publication to-day; but in giving it to the public, I desire to acquit myself of one duty, as follows: —

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND AND COLLABORATOR

CHARLES NODIER.

I have used the word "collaborator" because the trouble I should take in seeking for a better would be thrown away.

ALEX. DUMAS.

THE WHITES AND THE BLUES.

PROLOGUE.

THE PRUSSIANS ON THE RHINE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE HÔTEL DE LA POSTE TO THE HÔTEL DE LA LANTERNE.

On the 21st Frimaire, in the year II. (11th December, 1793), the diligence from Besançon to Strasburg stopped, at nine o'clock in the evening, in the courtyard of the Hôtel de la Poste, behind the cathedral.

Five travellers descended from it; but our attention will be occupied only with the youngest of the five.

He was a boy of thirteen or fourteen, thin and pale, who might have been taken for a girl dressed in boy's clothes, so sweet and melancholy was the expression of his face. His hair, which he wore cut *à la Titus*, — a fashion which zealous republicans had adopted in imitation of Talma, — was a dark chestnut; eyelashes of the same color shaded eyes of a clear blue, which rested, with remarkable intelligence, like two interrogation-points,

upon men and things. He had delicate lips, beautiful teeth, and a charming smile, and was dressed in the fashion of the period, if not elegantly, at least so carefully that it was easy to see that a woman's hand had superintended his toilet.

The conductor, who appeared to be particularly watchful over the boy, handed him a small packet like a soldier's knapsack, which could be hung over his shoulders by means of a pair of straps. Then, looking all around him, he called, —

"Hallo! Is there no one here from the Hôtel de la Lanterne, looking for a young traveller from Besançon?"

"Yes, I am here," replied a gruff, coarse voice.

And a man who looked like a groom, hardly distinguishable in the shadows, in spite of a lantern which he carried in his hand, which, however, lighted nothing but the pavement, approached the huge vehicle, turning towards the side where the door was open.

"Ah, is it you, Sleepy-head?" said the conductor.

"My name is not Sleepy-head, it is Cocles," responded the groom, in a surly tone; "and I have come to look for Citizen Charles."

"You have come from the Citizeness Teutch, have you not?" asked the boy, in a soft voice which formed a charming contrast to the coarse tones of the groom.

"Yes, from the Citizeness Teutch. Well, are you ready, Citizen?"

"Conductor," said the boy, "you will tell them at home — "

"That you arrived safely, and that there was some one to meet you; never fear, Monsieur Charles."

"Oh, ho!" said the groom, in tones almost menacing, as he approached the conductor and the young man.

"Well, what do you mean with your 'oh, ho'?

"I mean that the language you are speaking is not the language of Alsace."

"Really," replied the conductor, mockingly; "you don't say so!"

"And I would advise you," added Citizen Cocles, "to leave in your diligence your title of 'monsieur,' which is out of fashion in Strasburg, especially now that we are so fortunate as to have within our walls the citizen representatives Saint-Just and Lebas."

"Go along with your representative citizens, and take this young man to the Hôtel de la Lanterne." And without paying further attention to the advice of the Citizen Cocles, the conductor entered the Hôtel de la Poste.

The man with the light followed the conductor with his eyes, muttering; then, turning to the young man, he said, —

"Come, let us go, Citizen Charles;" and he went on ahead, to show the way.

Strasburg, even at its best, is not a particularly lively town, especially when a tattoo is beaten for two hours at a time; but it was duller than ever at the period when this story opens, — in the early part of December, 1793. The Austro-Prussian army was literally at the gates of the city; Pichegru, general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine, after gathering together all the scattered forces at his command, had, by force of will and the aid of his own example, re-established discipline and resumed the offensive on the 18th Frimaire, three days before, organizing a war of skirmishing and sharpshooting, since he was powerless to offer battle. He had succeeded Houchard and Custine, who had been guillotined because they had met with reverses, and Alexandre de Beauharnais, who was about to be guillotined also.

Furthermore, Saint-Just and Lebas were there, not only commanding Pichegru to conquer, but decreeing the victory. The guillotine followed them, charged with executing their decrees the instant they were made.

And three decrees had been pronounced on that very day.

The first one ordered the gates of Strasburg to be closed at three o'clock in the afternoon; any one who delayed their closing, if only for five minutes, did so under pain of death.

The second decree forbade any one to run from the enemy. The horseman who put his horse to the gallop, or the foot-soldier who moved faster than a walk, when turning his back to the enemy on the field of battle, thereby incurred the penalty of death.

The third decree, which was due to fear of surprise by the enemy, commanded every soldier to lie down at night fully dressed. Any soldier who disobeyed this order, no matter what his rank, was condemned to death.

The boy who had just entered the city was destined to see each of these decrees carried into effect within six days.

As we have said, all these circumstances, added to the news which had just arrived from Paris, increased the ordinary mournfulness of the town.

The news which had just come from Paris told of the death of the queen, of the Duc d'Orléans, of Madame Roland, and of Bailly.

There was talk of the speedy recapture of Toulon from the English; but this was as yet merely an unauthenticated rumor.

Neither was the hour one which would make Strasburg appear lively in the eyes of the new-comer.

After nine o'clock in the evening, the dark and narrow

streets of the town were given up to the patrol of the civic guard and of the company of the *Propagande*, who were watching over the public welfare.

Nothing is, in fact, more mournful to a traveller who comes from a town which is neither engaged in war nor is on the frontier, than the sounds of the nocturnal tramp of an organized body, stopping suddenly at an order pronounced in a heavy tone and accompanied by the clashing of arms, and exchanging the password each time that it meets another company.

Two or three of these patrols had already crossed the path of our new arrival and his guide, without taking any notice of them, when they met another, and were stopped by the challenge: "Who goes there?"

There were at Strasburg three ways of replying to this challenge, which indicated in a sufficiently characteristic manner the shades of opinion.

The indifferent ones replied, "Friends."

The moderates replied, "Citizens."

The fanatics replied, "*Sans-culottes.*"

"*Sans-culottes!*" replied Cocles, energetically, to the challenge which was addressed to him.

"Advance with the watchword!" said an imperative voice.

"Ah, good," said Cocles to Charles; "I recognize the voice. It is Citizen Tétrell. Leave this to me."

"Who is Citizen Tétrell?" asked the young man.

"The friend of the people and the terror of aristocrats."

Then, advancing with the step of a man who has nothing to fear, he said,—

"It is I, Citizen Tétrell, it is I."

"Ah, you know me," said the chief of the patrol, a tall follow of five feet ten, who reached the height of

seven feet with the aid of his hat and the plume by which it was surmounted.

"Ah!" said Cocles, "who does not know Citizen Tétrell in Strasburg?"

Then, as he had reached the side of the giant, he added, —

"Good evening, Citizen Tétrell."

"You know me," replied the colossal figure, "but I do not know you."

"Oh, yes, you do. I am citizen Cocles, who was nicknamed 'Sleepy-head' under the tyrant; it was you yourself who baptized me with the name, when your horses and dogs were at the Hôtel de la Lanterne. Sleepy-head! What! do you not remember Sleepy-head?"

"Yes, indeed. I baptized you that because you were the idlest rascal I ever came across. And who is this young man?"

"That?" said Cocles, raising his light to the height of the boy's face, "that is a little chap whom his father has sent to M. Euloge Schneider to learn Greek."

"And who is your father, my little friend?" asked Tétrell.

"He is president of the tribunal of Besançon, Citizen," replied the boy.

"But you must know Latin before you can learn Greek."

The boy drew himself up.

"I know Latin," he said.

"What! you know it?"

"Yes; when I was at Besançon, my father and I never spoke anything but Latin."

"The deuce! you seem to be pretty well advanced for one of your age. How old are you? Eleven, or twelve?"

"I am almost fourteen."

"And what made your father send you to M. Euloge Schneider to learn Greek?"

"Because my father does not understand Greek so well as Latin. He taught me what he could of it, and then he sent me to the Citizen Schneider, who speaks it fluently, having occupied the chair of Greek at Bonn. See, here is the letter which my father gave me for him. And besides that, he wrote to him a week ago to tell him that I was coming this evening; and he has engaged a room for me at the Hôtel de la Lanterne, and sent the Citizen Cocles to meet me."

And as he spoke, the young man gave a letter to the Citizen Tétrell, in order to prove that he had told him nothing but the truth.

"Here, Sleepy-head, bring your light nearer," said Tétrell.

"Cocles! Cocles!" insisted the groom, obeying nevertheless the order which had been given to him under his former name.

"My young friend," said Tétrell, "may I call your attention to the fact that this letter is not for Citizen Schneider, but for Citizen Pichegru?"

"Ah, I beg your pardon; I made a mistake," returned the boy. "My father gave me two letters, and I must have given you the wrong one."

And taking back the first letter, he gave him a second.

"Ah, this time," said Tétrell, "we are right. 'To the Citizen Euloge Schneider, public accuser.'"

"*Eloge* Schneider," repeated Cocles, correcting in his own way the first name of the public accuser, which he thought had been mispronounced by Tétrell.

"Give a lesson in Greek to your guide," said the chief of patrol, laughing, "and teach him that Euloge is a

name which signifies — Come, young man, what is the meaning of Euloge?"

"A fine speaker," replied the boy.

"Well answered, upon my word. Do you hear, Sleepy-head?"

"Cocles!" returned the groom, obstinately, more difficult to convince regarding his own name than concerning that of the public accuser.

In the mean time Tétrell drew the boy on one side, and bending until he could speak in his ear, said in a low tone: "You are going to the Hôtel de la Lanterne?"

"Yes, Citizen," replied the boy.

"You will find there two of your fellow-countrymen from Besançon, who have come here to defend and reclaim the adjutant-general, Charles Perrin, accused of treason."

"Yes, — citizens Dumont and Ballu."

"That 's right. Well, tell them that not only have they nothing to hope on behalf of their *protégé* by staying here, but they may expect nothing good for themselves. It is merely a question of their own heads. Do you understand?"

"No, I do not understand," replied the boy.

"What! do you not understand that Saint-Just will cut their throats like a couple of chickens if they remain? Advise them to go, and the sooner the better."

"Tell them from you?"

"By no means, or I shall have to pay for the broken pots, or rather for those that are not broken." Then, standing up again, he said: "Very well, you are good citizens; go your way. Come, march, you others!"

And Citizen Tétrell went away at the head of his patrol, leaving Citizen Cocles very proud at having talked for ten minutes with a man of so much importance, and

Citizen Charles much troubled at the confidence which had just been reposed in him. Both continued their way in silence.

The weather was dull and gloomy, as it is apt to be in December in the north and east of France; and although the moon was nearly full, great black clouds, swift as equinoctial waves, passed across it constantly. To reach the Hôtel de la Lanterne, which was situated in what was formerly the Rue de l'Archevêché, but which was then the Rue de la Déesse-Raison, they had to cross the market-place, at the extremity of which rose a scaffolding, against which the young man, in his abstraction, was on the point of stumbling.

"Take care, Citizen Charles," said the groom, laughing, "or you will overthrow the guillotine."

The young man uttered a cry, and drew back in terror. Just then the moon shone out brilliantly for a few seconds. For an instant the horrible instrument was visible, and a pale, sad ray was reflected upon the knife.

"Oh, do they use that?" asked the boy, pressing closer to Cocles' side.

"Do they use it?" repeated the other, gayly. "I should think so, and every day, too. To-day it was Mother Raisin's turn. In spite of her eighty years, she ended her life there. In vain she cried to the executioner: 'It is not worth while for you to take the trouble to kill me. See, my son, wait a little, and I shall die by myself.'"

"And what had the poor woman done?"

"She had given a morsel of bread to a starving Austrian. In vain she declared that as he had asked for it in German, she had taken him for a compatriot. They replied that since the time of I don't know what tyrant, the Alsatians were not compatriots of the Austrians."

The poor child, who had left home for the first time, and who had never experienced so many different emotions in the course of one evening, suddenly felt cold. Was it the fault of the weather, or of Cocles' story? Whatever it was, he threw a final look at the instrument of death, which, as the moon became once more obscured, retreated into the night like a phantom, and then asked, while his teeth chattered,—

"Are we far from the inn of the Lanterne?"

"No, indeed, here we are," replied Cocles, pointing to an enormous lantern which hung over the driveway, and lighted the street for twenty feet around.

"It was time," murmured the boy, with another shiver. And running the rest of the way, he opened the door of the hotel and darted into the kitchen, in whose immense chimney-place burned a great fire, at which he uttered a cry of satisfaction. Madame Teutch answered the exclamation with a similar one, for although she had never seen him, she recognized him for the young man who had been recommended to her, as she saw Cocles appearing in his turn on the threshold with his light.

CHAPTER II.

CITIZENESS TEUTCH.

THE Citizeness Teutch, a fat and fresh Alsatian, thirty or thirty-five years of age, felt quite a maternal affection for the travellers whom Providence sent her,—an affection which was doubly strong when the travellers were as young and pretty as was the boy who now sat by her kitchen fire. So she hastened towards him; and as he still shivered while he held out his hands and feet to the blaze, she said,—

"Oh, the dear little fellow! What makes him shiver so, and why is he so pale?"

"Well, Citizeness," said Cocles, with his coarse laugh, "I can't tell you exactly; but I suppose he is shivering because he is cold, and I think he is pale because he came suddenly upon the guillotine. He did not seem to be acquainted with the instrument, and it seemed to affect him: children are so stupid!"

"Be still, you idiot!"

"Thanks! That is my *pourboire,* I suppose."

"No, my friend," said Charles, drawing a small coin from his pocket; "here is your *pourboire.*"

"Thanks, Citizen," said Cocles, taking off his hat with one hand, and extending the other. "The deuce! white money; then there is still some of it in France? I thought it was all gone: I see now, as Tétrell said, that the report was started by the aristocrats."

"Come, get along to your horses," exclaimed Citizeness Teutch, "and leave us alone!"

Cocles went out grumbling. Madame Teutch sat down, and in spite of some slight opposition on the part of Charles, took him on her knee. Although he was nearly fourteen years old, he appeared to be not more than ten or eleven.

"See here, my little friend," she said; "what I am going to tell you now is for your own good. If you have any silver, you had better not show it, but change a part of it for paper money; paper money having a forced currency, and a louis d'or being worth five hundred francs, you will not lose by it, and will not be suspected of being an aristocrat." Then, changing the subject, she added: "How cold his hands are, the poor little fellow!" And she took his hands and held them out to the fire, as if he had been a little child.

"And now what shall we do next?" she said. "In the first place, a little supper?"

"Oh, no, I thank you, Madame. We dined at Erstein, and I am not in the least hungry; I would much rather go to bed. I do not think I shall get quite warm until I am in bed."

"Very well, then we will warm your bed; and when you are in it, we will give you a good cup of — What shall it be, milk, or broth?"

"Milk, if you will be so kind."

"Milk, then! Poor child, it seems only yesterday that you were a nursing baby, and now you are going about alone, like a man. Ah, these are sad times!" And she lifted Charles in her arms as if he had been a baby indeed, and placed him upon a chair while she went to look at the key-board, to see what room she could give him.

"Let me see, let me see," she said. "No. 5 will do. No, the room is too large, and the window does not shut close; he would be cold, the poor child. No. 9 — no,

that is a room with two beds. Ah, No. 14! that will suit him: a nice little room with a good bed, hung with curtains to keep out the draughts, and a pretty little fireplace which does not smoke, with the Child Jesus above it; that will please him. Gretchen! Gretchen!"

A beautiful girl about twenty years old, dressed in the graceful Alsatian costume, which resembles that of the women of Arles, came quickly at this call. "What is it, Mistress?" she asked, in German.

"I want you to get No. 14 ready for this little cherub; choose some fine, dry sheets, while I go and get some milk porridge for him."

Gretchen lighted a candle and started on her errand. Then Citizeness Teutch returned to Charles. "Do you understand German?" she asked.

"No, Madame. But if I remain long in Strasburg, as is probable, I hope to learn it."

"Do you know why I gave you No. 14?"

"Yes; I heard you say in your monologue —"

"Goodness gracious! my monologue! What 's that?"

"Madame, it is a word which comes from two Greek words, — *monos*, which means alone, and *logos*, which signifies to speak."

"My dear child! do you know Greek at your age?" exclaimed Madame Teutch, clasping her hands.

"Oh, only a very little, Madame. It is for the purpose of learning it better that I have come to Strasburg."

"You have come to Strasburg to learn Greek?"

"Yes, with M. Euloge Schneider."

Madame Teutch shook her head.

"Oh, Madame, he knows Greek as well as Demosthenes did," said Charles, thinking that Madame Teutch was questioning the learning of his future professor.

"I do not deny it; but I do say that, no matter how

well he knows it, he will not have time to teach it to you."

"And what does he do, then?"

"Do you ask me?"

"Certainly I do ask you."

Madame Teutch lowered her voice. "He cuts off heads," she said.

Charles trembled. "He cuts — off — heads?" he repeated.

"Do you not know that he is the public accuser? Ah, my poor child, your father has chosen a singular professor of Greek for you!"

The boy remained thoughtful for a moment. "Was it he," he asked finally, "who cut off Mother Raisin's head to-day?"

"No, it was the *Propagande.*"

"What is the *Propagande?*"

"It is a society for the propagation of Revolutionary ideas. Each one cuts off heads on his own account, — the Citizen Schneider as public accuser, the Citizen Saint-Just as representing the Republic, and the Citizen Tétrell as chief of the *Propagande.*"

"One guillotine seems very little for so many people," said the boy, with a smile which was beyond his years.

"But each one has his own!"

"Surely," murmured the boy, "my father did not know all this when he sent me here." He reflected for a moment; then, with a firmness which indicated a precocious courage, he added: "But since I am here, I will stay." Then, passing to another idea, he added: "You said, Madame Teutch, that you gave me No. 14 because it was small, because the bed had curtains, and because the chimney did not smoke."

"And there was still another motive, my pretty boy."

"What was it?"

"Because in No. 15 you will find a companion who is a little older than you, but whose thoughts you will divert."

"Is he sad, then?"

"Oh, very sad. He is scarcely fifteen years old, but he is already a little man. He is here upon a sorrowful errand: his father, who was general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine before Citizen Pichegru, is accused of treason. Just think, he lodged here, the poor dear man! and from all that I can gather, he is no more guilty than you or I; but he is an aristocrat, and you know they are always suspected. This young man is here for the purpose of copying documents which may prove his father's innocence; he is a dutiful son, you see, and works at his task from morning to night."

"Well, I will help him," said Charles. "I can write well."

"Now, that is what I call a good friend!" And in her enthusiasm Madame Teutch embraced her guest.

"What is his name?" asked Charles.

"Citizen Eugène."

"But Eugène is only his first name."

"Yes; he has a queer name; wait a minute! his father was marquis — wait now — "

"I am waiting, Madame Teutch, I am waiting," said the young man, laughing.

"That is only a way of speaking; you know very well that I mean — a name like what they put on the backs of horses — harness — Beauharnais! That 's it, Eugène de Beauharnais; I suppose it is on account of the *de* that they call him only Eugène."

The conversation recalled to the boy's memory the words which Tétrell had spoken. "By the way, Madame

Teutch," he said, "you must have in your house two commissioners from the commune of Besançon."

"Yes, who have come to rescue your fellow-countryman, Adjutant-General Perrin."

"Will they give him to them?"

"Oh, he has done better than wait for the decision of Saint-Just."

"What has he done?"

"He escaped last night."

"And they have not caught him?"

"No, not yet."

I am very glad of it. He is my father's friend, and I like him very much myself."

"Do not boast of that here."

"And my two compatriots?"

"Messieurs Dumont and Ballu?"

"Yes; why do they remain, since the one whom they came to rescue is out of prison?"

"He is about to be tried for contumacy, and they intend to defend him in his absence as they would have defended him had he been present."

"Ah," murmured the boy, "I understand Citizen Tétrell's advice now." Then he added aloud: "Can I see them this evening."

"Whom?"

"The citizens Dumont and Ballu."

"Certainly you can see them if you will wait, but they are at the club called 'The Rights of Man,' and they will not be at home before two o'clock in the morning."

"I cannot wait for them, for I am too tired," said the boy; "but you could give them a note from me when they come in, could you not?"

"Certainly."

"To them alone, in their own hands?"

"Into their own hands, and to them alone."

"Where can I write?"

"In the office, if you are warm enough."

"I am."

Madame Teutch took the lamp from the table, and went with it to a desk placed in a little closet shut off by a grating, similar to what is used in aviaries.

The young man followed her. There, upon a slip of paper bearing the stamp of the Hôtel de la Lanterne, he wrote, —

"A fellow-countryman, who knows *on good authority* that you are in immediate danger of arrest, begs you to leave for Besançon at once."

Folding and sealing the paper, he gave it to Madame Teutch.

"Will you not sign it?" asked the landlady.

"It is needless; you can tell them yourself that the paper comes from me."

"I will not fail to do so."

"If they are still here to-morrow morning, do not let them leave the house until I have spoken with them."

"Very well."

"There, it is ready," said Gretchen, coming in with a clatter of *sabots*.

'Is the bed made?" asked Madame Teutch.

"Yes, Mistress," replied Gretchen.

"And the fire lighted?"

"Yes."

"Then heat the warming-pan, and show the Citizen Charles the way to his room; I am going to make his porridge."

The Citizen Charles was so weary that he gladly followed Mademoiselle Gretchen and the warming-pan.

Ten minutes after he was in bed, Madame Teutch entered his room with the porridge, made the sleepy boy drink it, gave him a little tap on each cheek, tucked in his bed-clothes in a motherly way, bade him good-night, and went out, carrying the light with her.

But the wishes of good Madame Teutch were granted only in part, for at six o'clock in the morning all the guests in the Hôtel de la Lanterne were awakened by voices and the sound of arms; the butt-ends of muskets came down heavily upon the ground, while hasty steps ran through the passages, and doors were noisily opened and closed.

Charles, awakened by the noise, sat up in bed.

At the same moment his room was filled suddenly with light and noise. Members of the police force, accompanied by *gendarmes*, hurried into the room, pulled the boy roughly out of bed, asked his name, his business in Strasburg, and how long he had been there; looked under the bed, fumbled in the chimney, opened the closets; and then went away as suddenly as they had come, leaving the boy standing in the middle of the room, half naked and wholly bewildered.

It was evident that one of the domiciliary visits, so common at this period, was in progress in the house of the Citizeness Teutch, but that the new arrival was not the object of it. The latter therefore decided that the best thing he could do would be to go back to bed, after shutting the door leading into the corridor, and to go to sleep again if possible.

Scarcely had he drawn the bed-clothes over his nose, however, when the door opened again, to give entrance to Madame Teutch, coquettishly clad in a white dressing-gown, and carrying a lighted candle in her hand. She stepped softly and opened the door without noise, mak-

ing a sign as she did so to Charles — who, leaning on his elbow, looked at her in astonishment — not to speak. He, already impressed with the dangers of the life which had only begun for him on the previous evening, obeyed her, and remained mute.

The Citizeness Teutch shut the door carefully behind her; then, putting her light upon the mantelpiece, she took a chair, and with the same air of caution came and sat down beside the bed.

"Well, my little friend," she said, "you were very much afraid, were you not?"

"Not very much, Madame," replied Charles, "for I knew very well that they were not after me."

"Nevertheless, it was high time you warned your compatriots."

"Ah, were they looking for them?"

"Precisely; luckily, they came in at two o'clock, and I handed them your note. They read it twice; then they asked me who gave it to me, and I told them it was you, and who you were; then they consulted together a moment, and finally said: 'Well, we must go at once.' And they began to pack their trunks, sending Sleepy-head to see if there were any places in the Besançon diligence, which left at five o'clock in the morning. Luckily there were two. Sleepy-head engaged them; and in order to be sure not to lose them, your compatriots left here at four o'clock; and so they were an hour's journey on the road to Besançon when the soldiers came knocking at the door in the name of the law. But just think! they were stupid enough to forget or lose the note you sent them, and the police found it."

"Oh, that cannot matter; it was not signed, and no one in Strasburg knows my writing."

"Yes, but as it was written on the stamped hotel

paper, they turned upon me, and wanted to know who wrote the note on my paper."

"Oh, the deuce!"

"You will easily imagine that I would rather tear my heart out than tell them. Poor little fellow, they would have taken you away! I replied to them that when travellers wanted letter-paper, they had some of the hotel-paper taken up to their room, that there were nearly sixty travellers in the hotel, and that it was consequently impossible for me to know which one of them had used my paper to write a note. Then they talked of arresting me; I replied that I was ready to follow them, but that it would do them no good, since I was not the one whom the Citizen Saint-Just had ordered them to bring to prison. They recognized the truth of my argument, and went away, saying, 'Very well, very well; some day!' Then I told them to search, and they are searching. But I have come to warn you not to breathe a word, and if you are accused, to declare, like the devil himself, that the note was not from you."

"When that happens, I shall see what to do; in the mean time, many thanks, Madame Teutch."

"Ah, and that reminds me, my little dear: when we are by ourselves, call me Madame Teutch, by all means; but before people, do not fail to call me Citizeness Teutch. I do not say that Sleepy-head would be capable of treachery, but he is a fanatic; and when fools are fanatics, I never trust them."

And with this axiom, which indicated at once her prudence and her perspicacity, Madame Teutch rose, extinguished the candle which was still burning upon the mantelpiece, although the dawn had come while she was there, and went away.

CHAPTER III.

EULOGE SCHNEIDER.

CHARLES, before he left Besançon, had learned all that his father could tell him regarding the habits of his future tutor, Euloge Schneider. He knew that M. Schneider rose every day at six o'clock, that he worked until eight, that at eight o'clock he breakfasted, smoked a pipe, and went to work again until he went out, which was at one or two o'clock.

Charles therefore judged it expedient not to go to sleep again; daybreak is late in Strasburg in the month of December, and the narrow streets keep the light from the ground floors. It must have been then about half-past seven; supposing it took him half an hour to dress and go to M. Schneider's house, he would arrive there just at breakfast-time. He finished an elegant toilet just as Madame Teutch re-entered.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed; "are you going to a wedding?"

"No," he replied, "I am going to see M. Schneider."

"What are you thinking of, my dear child? You look exactly like an aristocrat. If you were eighteen years old, instead of thirteen, they would cut off your head on account of your appearance, if for nothing else. Away with your fine toilet! bring out your travelling clothes; they are good enough for the Monk of Cologne."

And Citizeness Teutch, with a few dexterous movements, soon had her lodger clothed in his other garments. He silently allowed her to do it, marvelling at her quick-

ness, and blushing a little at the contact of the plump white hand.

"There! now go and see your man," she said; "but be very careful to call him citizen, or else, no matter how well you are recommended, you will come to harm."

Charles thanked her for her good counsel, and asked her if she had any other advice to give him.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "no, unless it is to return as soon as possible. In the mean time I will prepare for you and your neighbor in No. 15 the best breakfast he ever ate, aristocrat though he be. There, go now!"

With the instinct of maternity which Nature has implanted in the hearts of all women, Madame Teutch had conceived a tender affection for her new guest, and took upon herself the direction of his conduct; while he, on his part, still young, and feeling the need of the gentle, womanly affection which makes life easier, was quite willing to follow her instructions, as he would have obeyed the commands of a mother.

He therefore allowed her to kiss him on both cheeks, and after inquiring the way to M. Euloge Schneider's house, he left the Hôtel de la Lanterne to take the first step in the wide world, — that first step upon which the whole after life depends.

He passed in front of the cathedral; but instead of looking about him, he came near receiving his death-blow: a saint's head fell at his feet, and was almost immediately followed by the figure of the Virgin embracing her Son.

He turned in the direction whence the double projectile had come, and saw under the portal of the magnificent edifice, astride the shoulders of a colossal apostle, a man who, hammer in hand, was making the havoc with

the saints, the first-fruits of which had fallen at the boy's feet. A dozen men were laughing at and applauding the profanation.

The boy crossed the Breuil, stopped before a modest-looking house, went up three steps, and knocked at a little door.

A crabbed old servant opened the door to him, and subjected him to a severe cross-questioning. When he had replied satisfactorily to all her interrogatories, she grumblingly introduced him into the dining-room, saying, —

"Wait there; Citizen Schneider is coming to breakfast directly, and you can speak to him then, since you say you have something to tell him."

When Charles was left alone he cast a rapid survey over the room; it was very plain, being ceiled with wood and having for sole ornament two crossed sabres.

And then the terrible judge-advocate of the Revolutionary Commission of the Lower Rhine entered behind the old woman.

He passed near the young man without seeing him, or at least without appearing to notice him, and seated himself at the table, where he bravely attacked a pyramid of oysters, flanked by a dish of anchovies and a bowl of olives.

Let us profit by the pause to draw in a few lines the physical and moral portrait of the strange man whose acquaintance Charles was about to make.

Jean-Georges Schneider, who had either given himself or been endowed with the name of Euloge, was a man about thirty-seven or eight years of age, ugly, fat, short, common, with round limbs, round shoulders, and a round head. The most striking thing about his strange appearance was the fact that he wore his hair cut close, while he allowed his enormous eyebrows to grow as long and as

thick as they pleased. These eyebrows, bushy, black, and tufted, shadowed yellow eyes, bordered with red rims.

He had begun by being a monk, whence his nickname of the "Monk of Cologne," which his name of Euloge had not been able to replace. Born, in Franconia, of poor peasants, he had, by reason of talents which he had shown from childhood, won the patronage of the priest of his village, who had taught him the elements of Latin; rapid progress enabled him to go to Würtzburg to a Jesuit academy. He was expelled from the illustrious society on account of misconduct, and sank to the depths of misery, finally entering a convent of Franciscans at Bamberg.

His studies ended, he was thought competent to be a professor of Hebrew, and was sent to Augsburg. Called in 1786 as preacher to the court of Duke Charles of Würtemberg, he preached with success, and devoted three-fourths of the patronage which his place brought him to the support of his own family. It is said that it was at this place that he joined the sect of the Illuminated, organized by the famous Weishaupt, which explains the ardor with which he adopted the principles of the French Revolution. At this time, full of ambition, impatient of restraint, and devoured by ardent passions, he published a catechism, which was so liberal that he was obliged to cross the Rhine and establish himself at Strasburg, where, on the 27th of June, 1791, he was appointed episcopal vicar, and dean of the theological faculty; then, far from refusing the civic oath, he not only took it, but preached at the cathedral, mingling with a singular zeal comments on political incidents with religious teaching.

Before the 10th of August he demanded the abdication of Louis XVI. From that moment he fought with

bloody courage against the royalist party, which had in Strasburg, as well as in the neighboring provinces, many powerful followers. This struggle entitled him to be called, towards the end of 1792, to the post of mayor of Haguenau. Finally, appointed on the 19th of February, 1793, to the post of public accuser to the tribunal of the Lower Rhine, he was invested, on the 5th of the following May, with the title of commissioner to the Revolutionary tribunal of Strasburg; and it was then that the terrible thirst for blood burst forth, to which his natural violence drove him. Urged on by his feverish activity, when he was not needed at Strasburg as public accuser he went about the neighborhood with his terrible escort, followed by the guillotine and the executioner. Then, at the least accusation, he stopped in towns and villages which had hoped never to see the fatal instrument, set up a tribunal, accused, condemned, and executed. In the midst of the bloody orgy he brought up to par the paper money, which had been worth only eighty-five per cent. He also furnished to the army, which was in need of everything, more grain, by his own unaided efforts, than all the other commissioners of the district put together. From the 5th of November to the 11th of December, the date of the arrival of Charles at Strasburg, he had sent to death in Strasburg, Mutzig, Barr, Obernai, Epfig, and Schlestadt, thirty-one persons.

Although our young friend was ignorant of most of these details, and particularly of the last one, yet it was not without a feeling of genuine terror that he found himself in the presence of the terrible proconsul. But reflecting that he, unlike the others, had a protector in the one by whom they were menaced, he soon regained his coolness, and after reflecting for a moment upon the best way in which to open a conversation, he believed

he had found it in the subject of the oysters that Schneider was eating.

"Rara concha in terris," the boy said, in his clear, flute-like voice, smiling as he spoke.

Euloge turned his head. "Perhaps you mean to say that I am an aristocrat, you baby," he said.

"I do not mean to say anything at all, Citizen Schneider; but I know that you are a scholar, and I wanted, in order to attract your attention to me, a poor little boy whom you have not deigned to notice, to make you hear a few words of a language which is familiar to you, and at the same time a quotation from an author whom you like."

"Upon my word, that is very well said."

"Recommended still more to *Euloge* than to the Citizen Schneider, I ought to speak as well as possible, in order to be worthy of the recommendation."

"And who recommended you to me?" asked Euloge, turning his chair around, so that he could look in the boy's face.

"My father; here is his letter."

Euloge took the letter, and recognizing the writing, said: "Ah, ha! it is from an old friend." Then he read it from beginning to end.

"Your father," he continued, "certainly writes as pure Latin as any one living."

Then, holding out his hand to the boy, he said: "Will you breakfast with me?"

Charles glanced at the table, and his face probably betrayed his lack of sympathy with a repast at once so luxurious and so frugal.

"No, I understand," said Schneider, laughing; "to a young stomach like yours, something more solid than anchovies and olives is necessary. Come to dinner; I

dine to-day unceremoniously with three friends; if your father were here he would make the fourth, and you can take his place. Will you have a glass of beer to your father's health?"

"Oh, gladly," exclaimed the boy, taking the glass and clinking it against that of the scholar. But as it was an enormous one, he could drink only half.

"Well?" asked Schneider.

"We will drink the rest by and by to the health of the Republic," said the child; "but the glass is too big for me to empty at a single draught."

Schneider looked at him almost tenderly. "He is very clever, upon my word," he said.

Then, as the old servant at that moment brought in the German and French papers, he asked: "Do you understand German?"

"Not a single word."

"Very well, then you must learn it."

"With Greek?"

"With Greek. You are ambitious to learn Greek?"

"It is my only wish."

"We will try to gratify it. Here is the 'Moniteur;' read it while I read the 'Vienna Gazette.'"

There was a moment of silence while they both began to read.

"Oh, oh!" said Euloge: "'At this hour Strasburg will have been taken, and our victorious troops are probably on the march to Paris.' They are reckoning yonder without Pichegru, Saint-Just, and me!"

"'We are masters of the advance works of Toulon,'" said Charles, also reading, "'and three or four days will not have passed before we shall be masters of the entire town, and the Republic will be avenged.'"

"Of what date is your 'Moniteur'?" asked Schneider.

"The 8th," replied the boy.

"Does it say anything else?"

"'Robespierre, in the session of the 6th, read a reply to the manifesto of the Allied Powers. The Convention ordered it to be printed and translated into all languages.'"

"Go on," said Schneider.

The boy continued: —

"'On the 7th, Billaud-Varenne reported that the rebels of La Vendée, having made an attempt upon the city of Angers, were beaten and driven away by the garrison, joined by the inhabitants.'"

"Long live the Republic!" said Schneider.

"'Madame Dubarry, condemned to death on the 7th, was executed on the same day, with the banker Van Deniver, her lover. This old prostitute completely lost her head before the executioner cut it off. She wept and struggled and called for help; but the people replied to her appeals only by hoots and maledictions. They remembered the lavish expenditure of which she and such as she had been the cause, and that this was the origin of the public misery.'"

"Infamous!" said Schneider. "After having dishonored the throne, nothing would do but she must dishonor the scaffold also!"

Just then two soldiers entered, whose uniform, though familiar to Schneider, made Charles shiver in spite of himself. They were dressed in black, wearing above the tricolored cockade two crossbones on their military caps. White braid on their black cloaks and jackets gave the effect of the ribs of a skeleton; and their sabretaches were ornamented with a naked skull surmounting two crossbones. They belonged to the hussar regiment of Death, in which no one enlisted without having first vowed not

to be made prisoner. A dozen soldiers from this regiment formed Schneider's body-guard, and served him as messengers. When he saw these men, Schneider rose.

"Now," he said to the boy, "remain here or go away, as you like; I must go and send off my couriers. Only do not forget that at two o'clock we dine, and that you dine with us." And bowing slightly to Charles, he entered his cabinet with his gloomy escort.

The offer to remain did not appear to be particularly attractive to the boy. He rose as Schneider left the room, and waited until he had entered his cabinet, and the door had shut upon the two sinister guards who accompanied him. Then, seizing his cap, he darted from the room, leaped down the three steps at the door, and running all the way, reached at length good Madame Teutch's kitchen, crying, —

"I am almost starved! Here I am!"

CHAPTER IV.

EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

At the voice of her little Charles, as she called him, Madame Teutch came out of a sort of dining-room looking out upon the court, and entered the kitchen.

"Ah," she said, "there you are, God be thanked! Poor little Tom Thumb, the ogre did not eat you, then?"

"On the contrary, he was charming, and I don't believe his teeth are so long as they say."

"God grant that you never feel them! Come in here, and I will go and speak to your future friend, who is hard at work, as usual, poor child." And the Citizeness Teutch ran upstairs with a youthfulness which indicated an excess of exuberant force.

In the mean time Charles examined the preparations for one of the most appetizing breakfasts which had ever been placed before him. He was diverted from his occupation by the sound of the opening door. It afforded entrance to the young man of whom the Citizeness Teutch had spoken. He was a youth of fifteen, with black eyes, and curly black hair which fell over his shoulders; his appearance was elegant, and his linen of unusual whiteness. In spite of the efforts which had been made to disguise it, everything about him betrayed him to be an aristocrat. He approached Charles smilingly, and held out his hand to him.

"Our good hostess tells me, Citizen," he said, "that I am to have the pleasure of passing several days with you; she adds that you have promised to like me a little,

which greatly pleases me, for I am disposed to like you more than a little."

"And I too," exclaimed Charles, "with all my heart!"

"Bravo, bravo!" said Madame Teutch, who also had entered; "and now that you have greeted each other like two gentlemen, — and gentlemanly greetings are very dangerous in these times, — embrace each other like two comrades."

"I ask nothing better," said Eugène; and Charles sprang into his arms.

The two boys embraced each other with the frankness and cordiality of youth.

"Now," continued the taller of the two, "I know that your name is Charles; mine is Eugène. I hope that, since we know each other's names, there will be no more talk either of monsieur or citizen. Shall I set you the example? Will you come to the table, my dear Charles? I am dying of hunger, and I heard Madame Teutch say that you also have a good appetite."

"Ah!" said Madame Teutch, "how well you said that, my little Charles! Ah, these aristocrats, these aristocrats, they knew what was what!"

"Do not say such things, Citizeness Teutch," said Eugène, laughing; "a worthy inn like yours ought to lodge nothing but *sans-culottes*."

"In that case I should have to forget that I have lodged your worthy father, M. Eugène; and God knows I pray morning and evening for him."

"You may pray for my mother at the same time, good Madame Teutch," said the young man, wiping away a tear; "for my sister Hortense has written me that our mother has been arrested and taken to the Prison of the Carmelites."

"My poor friend!" exclaimed Charles.

"And how old is your sister?" asked Madame Teutch.

"Ten."

"Poor child! Let her come right here with you, and we will take good care of her. She cannot remain alone in Paris, at that age."

"Thanks, Madame Teutch, thanks. But, fortunately, she will not be alone; she is with my grandmother, at our château of La Ferté-Beauharnais. But I have made everybody sad, and I had resolved to keep this new sorrow to myself."

"Monsieur Eugène," said Charles, "when one makes resolutions like that, one does not ask for people's friendship. Now, to punish you, you shall talk of nothing but your father, your mother, and your sister the whole breakfast-time."

The two boys sat down to the table, Madame Teutch remaining to wait on them. The task imposed upon Eugène was an easy one for him. He told his young friend that he was the last descendant of a noble family of Orléanais; that one of his ancestors, Guillaume de Beauharnais, had, in 1398, married Marguerite de Bourges; that another, Jean de Beauharnais, had been a witness at the trial of La Pucelle; that in 1764 their estate of La Ferté-Aurain had been elevated to a marquisate, under the title of La Ferté-Beauharnais; and that his uncle François, who had emigrated in 1790, had become a major in the army of Condé, and had offered himself to the president of the Convention in defence of the king. As for his father, who was now under arrest, charged with conspiring with the enemy, he was born at Martinique, and had there married Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie, with whom he had come to France and been received at court. Elected to the States-General by the

nobility of the jurisdiction of Blois, he had, on the night of the 4th of August, been one of the first to favor the suppression of titles and privileges. Elected a secretary of the National Assembly and member of the military committee, he had, during the preparations for the Federation, worked eagerly at levelling the Field of Mars, harnessed to the same cart as the Abbé Sieyès. Finally, he had been detailed to the Army of the North as adjutant-general; he had commanded the camp of Soissons, refused the Ministry of War, and accepted that fatal command of the Army of the Rhine. The rest is known.

But it was when he spoke of the goodness, grace, and beauty of his mother that the young man was most eloquent; and he declared that he would now work all the more eagerly for the Marquis de Beauharnais, because he was thereby working also for his good mother, Josephine.

Charles, who felt a deep affection for his own parents, found infinite delight in listening to his young companion, and did not tire of asking him questions about his mother and sister; but suddenly a dull report shook all the window-panes of the hotel, and was immediately followed by others.

"The cannon, the cannon!" exclaimed Eugène, more accustomed than his companion to the sounds of war. And leaping from his chair he cried, "Alarm! alarm! they are attacking the city."

And just then they heard, from three or four different directions, a general beating to arms.

The two young men ran to the door, where Madame Teutch had preceded them. There were already signs of great disturbance in the city; riders, dressed in different uniforms, crossed each other's paths in all directions,

probably carrying orders, while the townsfolk, armed with pikes, sabres, and pistols, were going towards the gate of Haguenau, crying, —

"Patriots, to arms! the enemy is upon us!"

Momentarily was heard the dull roar of the cannon, signalling, better than human voice could have done, the danger to the city and the need for its inhabitants to defend it.

"Come on the ramparts, Charles," said Eugène, darting into the street; "and if we cannot fight, we can at least watch the battle."

Charles took a leap in his turn, and followed his companion, who, more familiar than he with the topography of the city, led him by the shortest way to the gate of Haguenau.

As they passed a gunsmith's shop, Eugène stopped short.

"Wait!" he said; "I have an idea."

He entered the shop, and asked: "Have you a good rifle?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is an expensive one."

"How much?"

"Two hundred livres."

The young man drew a handful of paper money from his pocket, and threw it upon the counter.

"Have you ball and powder?"

"Yes."

"Let me have some."

The gunsmith chose twenty balls which fitted the rifle, and weighed out a pound of powder, which he put into a powder-flask, while Eugène counted out two hundred livres in paper money, and six livres more for the powder and ball.

"Do you know how to use a gun?" asked Eugène of Charles.

"Alas! no," replied the boy, ashamed of his ignorance.

"Never mind," rejoined Eugène, laughing, "I will do fighting enough for both of us;" and he continued on his way towards the threatened spot, loading his rifle as he went.

It was curious to watch how each man, no matter what his opinions, seemed fairly to spring upon the foe. From each gate came armed men; the magic cry, "The enemy! The enemy!" seemed to call up defenders at once.

Around the gate the crowd was so compact that Eugène saw that he could not gain the rampart except by making a *détour;* he hastened to the right, and soon found himself on that part of the rampart which is opposite Schiltigheim.

A great number of patriots were gathered at this point, firing their guns. Eugène had some trouble in gaining the front row, but finally he reached it, and Charles followed him.

The road and the plain presented the appearance of a battle-field in the greatest confusion. French and Austrians were fighting pell-mell, and with indescribable fury. The enemy, in the pursuit of a French corps which had been seized with one of those panics that the ancients attributed to the fury of a god, had almost succeeded in entering the city with the fleeing Frenchmen. The gates, shut just in time, had left a part of the French outside, and it was they who had turned with fury against the assailants, while the cannon thundered and the rifles cracked from the height of the ramparts.

"Ah!" said Eugène, waving his rifle joyously, "I knew a battle would be a fine sight!"

Just as he said this, a ball, passing between himself and Charles, cut off one of his curls, made a hole in his hat, and stretched in death a patriot who stood just

behind them. The wind of battle had blown upon their faces.

"Oh, I know who it was; I saw him, I saw him!" cried Charles.

"Which? which?" asked Eugène.

"Here, that one there, who is tearing his cartridge in order to reload his gun."

"Wait now! You are perfectly sure?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, look!"

The young man fired. The dragoon turned a somersault, and his horse leaped forward; he had doubtless involuntarily put spurs to it.

"Hit! hit!" cried Eugène.

And in fact the dragoon tried to sling his rifle in place, but in vain; the weapon soon slipped from him. He put one hand to his side, and attempting to guide his horse with the other, tried to make his way out of the *mêlée*; but after a few steps he swayed forward and back, and then fell headlong to the ground. One foot still remained in the stirrup; the frightened horse set off at a gallop, and dragged him after. The young men followed him for a moment with their eyes, but soon both horse and rider were lost in the smoke.

Just then the gates were thrown open, and the garrison marched forth, with drums beating and bayonets levelled. It was the final effort of the patriots, and the enemy had not expected it. The trumpets sounded the retreat, and all the cavalry, scattered over the plain, drew together at the road, and galloped off towards Kilstett and Gambelheim. The cannon were fired for a few moments more at the crowd of fugitives, but rapid marching soon put them out of reach of harm.

The two boys returned to the city exultant, Charles at

having seen a battle, and Eugène at having taken part in one. Charles made Eugène promise faithfully that he would teach him to use the rifle, which the other handled so well. And then for the first time they learned the cause of the alarm.

General Eisemberg, a German campaigner of the school of old Luckner, who had waged a partisan war with a certain success, had been charged by Pichegru with the defence of the advance post of Bischwiller. Either through carelessness or desire to oppose the orders of Saint-Just, instead of taking the precautions which he was directed to take by the representatives of the people, he had allowed his troops and himself to be surprised; and he and his staff had been barely able to save themselves by flight. At the foot of the walls, finding himself supported, he had turned again, but too late; the alarm had been given all over the city, and every one knew that the poor fellow might as well let himself be taken prisoner or kill himself as to ask safety from the city where Saint-Just commanded.

And in fact he had scarcely passed through the gates when he and all his staff were arrested, by order of the representative of the people.

When they reached the Hôtel de la Lanterne, the two friends found Madame Teutch in a state of the greatest uneasiness; Eugène was beginning to be known in the city, in which he had spent a month, and some one had told her that the young man had been seen near the gate of Haguenau with a rifle in his hand. At first she had not believed the story; but when she saw him come back again, the weapon still in his hands, she was seized with a retrospective terror which redoubled the interest of Charles's story. The boy was as enthusiastic as is a conscript who has just seen his first battle.

But all this enthusiasm did not cause Charles to forget that he was to dine at two o'clock with the Citizen Euloge Schneider. At five minutes of two, after having ascended the three steps more slowly than he had descended them in the morning, he knocked at the little door to which they led.

CHAPTER V.

MADEMOISELLE DE BRUMPT.

At the first sound of cannon the society of the *Propagande* had assembled, and declared its session to be permanent as long as Strasburg should be in danger.

Although Euloge Schneider was a fanatical Jacobin, being to Marat what Marat was to Robespierre, he was excelled in patriotism by the society of the *Propagande*. Consequently, although he was public accuser and commissioner of the Republic, he was obliged to reckon upon two powers between which to pursue his course. He had to count upon Saint-Just, who, strange as it may appear to the reader of our day, represented the moderate republican party, and also upon the *Propagande*, which represented the ultra-Jacobins. Saint-Just held the material power, but the Citizen Tétrell, chief of the *Propagande*, possessed the moral power.

Euloge Schneider, therefore, did not dare to absent himself from the assembly of the *Propagande*, which was discussing the best means of saving the country; while Saint-Just and Lebas, the first to gallop out of Strasburg into the midst of the firing, where they were easily recognized by their uniforms as the people's representatives and by their tricolored plumes, had caused the gates to be shut behind them, and had taken their place in the first ranks of the republicans.

When the enemy had been routed, they had immediately returned to Strasburg and gone to their hôtel, while the members of the *Propagande* continued their debate,

although the peril had ceased. This was the reason why Euloge Schneider, who was so particular to admonish others to punctuality, was half-an-hour late himself.

Charles had profited by the delay to make the acquaintance of the three guests who were to be at the table with him. They, for their part, having been notified by Schneider, had kindly welcomed the boy who had been sent to him to be made a scholar, and to whom they had each resolved to give an education according to their individual knowledge or principles.

These men, as we have said, were three in number. Their names were Edelmann, Young, and Monnet.

Edelmann was a remarkable musician, the equal of Gossec in Church music. He had also set to music for the stage the poem of "Ariadne in the Isle of Naxos," and the piece was played in France in 1818 or 1820. He was small, with a melancholy countenance. He always wore spectacles, which seemed to have grown to his nose; he was dressed in a chestnut coat, always buttoned from top to bottom with copper buttons. He had cast in his lot with the Revolutionary party, with the exaggeration and violence of an imaginative man. When his friend Dietrich, mayor of Strasburg, accused of moderation by Schneider, succumbed in the struggle, Edelmann bore witness against him, saying, —

"I shall mourn for you because you are my friend, but you must die, because you are a traitor!"

As for the second, Young, he was a poor shoemaker, within whose coarse exterior, Nature, as sometimes happens, whether by mistake or caprice, had concealed the soul of a poet. He understood Latin and Greek, but composed his poems only in German. His well-known republicanism had made his poetry popular, and often the common people would stop him in the streets, crying,

"Verses, Young, verses!" Then he would stop, and getting up on some stone, or the margin of a well, or on some adjacent balcony, he would fling to the skies his verses and his odes, like blazing, fiery rockets. He was one of those rare and honest men, one of those revolutionists, who acted in all good faith, and who, blindly devoted to the majesty of the popular principle, thought of the Revolution only as the means of emancipation of the human race, and who died, like the ancient martyrs, without complaint and without regret, convinced of the future triumph of their religion.

Monnet, the third, was not a stranger to Charles, and the boy welcomed him with a cry of joy; he had been a soldier, a grenadier, in his early youth, and when he left the service, he had become a priest, and prefect of the college in Besançon, where Charles had known him. When he was twenty-eight years of age, and had begun to regret the vows that he had prematurely taken, the Revolution came to break them. He was tall, and stooped a little; he was full of kindness and courtesy, and had a melancholy grace which attracted strangers to him at first sight. His smile was sad, and sometimes bitter; one would have thought that he concealed in the depths of his heart some mournful mystery, and that he besought of men, or rather of humanity in general, a shelter from the dangers of his own innocence,— the greatest of all dangers in such an epoch. He had been thrown, or rather had fallen, into the extreme party, to which Schneider belonged; and now, trembling because of his share in the popular fury, and because he had been an accomplice in crime, he went, with eyes shut, he knew not whither.

These three men were Schneider's inseparable friends. They began to feel uneasy at his absence, for each one

of them felt that Schneider was his pillar of strength; if Schneider tottered, they fell; if Schneider fell, they were dead men.

Monnet, the most nervous, and consequently the most impatient, of them all, had already risen to go for news, when they suddenly heard the sound of a key in the lock, and the noise of a door pushed violently open. At the same time Schneider entered.

The meeting must have been a stormy one. Upon the ashy pallor of his face the veins stood out prominently. Although December was half gone, his forehead was covered with perspiration, and his loosened cravat showed the angry swelling of his bull-like neck. As he entered, he threw his hat to the other end of the room.

When they saw him, the three men rose with one accord, and took a step towards him. Charles, on the contrary, intrenched himself behind his chair, as behind a barricade.

"Citizens," said Schneider, grinding his teeth, "I will tell you a piece of news, which, if it does not delight you, will at least astonish you. In a week I am to be married."

"You!" cried the three men, as with one voice.

"Yes. How it will make Strasburg open its eyes when it hears the news! 'Did you not know?' 'No!' 'The Monk of Cologne to be married?' 'Yes!' 'This was the way of it!' Young, you will write the epithalamium; Edelmann will set it to music; and Monnet, who is as cheerful as the grave, will sing it. You must send the news to your father, Charles, by the next courier."

"And whom are you to marry?"

"I don't know, and I don't care! I have a good mind to marry my old cook; it would be setting a good example of the fusion of classes."

"But what has happened? Tell us?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that I have been summoned, attacked, and accused,—yes, accused!"

"Where?"

"At the *Propagande.*"

"Oh," cried Monnet, "a society which you yourself created!"

"Have you never heard of children who kill their own father?"

"But who attacked you?"

"Tétrell. Think of it! This democrat, who has invented the luxurious part of sans-culottism; who has rifles from Versailles, pistols with *fleurs-de-lis* on them, and horses fit for a prince, and who is, I do not know why, the idol of the people of Strasburg! Perhaps because he is gilded like a drum-major,—he is tall enough to be one. I thought that I had given enough pledges of good faith; but no, the uniform of the reporting commissioner cannot cover the frock of the Capuchin or the cassock of the canon. He taunted me with this infamous stain of priesthood, which, he says, makes me constantly suspected by the true friends of liberty. Who has offered up more victims on the altar of Liberty than I myself? Have I not, in less than a month, caused twenty-six heads to fall? What do they want, if that is not enough?"

"Calm yourself, Schneider, calm yourself!"

"It is enough to drive one crazy," continued Schneider, becoming still more excited. "The *Propagande* says, 'Not enough!' and Saint-Just says, 'Too much!' Yesterday I had six of these dogs of aristocrats arrested, and to-day four. My hussars of Death are constantly seen in Strasburg and its vicinity; this very night I shall arrest an emigrant who has had the audacity to cross the

Rhine in a contraband boat, and to come to Plobsheim with his family to conspire. That at least is a sure case. Ah, I understand one thing now," he continued, lifting his arm threateningly, "and that is, that events are stronger than wills, and that although there are men who, like the war-chariots of Holy Writ, crush multitudes as they pass, they themselves are pushed forward by the same irresistible and fatal power that tears volcanoes and hurls cataracts."

Then, after this flow of words, which did not lack a certain eloquence, he burst out laughing harshly.

"Bah!" he said, "there is nothing before life, and nothing after death,— a waking nightmare, that is all. Is it worth the trouble to be disturbed about it when it goes wrong, or to regret it when one has to leave it? Upon my soul, no! let us go to dinner; *valeat res ludicra*, eh, Charles?" And going first, he opened the door of the dining-room for his friends, in which was a sumptuous dinner.

"But," said Young, seating himself with the others at the table, "what is there in all this to make you get married in a week?"

"Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten the best of all! When they called me a monk of Cologne, where I never was a monk, and a canon of Augsburg, where I never was canon, they reproached me for my orgies and debaucheries! My orgies! Let me tell you what they were: for thirty-four years I drank nothing but water, and ate nothing but carrots; it is no more than fair that I should eat white bread and meat now. My debaucheries! If they think that I threw my frock to the devil for the sake of living like Saint Anthony, they are very much mistaken. Well, there is one way to end it all, and that is to marry. I shall be as faithful a husband and

as good a father of a family as any one else, if Citizen Saint-Just will only give me time enough!"

"And," asked Edelmann, "have you selected the fortunate lady who is to have the honor of sharing your couch?"

"Oh," said Schneider, "so long as it is a woman, the devil may provide her, for aught I care."

"To the health of Schneider's future wife," said Young; "and since he has left it to the devil to provide her, may the devil send him one who is at least rich, young, and beautiful!"

"Hurrah for Schneider's wife!" said Monnet, sadly.

Just then the door opened, and the old servant appeared upon the threshold.

"There is a citizeness here," she said, "who wants to speak with the Citizen Euloge upon urgent business."

"Very well," said Euloge, "I do not know of any more urgent business just now than to finish our dinner. Let her come again to-morrow."

The old woman disappeared, but almost immediately returned. "She says that to-morrow will be too late."

"Then why did she not come sooner?"

"Because it was impossible for me to do so, Citizen," said a sweet and supplicating voice from the ante-room. "Let me see you and speak with you, I beg of you!"

Euloge, with an impatient movement, signed to the old woman to shut the door and come to him. But then, recalling the freshness and youthfulness of the voice, he said, with the smile of a satyr,—

"Is she young?"

"About eighteen years old," replied the old woman.

"Is she pretty?"

"With the devil's own beauty."

The three men began to laugh.

"You hear, Schneider, — with the devil's own beauty!"

"Well," said Young, "we have only to learn that she is rich, and there is your *fiancée* ready found for you. Open the door, old woman, without delay; you must know the beautiful child, since she comes from the devil."

"Why not from God?" asked Charles, in such a sweet voice that the three men started at it.

"Because our friend Schneider has quarrelled with God, and, on the contrary, stands very high in the devil's favor. I know no other reason."

"And because," added Young, "it is only the devil who gives such prompt answers to prayer."

"Well," said Schneider, "let her come in, then!"

The old servant opened the door, and there appeared immediately the elegant figure of a young girl, dressed in a travelling costume, and wrapped in a mantle of black satin lined with rose-colored taffeta. She took one step into the room; then, stopping at sight of the lighted candles and the four guests, who were gazing at her with admiration, which they expressed by a low murmur, she said, —

"Citizens, which one of you is the citizen commissioner of the Republic?"

"I, Citizeness," replied Schneider, without rising.

"Citizen," she rejoined, "I have a favor to ask of you, upon which my life depends." And her glance passed uneasily from one to the other of the guests.

"You need not be alarmed at the presence of my friends," said Schneider; "they are true friends and admirers of beauty. This is my friend Edelmann, who is a musician."

The young girl moved her head slightly, as if to say, "I know his music."

"This is my friend Young, who is a poet," continued Schneider. Again the movement of the head, signifying: "I know his verses."

"And this is my friend Monnet, who is neither a poet nor a musician, but who has eyes and a heart, and who is disposed, I can see by his looks, to plead your cause. As for my young friend here, he is, as you see, only a student as yet, but he already knows enough to conjugate the verb 'to love' in three languages. You may therefore explain yourself before them, unless what you have to say to me is sufficiently confidential to require a *tête-à-tête.*" And he rose, indicating, as he did so, a half-open door, through which could be seen an empty *salon.*

But the young girl replied quickly, —

"No, Monsieur, no."

Schneider frowned.

"Your pardon, Citizen. No, Citizen; what I have to say fears neither light nor publicity."

Schneider reseated himself, making a sign to the young girl to sit down also. But she shook her head.

"It is more fitting that suppliants should stand," she said.

"Then," returned Schneider, "let us proceed regularly. I have told you who we are: will you tell us who you are?"

"My name is Clotilde Brumpt."

"*De* Brumpt, you mean, do you not?"

"It would be unjust to reproach me for a crime which preceded my birth by three or four hundred years, and with which I have nothing to do."

"You do not need to tell me more. I know your history, and I know why you have come here."

The young girl sank upon her knees; and as she lifted her head and her clasped hands, the hood of her mantle

fell upon her shoulders, and fully disclosed a face of surpassing loveliness. Her beautiful blond hair was parted in the middle of her head, and, falling in long curls upon either side, framed a face of perfect oval. Her forehead, of a clear white, was made still more dazzling by eyes, eyebrows, and eye-lashes of black; the nose was straight, but sensitive, moving with the slight trembling of her cheeks, which showed traces of the many tears which she had shed; her lips, half open, seemed sculptured in rose coral, and behind them could be faintly seen teeth like pearls; her neck, as white as snow and as smooth as satin, was lost in a black dress which came up to her throat, but through the folds of which could be seen the graceful lines of her body. She was magnificent.

"Yes, yes," said Schneider, "yes, you are beautiful, and you have the beauty, the grace, and the seduction of the accursed races. But we are not Asiatics, to permit ourselves to be seduced by a Helen or a Roxelane; your father conspires, your father is guilty, and your father must die."

The young girl uttered a cry, as though his words had been a dagger which had pierced her heart.

"Oh! no, no, my father is not a conspirator," she exclaimed.

"If he was not a conspirator, why did he emigrate?"

"He emigrated because, belonging to the Prince of Condé, he thought it his duty to follow his prince into exile; but, faithful to his country as he was to his prince, he would not fight against France, and during the two years of his exile his sword has not left its scabbard."

"What was he doing in France, and why did he cross the Rhine?"

"Alas! my mourning will answer you, Citizen Commissioner. My mother was dying on this side of the

river, scarcely four leagues away; the man in whose arms she had passed twenty happy years was anxiously awaiting a word which should bid him hope. Each message said: 'Worse! worse! worse still!' Day before yesterday he could bear it no longer, and disguising himself as a peasant, he crossed the river with the boatman; doubtless the reward tempted the man, and he, God forgive him! denounced my father, who has been arrested only this evening. Ask your agents at what moment the arrest was made, — at the moment when my mother had just died. Ask them what he was doing,— he was weeping as he closed her eyes. Ah, if ever it were pardonable to return from exile, it would be when a man did so to bid a last adieu to the mother of his children. Ah, you will tell me that the law is unalterable, and that every emigrant who returns to the soil of France deserves death. Yes, if he enters with the intention of conspiring and fighting; but not when he returns, with clasped hands, to kneel beside a death-bed."

"Citizeness Brumpt," said Schneider, shaking his head, "the law does not go into such subtle sentimentalities; it says: 'In such a case, under such circumstances, for such a cause, the penalty is death.' The man who puts himself into such a situation, knowing the law, is guilty. Now, if he is guilty, he must die."

"No, no, if he is judged by men, and if those men have hearts."

"Hearts!" exclaimed Schneider: "do you think that men can always command their hearts? It is plain that you have not heard of what they accused me to-day at the *Propagande:* they said that my heart was too tender! Do you not suppose that it would be easier, and more agreeable too, for me, when I see a beautiful creature like you at my feet, to lift you up and dry your

tears, than to say brutally: 'It is useless, and you are only losing your time'? No, unfortunately, the law is there, and its organs must be equally inflexible. The law is not a woman, it is a brazen statue, holding a sword in one hand, and a pair of scales in the other; nothing can be weighed in these balances except the accusation on one side, and the truth on the other. Nothing can turn the blade of this terrible sword from the line that is traced for it. Upon this line it has met with the head of a king, of a queen, and of a prince, and these three heads have fallen as would have fallen the head of a beggar who had been detected in an assassination or an act of incendiarism. To-morrow I shall start for Plobsheim; the scaffold and the executioner will follow me. If your father was not an emigrant, if he did not secretly cross the Rhine, if the accusation is unjust, then he will be set at liberty; but if the accusation, which your mouth has confirmed, is a true one, then on the day after to-morrow his head will fall in the public square of Plobsheim."

The young girl raised her head, and controlling herself with difficulty, said, —

"Then you leave me no hope?"

"None!"

"Then, a final word," she returned, rising suddenly.

"Say it."

"No, to yourself alone."

"Then come."

The young girl went first, with a firm step, towards the *salon*, which she entered unhesitatingly. Schneider also entered, and shut the door behind him.

Scarcely were they alone when he would have put his arm around her; but simply and with dignity she repulsed his arm with her hand.

"In order that you may pardon the last attempt that I shall make to influence you, Citizen Schneider," she said, "you must remind yourself that I have tried all honorable means and have been repulsed; that I am in despair; and that, wishing to save my father's life, and not having been able to influence you, it is my duty to say to you: 'Tears and prayers have been powerless; money — '"

Schneider moved his shoulders and his lips disdainfully; but the young girl would not be interrupted.

"I am rich," she continued; "now that my mother is dead, I inherit an immense fortune, which is mine in my own right, Citizen Schneider. I can dispose of two millions. If I had four, I would offer them to you; I have only two, — but will you have them? Will you take them and save my father."

Schneider put his hand on her shoulder; he was lost in thought, and his tufted eyebrows almost concealed his eyes from the eager gaze of the young girl.

"To-morrow," he replied, "I shall go, as I have said, to Plobsheim. You have just made me a proposition: I will make you another one there."

"You mean — " cried the young girl.

"I mean that if you are willing, all can be arranged."

"If your proposition soils my honor in the least degree, it will be useless to make it."

"It does not."

"Then you will be welcome at Plobsheim." And bowing, without hope, but without tears, she opened the door, crossed the dining-room, bowed slightly to the guests, and disappeared. Neither the three men nor the boy could see her face, which she had entirely concealed in the hood of her cloak.

The commissioner of the Republic followed her; he

looked at the dining-room door until she had shut it after her, and then he listened until he heard the wheels of the carriage which was bearing her away. Then, approaching the table, and filling his own glass and those of his friends with the entire contents of a bottle of *Liebfrauenmilch*, he said, —

"With this generous wine let us drink the health of the Citizeness Clotilde Brumpt, the *fiancée* of Jean-Georges Euloge Schneider."

He raised his glass; and deeming it useless to ask him for an explanation, which he probably would not give, his four friends followed his example.

CHAPTER VI.

MASTER NICOLAS.

A DEEP impression was made by this scene, but by none was it felt so intensely as by our young student. He had, of course, seen *women* before now, but never ere this had a *woman* been revealed to him. Mademoiselle de Brumpt, as we have said, was marvellously beautiful, and her beauty had been seen by the young man under the most favorable conditions for it to be appreciated. He felt a strange emotion, a painful constriction of the heart, when, after the young girl had gone, Schneider, raising his glass, announced that Mademoiselle de Brumpt was his *fiancée*, and would soon be his wife.

What had passed in the *salon?* By what persuasion had Schneider succeeded in inducing her to give such a rapid consent? For the young man did not doubt, from his host's tone of assurance, that the girl had consented. Had she asked the moment's *tête-à-tête* for the purpose of offering herself to him? In that case her filial love must have been supreme, to induce the pure lily, the perfumed rose, to unite herself with this prickly holly, this coarse thistle; and it seemed to Charles that, were he her father, he would rather die a hundred times than buy back his life at the price of his daughter's happiness.

Just as this was the first time that he had ever appreciated a woman's beauty, so also was it the first time that he had realized the abyss which ugliness can create

between two persons of different sex. And just how ugly Euloge was, Charles now perceived for the first time. It was, moreover, an ugliness which nothing could efface, since it was blended with the moral, the fetid ugliness of those faces, which, when still young, have been sealed with the seal of hypocrisy.

Charles, lost in his own reflections, and turning towards the side where the young girl had disappeared, as a heliotrope turns towards the setting sun, seemed, with open mouth and dilating nostrils, to be absorbing the perfumed atoms which had floated around her as she passed. As in April the chest expands to breathe in the first breath of spring, so his heart dilated with the first breeze of love. It was not yet day, only the dawn; it was not love yet, but the herald that announced it.

He was about to rise, and follow the magnetic current, he knew not whither, as young and agitated hearts are wont to do, when Schneider rang. The sound made him start, and fall from the heights to which he was ascending.

The old servant appeared.

"Are there any of my hussars at hand?" asked Schneider.

"Two," replied the old woman.

"Let one of them go on horseback at once, and bring Master Nicolas to me."

The old woman shut the door without replying, which proved that she knew the meaning of the order.

Charles did not understand it; but as it was evident that the toast had followed Mademoiselle de Brumpt's exit, that the ringing of the bell had followed the toast, and that Schneider's order had followed the ring, so it was safe, therefore, to suppose that something more was yet to come. It was also evident that the three other

guests knew who Master Nicolas was, since they, who were so free to talk with Schneider, did not ask any questions. Charles would have asked his neighbor Monnet, but he did not dare, for fear that Schneider should overhear and reply to the question.

There was a short silence, during which a certain restraint seemed to have overtaken the party; the expectation of coffee, — that pleasant beverage of the dessert, — and even its arrival, had not the power to draw aside even a corner of the crape veil which this order of Euloge's had seemed to draw over them.

Ten minutes passed thus. At the end of the ten minutes three blows, struck in a peculiar fashion, were heard.

The guests started; Edelmann buttoned up his coat, which had been for a moment half open, Young coughed, and Monnet became as pale as his own shirt.

"It is he!" said Euloge, frowning, and speaking in what sounded to Charles like an altered voice.

The door opened again, and the old servant announced, —

"The Citizen Nicolas!" Then she stood aside to allow the new-comer to pass, taking good care that he did not touch her as he did so.

A small man, thin, pale, and grave, entered. He was dressed like any one else, and yet, without any apparent reason for it, there was something in his appearance, his figure, and his whole air that seemed strange and weird.

Edelmann, Young, and Monnet drew back their chairs. Euloge alone moved his forward.

The little man took two steps into the room, bowed to Euloge, without paying any attention to the others, and then remained standing, with his eyes fixed on him.

"We will go to-morrow at nine o'clock," said Euloge.

"To what place?"

"Plobsheim."

"Shall we stop there?"

"Two days."

"How many assistants shall we require?"

"Two. Is the machinery in order?"

The little man smiled, and made a movement with his shoulders which signified: "That is a fine question!" Then he said aloud,—

"Shall I wait for you at the gate of Kehl, or shall I stop for you here!"

"You may stop for me here."

"At nine o'clock precisely I shall be here." The little man made a movement as if to go.

"Wait!" said Schneider. "You must not go until we have drunk together to the health of the Republic."

The little man assented, with a bow.

Schneider rang, and the old servant appeared.

"A glass for the Citizen Nicolas," he said.

Schneider took the first bottle which came to hand, and inclined it gently over the glass, in order not to disturb the liquor; a few drops of red wine fell into the glass.

"I never drink red wine," said the little man.

"That is a fact!" said Schneider. Then, laughing, he added: "So you are always nervous, Citizen Nicolas?"

"Always."

Schneider took a second bottle of wine; it was Champagne.

"Here," he said, extending it, "guillotine this citizen for me." And he began to laugh.

Edelmann, Young, and Monnet tried to imitate his example, but in vain.

The little man preserved his gravity. He took the bottle, drew from his belt a straight, long, and pointed knife, and passed it several times over the neck of the bottle; then, with a sharp blow of the same knife, he struck the neck from the bottle. The froth leaped out, as blood leaps from a severed neck; but Schneider was ready, and caught it in his glass.

The little man poured for every one; but it was found that there was only enough to fill five glasses instead of six. Charles's glass remained empty, and Charles took good care not to call attention to the fact.

Edelmann, Schneider, Monnet, and Young touched glasses with the little man. Whether by accident or intention, Schneider's glass was broken by the shock.

All five exclaimed, "Long live the Republic!"

But only four could drink the toast; Schneider's glass was empty. A few drops of wine remained in the bottle. Schneider seized it feverishly, and carried it quickly to his mouth. But he took it away again more quickly still: the sharp edges of the broken glass had cut his lips through to the teeth.

An oath fell from his bleeding lips, and he crushed the bottle with his foot.

"Shall I come to-morrow, notwithstanding this accident, at the same hour?" asked Nicolas, calmly.

"Yes, and go to the devil!" replied Schneider, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

Master Nicolas bowed and departed.

Schneider, very pale, and almost fainting at sight of his own blood, which flowed profusely, had fallen back upon his chair.

Edelmann and Young went to his assistance. Charles held Monnet back by his coat-tail.

"Who is Master Nicolas?" he asked, shivering with

emotion at the strange scene which had just taken place.

"Do you not know him?" asked Monnet.

"How should I know him? I came to Strasburg only yesterday."

Monnet did not reply, but put his hand to his neck.

"I do not understand," said Charles.

Monnet lowered his voice.

"Do you not know that he is the executioner?"

Charles started.

"But the machinery, — that is —"

"Exactly!"

"And what is he going to do with the guillotine at Plobsheim?"

"He told you, — he is going to be married!"

Charles pressed Monnet's cold, damp hand, and darted out of the dining-room.

As through a blood-red fog, he had at last caught a glimpse of the truth.

CHAPTER VII.

FILIAL LOVE; OR, THE WOODEN LEG.

CHARLES ran back to Madame Teutch's house. Like the hare to his form, or the fox to his earth, it was his refuge; once there, he thought himself safe; once upon the threshold of the Hôtel de la Lanterne, it seemed to him that he had nothing more to fear.

He asked where his young friend was; his young friend was in his own room, where he was taking a fencing-lesson of a sergeant-major of a regiment in garrison at Strasburg.

This sergeant-major had served under his father, the Marquis de Beauharnais, who had had occasion three or four times to notice him for his exceeding bravery.

As soon as he had known that his son was to go to Strasburg, in order to seek for papers which might be useful to him, the Marquis had advised him not to discontinue the exercises which were a part of the education of a young man of good family, and had told him to ascertain whether Sergeant Pierre Augereau was still at Strasburg, and if so, to ask him to practise fencing with him from time to time.

Eugène had found Pierre Augereau, but he had become a sergeant-major, and no longer practised fencing, except for his own pleasure; but as soon as he learned that the young man who wished to fence with him was the son of his former general, Pierre Augereau insisted upon giving him lessons at the Hôtel de la Lanterne.

But what made the sergeant-major especially interested was the fact that in the young man he found a master rather than a pupil, for he defended himself wonderfully well against the rude and incoherent play of the old soldier; and furthermore, — a thing which was not to be despised, — each time that the sergeant-major had a fencing bout with the young man, he was invited to dinner; and a dinner at the Lanterne was far better than one at the barracks.

Pierre Augereau belonged to the regiment which had left the city that morning to give chase to the Austrians, and he had seen his pupil on the rampart, gun in hand. He had saluted him repeatedly with his sabre, but the young man had been too much occupied in sending balls in pursuit of the Austrians to see the telegraphic signs sent to him by the sergeant-major. From the Citizeness Teutch Augereau had learned how Eugène had barely escaped being killed; she had shown him the hole made by the ball, and had told him how the young man had returned blow for blow, — a repartee which had been fatal for the Austrian. Therefore Augereau had greatly complimented his pupil, who had, as usual, invited him to the meal which, in Germany, comes between the great noon breakfast, which is in reality a dinner, and the supper, which is eaten at six o'clock in the evening.

When Charles arrived, the master and the pupil were in the act of saluting each other; the lesson was over. Eugène had been unusually full of strength, agility, and lightness, and Augereau was therefore doubly proud of him. The table was set in the same small room in which the young men had breakfasted that morning.

Eugène presented his new friend to the sergeant-major, who, however, seeing him so pale and quiet, did not conceive a very exalted opinion of him. Eugène asked

Madame Teutch to lay one more cover; but Charles was not hungry, having just risen from the table; he declared, therefore, that he would content himself with drinking to the sergeant-major's advancement, but that he did not care to eat. And to explain his pre-occupation he related to them the scene which he had just witnessed.

And then Pierre Augereau, in his turn, related the story of his life: how he was born in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, the son of a journeyman mason and a fruit-seller; from infancy he had a decided talent for fencing, which he learned as the *gamin* of Paris learns everything; his adventurous life had led him to Naples, where he had taken service with the riflemen of King Ferdinand; then he was made fencing-master, having united the Neapolitan and French methods, which made his fencing extremely dangerous. But in 1792, when the order was given for all Frenchmen to leave the city, he returned to France, where he arrived a few days after the 2d of September, in time to take his place among the volunteers whom Danton was despatching to the armies from the Champ de Mars, and who played such a brilliant part in the battle of Jemmapes. Augereau had received his first promotion at that time; then he had passed to the Army of the Rhine, where the Marquis de Beauharnais had promoted him to the rank of sergeant, and in which he had just become sergeant-major. He was thirty-six years old, and his great ambition was to reach the rank of captain.

Eugène had nothing to relate, but he had a proposition to make, which was welcomed enthusiastically: it was to go to the play, in order to divert Charles from his melancholy.

The company of the Citizen Bergère was at the time playing, at the hall of Breuil, "Brutus," by Voltaire, and

"Filial Love; or, the Wooden Leg," by the Citizen Demoustiers.

They shortened the dinner, and at six o'clock the three, protected by the sergeant-major, who was a head taller than they, and who possessed two strong fists, not only for his own service, but also for that of his friends, entered the body of the theatre, already crowded with spectators, and found with difficulty three places in the seventh or eighth row of the orchestra. At this period, armchairs in theatres were unknown.

The fortunate termination of the battle of that morning had made a sort of festival of the day, and the tragedy of "Brutus," which they happened to be playing, seemed in the nature of homage rendered to the courageous conduct of the populace. Several heroes of the day were pointed out among the audience, and it was well known that the young actor who played the part of Titus had fought in the front ranks and been wounded.

In the midst of the confusion of sounds which always precedes a performance when the spectators are more numerous than the seats which the theatre contains, the manager struck his three taps, and instantly, as if by magic, there was silence. Following the three taps of the manager, silence was commanded by the powerful voice of Tétrell, who was extremely proud of the triumph which he had gained over Schneider at the *Propagande*.

Charles recognized his protector of the previous night, and pointed him out to Eugène, but without speaking of his meeting with him, or of the advice which he had given.

Eugène knew Tétrell through having seen him in the streets of Strasburg; he had heard that he was one of the denunciators of his father, and he consequently regarded him with aversion.

As for Pierre Augereau, he saw Tétrell for the first time, and he noticed at once the man's enormous nostrils, which seemed to extend out over his cheeks in an exaggerated fashion, and which resembled those large extinguishers which sacristans carry on the ends of poles to put out the flame of the tall candles which they cannot reach with their breath.

Charles was placed almost below Tétrell; Augereau, who sat on the other side of Eugène, proposed to Charles to change places with him.

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Because you are just in range of the air the Citizen Tétrell breathes," he replied; "and I am afraid that when he draws in his breath he will draw you in with it."

Tétrell was more feared than loved; the remark, although not in the best of taste, provoked laughter.

"Silence!" cried Tétrell,

"What do you say?" inquired Augereau, in the nasal tone peculiar to the Parisian *gamin*. And as he stood up, in order to look in the face of the one who had spoken, the people recognized on his back the uniform of the regiment that had made the sortie in the morning, and applause burst forth, mingled with shouts of, "Bravo, sergeant-major! Long live the sergeant-major!"

Augereau made the military salute and sat down; and as the curtain rose just then, the attention of the entire audience was attracted to the stage, and nothing more was thought, either of Tétrell's nose or of the sergeant-major's interruption.

The curtain rises, it will be remembered, on a session of the Roman senate, in which Junius Brutus, first consul of Rome with Publicola, announces that Tarquin, who is besieging Rome, has sent an ambassador.

From the beginning it was easy to see the spirit with

which the spectators were animated. After the first few lines, Brutus pronounces these: —

"Rome knows I prize her liberty beyond
All that is dear. Yet though my bosom glows
With the same ardor, my opinion differs.
I cannot but behold this embassy
As the first homage paid by sovereign power
To Rome's free sons; we should accustom thus
The towering and despotic pride of kings
To treat on even terms with our republic;
Till, Heaven accomplishing its just decrees,
The time shall come to treat with them as subjects."

A thunder of applause burst forth; it seemed as if France, like Rome, could foresee her lofty destiny. Brutus, interrupted in the middle of his speech, had to wait nearly ten minutes before he could continue. He was interrupted a second time, and with still more warmth, when he came to these lines: —

"The realm, long crushed beneath his iron rod,
Through dint of sufferings hath regained its virtue.
Tarquin hath fixed again our native rights;
And from the uncommon rankness of his crimes
Each public blessing sprang. Yon Tuscans now
May follow, if they dare, the bright example,
And shake off tyrants."

Here the consuls returned to the altar with the senate, and their march was accompanied with cries and applause; then there was silence, in expectation of the invocation.

The actor who played the part of Brutus pronounced the words in a loud voice: —

"O Immortal Power,
God of heroic chiefs, of warring hosts,
And of illustrious Rome! O Mars! receive
The vows we pour forth on thy sacred altar,

In the consenting senate's mingled name,
In mine, and that of all thy genuine sons,
Who not disgrace their fire! If hid within
Rome's secret bosom there exist a traitor
Who with base mind regrets the loss of kings,
And would again behold a tyrant lord, —
May the wretch die beneath a thousand tortures!
His guilty ashes scattered through the air,
The sport of winds, while nought remains behind
But his vile name, more loathsome to the tongue
Of latest times than that which Rome condemns
To utmost infamy, detested Tarquin's."

In times of political excitement it is not the value of the lines which is applauded, but simply their accordance with the sentiments of the audience. Rarely have more commonplace tirades proceeded from an actor's mouth, and never were the most splendid verses of Racine or Corneille welcomed with such enthusiasm. But this enthusiasm, which seemed as if it could not be increased, knew no bounds when, the curtain rising on the second act, the audience saw the young actor who played the part of Titus enter, with his arm in a sling. An Austrian ball had broken it. It seemed as if the play could not proceed, so incessant was the applause!

The few lines alluding to Titus and his patriotism were encored, and then, repulsing the offers of Porsenna, Titus says, —

"Yet, born a Roman, I for Rome will die!
This vigorous senate, though to me unjust,
Full of suspicious jealousy, and fear,
I love beyond the splendor of a court
And the proud sceptre of a single lord.
I am the son of Brutus, and my heart
Deep-graven bears the love of liberty,
And hate of kings."

Finally, when, in the following scene, he exclaims, renouncing his love, —

> " Banish far
> The vain delusion ! Rome with loud acclaim
> Invites me to the Capitol ; the people
> Seek the triumphal arches raised on high,
> Thick with my glory crowned, and full adorned
> With all my labors ; underneath their shade
> Convened, they wait my presence to begin
> The sacred rites, the strict coercive oath,
> Inviolable surety of our freedom," —

the most enthusiastic among the people darted upon the stage, in order to embrace him and press his hand, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and threw bouquets. Nothing was lacking to the triumph of Voltaire and Brutus, and above all of Fleury, the young actor, for he carried off the honors of the evening.

As has been said, the second piece was by the Frenchman Demoustiers, and was entitled, " Filial Love; or, the Wooden Leg." It was one of those idyls common at the time of the Republic; for it is a remarkable fact that never was dramatic literature more roseate than in the years '92, '93, and '94, — that is, the time that produced " The Death of Abel," " The Peacemaker," " Women," and " The Farmer's Beautiful Wife." It seemed as if, after the blood-stained events in the streets, the people felt the need of all these insipidities in order to establish an equilibrium. Nero crowned himself with flowers after burning Rome.

But an incident occurred, which, though it had to do with the morning's battle, seemed as though it would put an end to the representation of this piece. Madame Fromont, who played the part of Louise, and who was the only woman in the piece, had lost both her father and

her husband in the morning's fight. It was therefore impossible for her, in such a situation, to play the part of a lover, or, for that matter, any part at all.

The curtain rose between the two pieces, and Titus-Fleury reappeared. At first the auditors applauded him; then they were silent, seeing that he had something to tell them. And in fact he had come, with tears in his eyes, to ask, in the name of Madame Fromont, that the public would allow the management to replace "Filial Love" with "Rose and Colas," since Madame Fromont mourned her father and her husband, who had been killed for the Republic. Cries of "Yes, yes!" mingled with cheers, were heard in all parts of the house, and Fleury had already bowed to depart, when Tétrell, rising, made a sign that he wished to speak. At once several voices cried, —

"It is Tétrell, the friend of the people! Tétrell, the terror of the aristocrats! Let him speak! Long live Tétrell!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROVOCATION.

TÉTRELL was upon this evening more elegant than ever; he wore a blue turn-away coat with gold buttons, and a piqué waistcoat which turned back until it almost covered the front of his coat. A tricolored belt, with gold fringe, encircled his waist, and in it were stuck pistols whose wood was incrusted with ivory, and whose barrels were inlaid with gold. His sabre, with its scabbard of red morocco, insolently thrown over the balcony, hung over the parterre like a second sword of Damocles.

Tétrell began by striking the railing of the balcony until the dust flew from the velvet. Then he said, angrily, —

"Citizens, what is all this? I thought I was at Lacedæmon; but it seems I was mistaken, and that we are at Corinth or Sybaris. Does a republican woman shelter herself behind such an excuse in the presence of republicans? We mistake ourselves for those miserable slaves on the other bank of the Rhine, those dogs of aristocrats who, when we have whipped them, tire their lungs with crying '*Libera!*' Two men have died for their country, leaving a memory of immortal glory. The women of Sparta, when they presented the shields to their sons and husbands, did so with these words: 'With them, or beneath them!' And when the heroes returned beneath them, or, in other words, dead, the women dressed themselves in their finest clothes.

"The Citizeness Fromont is pretty, she will not want for lovers! All the fine fellows have not been killed at the Haguenau gate. As for her father, there is not an old patriot who would not implore the honor of exchanging places with him. Do not hope, therefore, Citizen Fleury, to soften us with the pretended grief of a citizeness favored by the destiny of war, who has just acquired, by a single shot, a crown for her dowry, and a great people for her family. Go, then, and tell her to appear; tell her to sing; tell her, above all, to spare us her tears: to-day is the people's fête-day, and tears are aristocratic!"

Every one was silent. Tétrell, as we have said, was the third power in Strasburg, and was perhaps more feared than either of the other two. The Citizen Fleury retired behind the curtain, and five minutes afterwards it rose upon the first scene of "Filial Love," thus proving that Tétrell had been obeyed.

It is absolutely necessary, in order to understand the scene which followed, that we should give an analysis of this pitiful pastoral; and we have therefore bored ourselves sufficiently to read it, in order to put it before the reader in as few lines as possible.

The play opens with the following well-known lines:

> "Young lovers, pick flowers
> For the brow of your loved one;
> Love gives sweet recompense
> In tender favors."

An old soldier has retired to a hut at the foot of the Alps; he was wounded on the battle-field of Nefeld, and his life was saved by another old soldier, whom he has not seen since. He lives with his son, who, after

having sung the first four lines, sings the four following, which complete the idea: —

"Full of a sweeter hope,
When the sun rises
I also pluck flowers
For my father's brow," —

an occupation still more absurd for a great fellow twenty-five years old, from the fact that the old soldier awakes before the wreath is finished, and we do not see how the water-lilies and myosotis of which the bouquet is formed would have become him; but instead we enjoy a duet in which the son repudiates all the ideas of love and marriage which his father seeks to implant in him, saying only, —

"The sweetest love in the world
Is the love I have for you."

But he is soon to change his mind; while, after picking flowers for his father's brow, he is picking fruit for breakfast, a young girl rushes upon the scene, singing: —

"Ah, good old man,
Ah, share my grief! . . .
Have you seen a traveller pass this way?"

This traveller, after whom the young girl is running, is her father. The old man has not seen him; and as she is inconsolable, she eats breakfast with them, and then has a nap; after which everybody starts out to search for the wandering father, whom Armand, the young man who plucks flowers for the paternal brow, finds all the more easily from the fact that the one for whom he is searching is sixty years old, and has a wooden leg.

Louise's happiness at sight of her recovered father can be imagined, — a happiness all the greater when, after a short explanation, Armand's father recognizes in Louise's father the very soldier who saved his life on the battle-field of Nefeld, and who lost a leg thereby, which has been replaced with a wooden one by royal munificence, — an unexpected turn of fortune which justifies the double and picturesque title of the piece, " Filial Love; or, the Wooden Leg."

As long as poor Madame Fromont's part required her to rouse the echoes of the Alps with her demands for her father, and to mourn at having lost him, her tears and grief did her good service. But as soon as she had found him, the contrast between her actual and her theatrical situation, since she had lost her father forever, looked her in the face with all its appalling truth. The actress ceased to be an actress, and became instead a true daughter and wife. She uttered a cry of agony, repulsed her theatrical father, and fell fainting into the arms of the young man, who carried her from the stage.

The curtain fell. Then a great tumult filled the hall.

The greater part of the spectators took part with Madame Fromont, applauding her frantically, and crying, " Enough, enough! " Others called, " Citizeness Fromont! Citizeness Fromont! " as much with the intention of giving her an ovation as of obliging her to continue her *rôle*. A few malevolent ones, Tétrell among the number, cried, —

" The play! the play! "

After this tumult had lasted for five minutes, the curtain rose once more, and silence was established as, pale, bathed in tears, and clad in mourning, the poor widow, leaning upon Fleury's arm, with the feeling that his wound gave her a sort of protection, came out once more,

scarcely able to stand, but wishing to thank one party for their manifestations of interest, and to ask pity of the others.

At sight of her, the hall rang with shouts of applause, which would have seemed unanimous if a hiss, proceeding from the balcony, had not protested against the general opinion. But scarcely had the hiss sounded, when a voice from the parterre answered it with the exclamation, —

"Wretch!"

Tétrell sprang up, and leaning over the balcony, howled, —

"Who said wretch?"

"I," said the same voice.

"And whom do you call wretch?"

"You!"

"You are hidden in the parterre, and do not dare to show yourself."

A young man scarcely fifteen years of age leaped upon a bench with a single bound, and, standing head and shoulders above the people, said, —

"Here I am. I show myself, as you see."

"Eugène Beauharnais! the son of General Beauharnais!" said several who had known the father while he was at Strasburg, and who recognized the son, who had been there for some time.

General Beauharnais was much beloved; a group gathered about the youth, whom Augereau on one side, and Charles on the other, sought to support.

"Whelp of an aristocrat!" cried Tétrell, when he saw his adversary.

"Bastard of a wolf!" returned the young man, without lowering his eyes before the threatening attitude of the chief of the *Propagande*.

"If you make me come down there to you," cried Tétrell, grinding his teeth, "you had better take care, or I will horsewhip you."

"If you make me come up to you," said Eugène, "take care that I do not strangle you."

"Here, this is for you, you brat," said Tétrell, affecting to laugh, and shaking his fist at Eugène.

"Here, this is for you, you coward!" echoed the young man, throwing at the other his glove, in which he had put two or three leaden balls. And the glove, thrown with true schoolboy aim, struck Tétrell full in the face.

Tétrell uttered a cry of rage, and put his hand to his cheek, which was covered with blood.

Tétrell, in his thirst for vengeance, could not stop to go around through the corridors. He drew a pistol from his belt, and aimed it at the boy, around whom a space was suddenly cleared, each one fearing to be hit by a ball from the weapon, which, in Tétrell's trembling hand, threatened every one in the vicinity.

But just then a man wearing the uniform of the volunteers of Paris, and bearing the sign of a sergeant's rank, threw himself between Tétrell and the boy, protecting the latter with his body, and folding his arms.

"That 's all very well, Citizen," he said; "but the man who wears a sabre should not be an assassin."

Cries were heard from all parts of the hall of "Hurrah for the volunteer! hurrah for the sergeant!"

"Do you know," continued the volunteer, "what this boy, this whelp of an aristocrat, this brat, as you call him, was doing this morning, while you were making fine speeches in the *Propagande?* He was fighting to prevent the enemy from entering Strasburg; you were asking for the heads of your friends, while he was killing

the enemies of France. I am not afraid of your pistol; put it back in your belt, and listen to what I have to say further."

The deepest silence reigned in the theatre and on the stage, where, with the curtain still raised, were crowded the actors, the workmen, and the soldiers of the guard. It was in the midst of this painful silence that the volunteer continued, without raising his voice, although he could be perfectly heard by every one.

"What I have to say further," continued the sergeant, stepping aside from the young man, "is that this boy, who is neither a whelp of an aristocrat nor a brat, but a man whom victory has baptized to-day a republican upon the battle-field, — this boy, after having insulted you, defies you; after calling you a wretch, calls you a coward; and awaits you and your second with whatever weapon you choose to propose, unless you choose your favorite weapon of the guillotine, with the executioner for your second. I tell you this in his name and mine; and I answer for him, — I, Pierre Augereau, sergeant-major in the first regiment of Paris volunteers. And now go and hang yourself if you like. Come, Citizen Eugène!" And taking the boy in his arms, he put him on the floor, first lifting him so high that every one in the hall could see and frantically applaud him.

And in the midst of cries, hurrahs, and cheers, he left the hall with the two young men, who were escorted to the hotel by half of the spectators, who were shouting:

"Long live the Republic! Long live the volunteers of Paris! Down with Tétrell!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH CHARLES IS ARRESTED.

When Madame Teutch heard the increasing tumult which seemed to be approaching the Hôtel de la Lanterne, she appeared at the door, and recognized in the distance, by the light of the torches with which some of the more enthusiastic were provided, her two guests and the sergeant-major, Pierre Augereau, whom they were bringing back in triumph.

The fear which Tétrell had sown among the people was bearing its fruits; the harvest was ripe, and he was reaping hate.

About thirty kind-hearted men proposed to Pierre Augereau that they should watch over the safety of his pupil, thinking it very possible that Tétrell would profit by the darkness to do him a bad turn. But the sergeant-major thanked them, saying that he should himself watch over the young man's safety, and would answer for him. But in order to retain the good-will of those who might be of service to them later, the sergeant-major was of the opinion that it would be well to offer the chiefs of the escort a glass of punch or of warm wine.

No sooner was the proposal made, than the kitchen of the Lanterne was invaded, and they proceeded to warm the wine, melt the sugar, and mix the beverage. It was not until midnight that they stopped, with cries of "Long

live the Republic!" and with hearty hand-clasps and strong oaths of alliance, offensive and defensive.

But when the last one had gone, when the door was shut behind them, and the shutters closed so carefully that not a ray of light could escape, Augereau became very grave, and, turning to Eugène, said, —

"And now, my young pupil, we must think of your safety."

"My safety!" exclaimed the young man. "Did you not say that I have nothing to fear, and that you would answer for me?"

"Certainly I will answer for you, but only on condition that you will do as I wish."

"And what do you want me to do? I hope you would not advise an act of cowardice?"

"Monsieur le Marquis," said Augereau, "I must have no more of such suspicions, or, by the Republic, you and I shall quarrel!"

"My good Pierre, do not be angry; what do you advise? Speak quickly!"

"I have no confidence in a man who pieces out his height when it is not carnival-time. In the first place, he will not fight."

"And why will he not fight?"

"Because he looks exactly like a great coward."

"Yes, but if he should fight?"

"If he should fight, there is nothing more to be said, and only the risk of a bullet or a sword-thrust to be feared. But if he should not fight?"

"Well, if he should not fight?"

"That is quite another thing! If he does not fight, the danger is greater: you run the risk of having your head cut off; and I want to spare you that."

"How?"

"By taking you with me to the barracks of the Paris volunteers: he will not come to look for you there, I 'll answer for it."

"Hide myself? Never!"

"Hush! my young friend," said the sergeant-major, frowning; "we must not say those things before Pierre Augereau, whose courage cannot be questioned. No, you will not hide yourself, you will wait there, that is all."

"What shall I wait for?"

"Citizen Tétrell's seconds."

"His seconds? He will send them here, and I shall not know that he has sent them, because I shall not be here."

"Well, but here is little Charles: he risks nothing; and what was he brought into the world for, if not to stay here, and come and tell us what is going on? Confound you! what a hard customer you are, and how many difficulties you see! Come, now! it is decided that you are to go with me."

"And at the first thing that happens, no matter how small, you will run to the barracks, will you not, Charles?"

"I give you my word of honor."

"And now," said Augereau, "let us take a little turn to the left."

"Where are we going?"

"To the barracks."

"Through the court?"

"Through the court."

"And why not by the door?"

"Because if we went by the door, some curious fellow might watch us go out, and might follow us to see, just for fun, where we went; while if we go through the court, I know of a certain little gate leading to a lane where nothing passes, not even a cat. From lane to lane we

will reach the barracks, and no one will know where the turkeys perch."

"You will remember your promise, Charles?"

"Although I am two years younger than you, Eugène, my word of honor is just as good as yours; and besides, the experiences of to-day have made me feel as old as you. Adieu, and sleep well; Augereau will take care of you, and I of your honor."

The two young men clasped hands; the sergeant-major almost broke Charles's fingers, he squeezed them so hard, and then he drew Eugène out into the court, while Charles, with a slight grimace of pain, tried to separate his fingers. When he had finished the operation, he took his candle and the key to his room, as usual, and went upstairs to bed.

But scarcely was he in bed when Madame Teutch entered on tiptoe, making signs that she had something important to tell him.

The young man understood Madame Teutch's mysterious ways well enough by this time not to feel surprise at seeing her in his room, even at this unheard-of hour. She approached his bed, murmuring, —

"Poor little cherub!"

"Well, Madame Teutch," said Charles, laughing, "what is the matter now?"

"I must tell you what has happened, even at the risk of making you uneasy."

"Happened? When?"

"While you were at the play."

"Did anything happen?"

"I should think so! They made a visit here?"

"Who?"

"The men who came once before for the Citizens Dumont and Ballu."

"Well, they did not find them this time either, I suppose."

"They did not come for them, my pet."

"For whom did they come, then?"

"They came for you."

"For me? Ah, and to what do I owe the honor of their visit?"

"It seems that they were looking for the author of that little note, you know."

"By which I warned them to go away?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, they visited your room and looked over your papers."

"I am not disturbed about that, for they cannot have found anything against the Republic."

"No, but they found an act of a tragedy."

"Ah, my tragedy of 'Théramène.'"

"They took it away with them."

"The wretches! Luckily, however, I know it by heart."

"But do you know why they took it away?"

"Because they liked the verses, I suppose."

"No; because they recognized the writing on the manuscript as being the same as that on the note."

"Ah, this begins to look serious."

"You know the law, my poor child; whoever gives asylum to a suspected person, or aids him to escape —"

"Yes, the penalty is death."

"Just hear how he says it, the poor little fellow, — just as if he said, 'Yes, bread and butter and jam'!"

"I say it thus, my dear Madame Teutch, because it cannot possibly affect me."

"What cannot affect you?"

"The death-penalty."

"Why cannot it affect you?"

"Because one must be sixteen years old in order to aspire to the honor of the guillotine."

"Are you sure of it, my poor boy?"

"I have taken care to inform myself on the point. Besides, I read on the walls yesterday a new decree of the Citizen Saint-Just, which forbids the execution of any judgment until the account of the trial has been communicated to him, and he has questioned the convicted person. However — "

"What?" asked Madame Teutch.

"Wait; here, give me pen, ink, and paper."

Charles took the pen and wrote: —

"Citizen Saint-Just, I have just been illegally arrested; and, having faith in your justice, I demand to be brought before you."

And he signed it.

"There!" he said to Madame Teutch. "It is as well to foresee every emergency in these times. If I am arrested, you will see that this note reaches the Citizen Saint-Just."

"You poor little one, if such a dreadful thing should happen, I promise you that I will carry it myself, and give it into his own hands, even if I have to wait twenty-four hours in his antechamber in order to do it."

"That is well; and on the strength of it, Citizeness Teutch, kiss me and sleep well, — I will try to do the same."

Madame Teutch embraced her guest and went away, murmuring, —

"In God's truth, there are no more children; here is one challenging the Citizen Tétrell, and the other demanding to be brought before the Citizen Saint-Just!"

Madame Teutch closed the door. Charles blew out the light and went to sleep.

The next morning, about eight o'clock, he was busy arranging his papers, which were more or less in disorder from the visitation of the previous night, when the Citizeness Teutch rushed into his room, crying, —

"Here they are! here they are!"

"Who?" asked Charles.

"The police, who have come to arrest you, poor dear child."

Charles quickly hid in his bosom, between his shirt and his body, the second letter which his father had given him, — the one to Pichegru; for he feared that it would be taken from him, and not returned.

The police entered, and signified their errand to the young man, who declared himself ready to follow them.

As he passed the Citizeness Teutch, he gave her a glance which meant: "Do not forget!"

The Citizeness Teutch replied by a slight movement of the head, which signified: "Do not fear."

The police led him away on foot.

It was necessary to pass before Euloge Schneider's house, in order to reach the prison. For a moment Charles thought he would ask to be led before the man to whom he had brought a letter of recommendation, and with whom he had dined on the previous night; but seeing the guillotine before his door, an empty carriage near the guillotine, and Master Nicolas on the doorstep, he remembered the scene of the previous night, and shook his head with disgust, murmuring, —

"Poor Mademoiselle de Brumpt! God help her!"

The boy believed in God; it is true that he was but a child.

CHAPTER X.

SCHNEIDER'S JOURNEY.

SCARCELY had Charles and the men who were conducting him passed Schneider's door, when it opened, and the Commissioner of the Republic came out, glanced tenderly at the instrument of death, packed neatly in its cart, made a little sign of greeting to Master Nicolas, and got into the empty carriage. Standing there for an instant, he said to Master Nicolas, —

"And you?"

The latter pointed to a sort of cab that was swiftly approaching. It contained two men. They were his aides, and the cab was his own carriage.

Everything was complete, — the accuser, the guillotine, and the executioner.

The little procession began its march through the streets leading to the gate of Kehl, through which it had to pass in order to reach the road to Plobsheim.

Everywhere that they passed, terror, with its icy wings, passed also. Those who were standing at their doors went inside; those who were walking on the streets, pressed against the walls, and wished they could pass through them. A few fanatics alone waved their caps and cried, "Long live the guillotine!" which meant, "Long live Death!" but in honor to humanity it must be admitted that these were rare.

Schneider's customary escort was waiting for him at the gate, — eight of the hussars of Death.

In each village which Schneider came to on the road, he made a halt, striking terror into the hearts of the people thereby. As soon as the mournful procession had stopped on the public square, Schneider caused the announcement to be made that he was ready to listen to any denunciations which might be made to him. He listened to the accusations, accordingly, questioned the mayor and the trembling city councillors, ordered the arrests, and left the village behind him as sad and desolate as if it had been visited by the yellow fever or the plague.

The village of Eschau was at the right of the road, and a little to one side. Its inhabitants therefore hoped to be spared the terrible visitation; but they were mistaken.

Schneider turned into the cross-road, which was gullied out by the rains. His carriage and that of Master Nicolas passed through it easily, thanks to their light weight; but the cart which bore the red machine stuck fast in the mud.

Schneider sent four hussars of Death to look for men and horses. The horses and the men did not hurry; the enthusiasm for this funereal work was not great. Schneider was furious; he threatened to set the guillotine up permanently at Eschau, and guillotine the whole village. And he could have done it if he had chosen, so supreme was the omnipotence of these terrible dictators.

This explains the massacres of Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, and of Carrier at Nantes. The lust for blood took possession of them just as, eighteen hundred years before, it took posssession of Nero, Commodus, and Domitian.

At last, with the help of men and horses, they succeeded in dragging the cart out of the ruts, and entered the village.

The mayor, his deputy, and the municipal council were awaiting Schneider at the end of the street.

He caused his hussars of Death to surround them, without listening to a word they had to say.

It was market-day; he stopped upon the great square, and caused the guillotine to be set up before the terrified eyes of the people. Then he gave the order to tie the mayor to one of the posts of the guillotine, and his assistant to the other, while all the council stood upon the platform. He had invented this sort of pillory for all those who in his opinion did not deserve death.

It was noon, and the dinner-hour. He entered an inn which was opposite the scaffold, had his table put upon the balcony, and, guarded by four of the hussars of Death, ate his dinner there.

At dessert he rose, lifted his glass above his head, and cried, "Long live the Republic, and death to the aristocrats!" and when all the spectators had repeated his cry, even those who were gazing at him in fear from the scaffold, not knowing what was to be done with them, he said, —

"It is well; I pardon you."

And he caused the mayor and the deputy to be untied, and permitted the municipal body to descend, ordering them, for the sake of the example of equality and fraternity, to help the executioner and his aides to take down the guillotine and load it upon the cart, after which he made them escort him in triumph to the other end of the village.

They reached Plobsheim about three o'clock in the afternoon. At the first house, Schneider asked the way to the dwelling of the Comte de Brumpt. They pointed it out to him.

It was in the Rue du Rhin, the largest and pleasantest

street in the town. When they reached the house, Schneider ordered them to set the guillotine up there, after which he left four hussars to guard the scaffold, and took the other four with him.

He stopped at the Hôtel of the Phrygian Cap, formerly the house of the White Cross.

From there he wrote as follows: —

To the Citizen Brumpt at the city prison :

Upon giving your written parole of honor not to attempt to escape, you are free.

But you will invite me to dinner at noon to-morrow, because I must talk with you upon important business.

EULOGE SCHNEIDER.

He sent the letter by one of his hussars to the Comte de Brumpt.

Ten minutes later, the hussar brought back this answer: —

I give my parole to the Citizen Schneider to return to my own house, and not to leave it without his permission.

I shall be much pleased to receive him at dinner to-morrow, at the hour named.

BRUMPT.

CHAPTER XI.

A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL.

At sight of the horrible machine which stood before her house, Mademoiselle de Brumpt caused all the windows on the front of the house to be closed.

When the Comte de Brumpt, leaving the prison with no other guard than his own parole, arrived within sight of his house, he saw it shut up like a sepulchre, with the scaffold before it. He asked himself what it meant, and whether he dared to go forward. But his hesitation lasted only for a moment; neither scaffold nor tomb could make him draw back. He walked straight to the door, and knocked in his accustomed manner,—two blows in quick succession, and another after a little interval.

Clotilde had retired with Madame Gérard, her companion, to a room at the back of the house, looking out over the garden. She was lying upon the sofa-cushions and weeping, so evident did Schneider's answer to her prayer appear to her.

When she heard the first two strokes of the knocker she uttered a cry; at the third she leaped to her feet.

"My God!" she cried.

Madame Gérard grew pale.

"If the count were not a prisoner," she said, "one would swear that that was his knock."

Clotilde darted towards the staircase.

"It is his step," she murmured.

A voice was heard asking,—

"Clotilde, where are you?"

"Papa! papa!" cried the young girl, running down the steps.

The count was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs, and received her in his arms.

"My little girl, my child," he stammered, "what does this mean?"

"What does what mean?"

"What does this scaffold mean, standing before the door? Why are these windows shut?"

"Schneider has erected the scaffold, and I have shut the windows; I shut them that I might not see you die."

"But it was Schneider who opened my prison doors, and who set me free on my parole, at the same time inviting himself to dinner to-morrow."

"Papa," said Clotilde, "perhaps I did wrong, but it was through love for you. When I knew that you were arrested, I went to Strasburg and asked for your pardon."

"Of Schneider?"

"Of Schneider."

"Poor child! And at what price did he grant it."

"Papa, the price is yet to be agreed upon between us; and doubtless he will tell us the conditions of it to-morrow."

"We will wait for them."

Clotilde took her prayer-book, and went to a little church so humble that it had not yet been thought necessary to deprive the Lord of it. She prayed there until evening.

The guillotine remained standing all night.

The next day, at noon, Schneider presented himself at the house of the Comte de Brumpt.

In spite of the fact that it was the depth of winter, the house was filled with flowers; it would have seemed like a fête-day, had not Clotilde's mourning contradicted the impression, as the snow in the streets contradicted the appearance of spring within.

Schneider was received by the count and his daughter. He had not taken the name of Euloge for nothing. At the end of ten minutes, Clotilde asked herself if this was indeed the same man who had received her so brutally at Strasburg.

The count, reassured, left the room to attend to some arrangements.

Schneider offered his arm to the young girl, and led her to a window, which he opened.

The guillotine was opposite the window, all ornamented with flowers and ribbons.

"Take your choice," he said, "between a scaffold and an altar."

"What do you mean?" asked Clotilde, shivering.

"To-morrow you will be my wife, or the count will be dead."

Clotilde became as pale as the handkerchief which she held in her hand.

"My father would rather die," she said.

"And for that reason," replied Schneider, "I charge you to communicate my desire to him."

"You are right," she said; "it is the only way."

Schneider shut the window, and led her to her seat.

Clotilde drew a flask of salts from her pocket, and put it to her nostrils. By a supreme effort of will her face regained its usual calm expression, although it was very sad; and the roses, which had seemed to fade from her cheeks forever, bloomed there anew. She had evidently made up her mind.

The count came in.

A servant followed him, announcing dinner.

A magnificent repast was served, messengers having been sent in the night to Strasburg, who had brought back the rarest game and the finest fish that the market afforded.

The count, who was beginning to be reassured, did the honors of his table to the commissioner of the Republic with all the delicacy of a *grand seigneur;* they drank in turn all the best wines of the Rhine, of Germany, and of Hungary. The pale *fiancée* alone ate little, and moistened her lips from time to time with a glass of water.

But at the end of the repast she held out her glass to the count, who, much astonished, filled it with Tokay wine. Then she rose, and lifting her glass, she said:

"To Euloge Schneider, the generous man to whom I owe my father's life; happy and proud will be the woman whom he chooses for his wife."

"Beautiful Clotilde," cried Schneider, in delight, "have you not guessed that that woman was yourself; and do I need to tell you that I love you?"

Clotilde gently touched her glass to his, and then went and knelt before her father, who was overwhelmed with astonishment.

"Papa," she said, "I beg you to grant me for a husband the kind man to whom I owe your life; and I call Heaven to witness that I will not rise until you have granted me this favor."

The count looked alternately at Schneider, whose face shone with joy, and at Clotilde, upon whose brow was the light of martyrdom. He understood that something was taking place so grand and so sublime that he had no right to oppose it.

"My daughter," he said, "you are mistress of your hand and fortune; do as you like, for whatever you do will be well done."

Clotilde arose and held out her hand to Schneider. He took it eagerly, while Clotilde, with her face upturned, seemed to be seeking God, and wondering that such infamies could be accomplished beneath his holy gaze.

But when Schneider raised his head from her hand, the young girl's face had regained the serenity which it had lost for a moment in that silent appeal to God which had not been heard. Then, as Schneider begged her to name the day which should complete his happiness, she smiled, and pressing his hand, said,—

"Listen, Schneider. I beg of your tenderness one of those favors which a man cannot refuse his *fiancée;* some pride mingles with my happiness. It is not in a place like Plobsheim, a poor village of Alsace, that the first of our citizens should give his name to the woman whom he loves and whom he has chosen; I desire that the people shall recognize me for Schneider's wife, and not for his concubine. In every town you have been accompanied by a mistress, and the mistake might easily be made. It is only five leagues from here to Strasburg. I must make some preparations for my trousseau, for I wish it to be worthy of the bridegroom. To-morrow, at any hour that you like, we will go, alone or accompanied, and I will give you my hand before the citizens, the generals, and the representatives." [1]

"I am willing," exclaimed Schneider; "I will agree to anything you like, but on one condition."

[1] I have not changed one word of this request, which I have copied entire from Charles Nodier's narrative entitled, "Souvenirs of the Revolution."

"What is it?"

"It is that we start to-day, instead of to-morrow."

"It would be impossible," said Clotilde, growing pale. "It is half-past one, and the city gates close at three."

"They shall shut at four to-day."

Then, calling two hussars, for fear that if he sent only one, some accident might happen to him, he said to them,—

"Ride at full speed to Strasburg, and tell them not to shut the gate of Kehl until four o'clock. You will remain at the gate, and see that my orders are executed."

"All must be as you wish," said Clotilde, letting her hand lie in that of Schneider. "Certainly, Papa, there is every prospect that I shall be a happy wife!"

CHAPTER XII.

SAINT-JUST.

THE night passed, as we have seen, without anything being heard from Tétrell; the day passed also.

At half-past five in the afternoon, having received no news, Eugène and Augereau resolved to go where they could get some. They returned to the Hôtel de la Lanterne, and there they heard some indeed.

Madame Teutch, in despair, told them that her poor little Charles had been arrested at eight o'clock in the morning, and taken to prison. She had waited all day for an opportunity to see Saint-Just, but had not been able to do so until five o'clock in the afternoon, when she had given him Charles's note.

Saint-Just had said to her,—

"Very well; if what you have told me is true, he will be set at liberty to-morrow."

Madame Teutch had come away a little more hopeful; Saint-Just had not seemed so cruel as he had been described.

Charles, although quite sure of his innocence, since he had never in his life had anything to do with politics, grew impatient as the whole day passed without bringing him news; but his impatience changed to uneasiness when the morning of the next day passed, and the representative of the people did not send for him.

Saint-Just was not to blame, for he was one of the most scrupulous men in the world where a promise was

concerned. It had been decided that on the next day, at daybreak, a grand tour of inspection should be made, that he might ascertain whether the orders of surveillance which he had issued were being executed. He did not return to his hôtel until one o'clock in the afternoon, and then, remembering the promise which he had made to Madame Teutch, he sent word to the prison that little Charles should be brought before him.

Saint-Just during the morning's excursion had been wet through from head to foot; and when the young man entered his cabinet, he was just putting the finishing touch to his fresh toilet by tying his cravat.

The cravat, as is well known, was the essential point in the toilet of Saint-Just. It was a scaffolding of muslin, from which rose a good-looking head, and it was intended partially to conceal that immense development of jaws which is often found in beasts of prey and in conquerors. The most remarkable thing about Saint-Just's face was his large limpid eyes, earnest, deep, questioning, shadowed by straight eyebrows, which met above the nose whenever he frowned with impatience or pre-occupation. He had a pale complexion, of that grayish tint so common among those laborious toilers of the Revolution, who, dreading a premature death, added nights to days in order to gain time to finish the terrible work which the genius that watches over the grandeur of nations, and which we dare to call Providence, had intrusted to them. His lips were soft and fleshy, as befitted those of a sensuous man who had made his *début* in literature by writing an obscene book, but who, by a prodigious effort of will, had succeeded in conquering his temperament, and in imposing upon himself a life of abstinence, as far as women were concerned. While adjusting his cravat, or throwing back the silky ends of his

magnificent hair, he dictated to a secretary the orders, decrees, laws, and judgments which were destined, in two languages, German and French, to cover the walls of the most frequented squares, cross-roads, and streets of Strasburg.

And in fact, so great was the sovereign, absolute, and aristocratic power of the representatives of the people who were sent to the armies that they thought no more of cutting off heads than of switching off the top of some way-side plant; but that which made the proscriptions dictated by Saint-Just remarkable was the style in which they were couched. They were concise, and the voice which pronounced them was brief, sonorous, and vibrating. The first time that he spoke in the Convention it was to demand the arrest of the king; and at the first words of the speech, cold, sharp, and cutting as steel, there was not one present who did not feel, while a strange shiver ran through him, that the king was doomed.

When his cravat was tied, Saint-Just turned suddenly to put on his coat, and saw the young man who was waiting.

He looked at him, trying to remember who he was; then, suddenly, pointing to the mantelpiece, he said:

"Ah, it is you whom they arrested yesterday morning, and who sent me a letter by the mistress of the inn where you were lodging?"

"Yes, Citizen," replied Charles, "it is I."

"Did the persons who arrested you permit you to write to me?"

"I wrote before I was arrested."

"How was that?"

"I knew that I was to be arrested."

"And you did not hide yourself?"

"Why? I was innocent, and they say that you are just."

Saint-Just looked at the boy for a moment in silence; he himself appeared very youthful just then, in his shirt of whitest linen, with large sleeves, his white waistcoat, and his artistically tied cravat.

"Are your relatives emigrants?" he finally inquired.

"No, Citizen, my relatives are not aristocrats."

"What are they?"

"My father presides over the tribunal of Besançon, and my uncle is chief of a battalion."

"How old are you?"

"A little over thirteen."

"Come nearer."

The youth obeyed.

"Upon my word, it is true," said Saint-Just; "he looks like a little girl. But you must have done something in order to be arrested?"

"Two of my compatriots, the Citizens Dumont and Ballu, came to Strasburg to secure the release of Adjutant-general Perrin. I knew that they were to be arrested during the night or on the next morning, and I warned them by a little note. This note was recognized as being in my handwriting. I thought I was doing right. I appeal to your heart, Citizen Saint-Just."

Saint-Just placed his hand, which was as white and well-cared-for as that of a woman, upon the young man's shoulder.

"You are still a child," he said, "and I will say only this: There is a sentiment yet more holy than love of one's countrymen: it is love of one's country. Before being citizens of the same town, we are children of the same fatherland. A day will come when humanity shall be valued before patriotism, when all men shall be brothers,

when all nations shall be sisters, and when tyrants shall be the only enemies. You yielded to an honorable sentiment, — that love of our neighbor which is enjoined by the Evangelist; but in yielding to it you have forgotten a sentiment which is yet higher, more sacred, more sublime, — it is devotion to one's country, which should come before everything else. If these men were enemies of their country, if they had transgressed the law, you should not have interposed between them and the sword of justice. I have no right to set myself up for an example, being one of the humblest servants of liberty. I will serve it as well as I can; I will cause it to triumph wherever it lies in my power, or I will die for it: that is my sole ambition. Why am I to-day so calm and so proud? It is because I have, at the price of my own heart's blood, given a great proof of my respect for the law which I have myself made."

He paused a moment, to be sure that the child was listening attentively. The boy did not lose a syllable; on the contrary, as if preparing to transmit them to posterity. he was storing in his memory the words which fell from that powerful mouth.

Saint-Just continued: —

"Since the shameful panic of Eisemberg, I issued a decree which forbade any soldier, from the lowest to the highest, to go to bed without being fully clothed. Well, on my tour of inspection this morning I looked forward eagerly to meeting again a friend from my own part of the country, coming, like me, from the department of L'Aisne; like me, from Blérancourt; and, like me also, a pupil in the College of Soissons. His regiment arrived yesterday at the village of Schiltigheim. I directed my course towards this village, therefore, and inquired in what house Prosper Lenormand was lodged; it was

pointed out to me, and I hastened to it. His room was on the first floor, and although I have great control over myself, my heart beat high, as I mounted the stairs, at the thought of seeing my friend again after five years of separation. I entered the first room, calling out,—

"'Prosper! Prosper! where are you? It is I, your comrade, Saint-Just.'

"I had no sooner spoken than the door opened, and a young man, dressed only in a nightshirt, threw himself into my arms, crying in his turn,—

"'Saint-Just! my dear Saint-Just!'

"I wept as I pressed him to my heart, for that heart was about to receive a terrible blow.

"My childhood's friend, he whom I now saw for the first time after five years of separation, he whom I had sought out myself, so eager was I to meet him again,—he had violated the law which I promulgated only three days ago; he had incurred the death-penalty.

"Then my heart yielded to the power of my will, and turning towards those who witnessed the scene, I said calmly,—

"'Heaven be doubly praised, since I have seen you again, dear Prosper, and since I can give, in the person of one who is so dear to me, a memorable lesson of discipline and a grand example of justice, by sacrificing you to the public safety.'

"Then, speaking to those who accompanied me, I said,—

"'Do your duty!'

"I then embraced Prosper for the last time, and at a sign from me they drew him out of the room."

"What for?" asked Charles.

"To shoot him. Was he not forbidden, under penalty of death, to go to bed without his clothes on?"

"But you had mercy on him?" asked Charles, moved even to tears.

"Ten minutes afterwards, he was dead."

Charles uttered a cry of terror.

"Your heart is still weak, poor child; but read Plutarch, and you will become a man. And what are you doing in Strasburg?"

"I came to study, Citizen," replied the boy; "I came only three days ago."

"And what are you studying in Strasburg?"

"Greek."

"It would seem to me more logical to study German; besides, of what use is Greek, since the Lacedæmonians have written nothing?" Then, after a moment of silence, during which he continued to look curiously at the boy, he asked: "And who is the learned man that gives lessons in Greek in Strasburg?"

"Euloge Schneider," replied Charles.

"What! does Euloge Schneider know Greek?" asked Saint-Just.

"He is one of the first Greek scholars in Germany; he has translated Anacreon."

"The Monk of Cologne!" exclaimed Saint-Just; "Euloge Schneider a Greek scholar! Well, so be it; go and learn Greek of Euloge Schneider. But if I thought," he continued, in a quivering voice, "that you would learn anything else of him, I would rather strangle you."

Stunned by this speech, the boy remained motionless and mute, leaning against the wall like a figure upon tapestry.

"Oh!" cried Saint-Just, becoming more and more excited, "it is dealers in Greek like him who destroy the holy cause of the Revolution; these are they who

send forth mandates to arrest children thirteen years old because they lodge in the same inn where the police have found two suspected travellers. It is thus that these wretches seek to curry favor with the Mountain. Ah, I swear by the Republic that I will soon do justice to those attempts which every day endanger our most precious liberties. There is urgent need of prompt justice, which shall serve as an example; I will execute it. They dare to reproach me with failing to give them enough corpses to devour. I will give them some. The *Propagande* wishes blood! it shall have it. And to begin with, I will bathe it in the blood of its chiefs. If I can only find a pretext, if I can only have justice on my side, they shall see! "

Saint-Just, losing his cold calmness, became terrible in his threats; his eyebrows met, and his nostrils swelled like those of a hunted lion; his complexion had become ashen in hue; he seemed to be looking for something, animate or inanimate, to crush.

Just then a messenger who had recently dismounted, as might be seen from the splashes of mud with which he was soiled, entered precipitately, and approaching Saint-Just, said a few words to him in a low voice. At these words an expression of joy, mingled with doubt, appeared on Saint-Just's face; apparently the news which had just been brought to him was so welcome that he dared not believe it.

CHAPTER XIII.

EULOGE SCHNEIDER'S WEDDING.

SAINT-JUST looked the man over from head to foot, as if to be sure that he was not dealing with an insane person.

"And you come, you say —" he asked.

"From your colleague, Lebas."

"To tell me —"

The man lowered his voice again, so that Charles could not hear what he said; as for the secretary, he had gone out some time before, to carry Saint-Just's decrees to be printed.

"Impossible!" said the proconsul, passing from hope to doubt, for the thing appeared incredible to him.

"It is nevertheless true," replied the messenger.

"But he would never dare," said Saint-Just, setting his teeth, and allowing a glance of hatred to escape from his eyes.

"It is the hussars of Death themselves who are guarding the gate, and who will not allow it to be shut."

"The gate of Kehl?"

"The gate of Kehl."

"The very one which is opposite the enemy?"

"Yes, the very one."

"In spite of my formal order?"

"In spite of your formal order."

"And what reason have the hussars given for preventing this gate from being shut at three o'clock, when there is a formal order that all the gates of Strasburg shall be

shut at that hour, under pain of death to him who prevents their closing?"

"They say that the commissioner of the Republic is coming into the city by this gate, with his *fiancée.*"

"Euloge Schneider's *fiancée!* The *fiancée* of the Monk of Cologne!"

Saint-Just looked around him, evidently seeking Charles in the shadows which were beginning to darken the apartment.

"If you are looking for me, Citizen Saint-Just, here I am," said the youth, approaching him.

"Yes, come here; have you heard that your Greek master is about to be married?"

Mademoiselle de Brumpt's story recurred at once to the boy's mind.

"It would take too long to tell you what I think."

"No, tell me," said Saint-Just, laughing; "we have time enough."

Charles related the story of the dinner with Euloge, together with the episode of the young girl and that of the executioner.

As he listened, Saint-Just's head remained motionless, but the rest of his body was in constant motion.

Suddenly a great hubbub was heard in one of the streets which led from the gate of Kehl to the town-hall.

Doubtless Saint-Just guessed the cause of the commotion, for, addressing Charles, he said,—

"If you want to go, my child, you are free to do so; but if you would like to be present at a great act of justice, remain."

Charles's curiosity forbade him to go, and he remained.

The messenger went to the window, and drew aside the curtain.

"There!" he said, "there is proof that I was not mistaken."

"Open the window," said Saint-Just.

The messenger obeyed. The window opened upon a balcony which hung over the street.

Saint-Just entered it, and at his invitation Charles and the messenger followed him.

The clock struck, and Saint-Just turned around; it was four o'clock. The procession had reached the square.

Four couriers, dressed in the national colors, preceded Schneider's carriage, which was drawn by six horses and uncovered, in spite of the threatening weather. He was seated in it with his *fiancée*, who was richly dressed, and dazzling with youth and beauty. His customary escort, his black horsemen, the hussars of Death, caracoled around the carriage, with drawn sabres, with which they struck those who were curious enough to approach too near; behind them came a low cart, with large wheels painted red, drawn by two horses decorated with tricolored ribbons, and bearing planks, posts, and steps painted red like all the rest. It was in charge of two men of sinister appearance, who wore black blouses and the *bonnet rouge* with the large cockade, and who exchanged rather doleful pleasantries with the hussars of Death. The procession terminated with a small carriage, in which was seated a thin, pale, and grave man, at whom the people pointed the finger curiously, designating him simply as,—

"Master Nicolas!"

The procession was accompanied by a double row of men who carried torches.

Schneider was coming to present his *fiancée* to Saint-Just, who, as we have seen, had gone out on the balcony to receive them.

Saint-Just, calm, stern, and cold as the statue of Justice, was not popular. He was, however, feared and respected, — so much so that when he was seen on the balcony dressed as a representative of the people, with his plumed hat, his tricolored belt, and the sabre at his side, which he well knew how to use upon occasion, there were neither cries nor cheers, but a cold whispering and a backward movement in the crowd, which left empty a great lighted circle, into which came the carriage bearing the engaged couple, the cart carrying the guillotine, and the cab with the executioner.

Saint-Just made a sign with his hand for the procession to stop, and the crowd, as we have said, not only stopped, but drew back.

Every one thought that Saint-Just was about to speak first; and in fact, after the imperative gesture which he had made, with supreme dignity, he intended to speak, when, to the great astonishment of all the spectators, the young girl with a rapid movement opened the carriage-door, darted to the ground, shut the door, and falling upon her knees on the pavement, cried suddenly, in the midst of the deep silence, —

"Justice, Citizen! I appeal to Saint-Just and to the Convention for justice!"

"Against whom?" asked Saint-Just, in his quivering, incisive voice.

"Against this man, — against Euloge Schneider, the special commissioner of the Republic!"

"Speak; what has he done?" asked Saint-Just. "Justice listens to you."

And then, in a voice full of emotion, but strong, indignant, and menacing, the young girl related the whole of the hideous drama, — the death of her mother, the arrest of her father, the scaffold erected before his house, the

offered alternative; and at each terrible climax, which he who listened to it seemed scarcely able to believe, she appealed for confirmation to the executioner, to his assistants, to the hussars of Death, to Schneider himself! And each one to whom she appealed replied,—

"Yes, it is true!"

Except Schneider, who, crushed, crouching like a jaguar that is about to spring, replied "yes" only by his silence.

Saint-Just, biting his fingers, let her finish; then, when she had ended, he said, —

"You have demanded justice, Citizeness Clotilde Brumpt, and you shall have it; but what would you have done if you had not found me disposed to render it?"

She drew a dagger from her breast.

"To-night, in bed," she said, "I should have stabbed him. Charlotte Corday has taught us how to treat a Marat! But now," she added, "now that I am free to weep for my mother and to console my father, I ask mercy for that man."

At the word "mercy," Saint-Just started, as if bitten by a serpent.

"Mercy for him," he cried, striking the railing of the balcony with his clenched fist, — "mercy for this execrable man; mercy for the Monk of Cologne? You are joking, young woman; if I should do that, Justice would spread her wings and fly away, never to return. Mercy for him!"

And in a terrible voice, which was heard for a great distance, he cried, —

"To the guillotine!"

The pale, thin, solemn man got down from his carriage, came up to the balcony, took off his hat, and bowed.

"Shall I behead him, Citizen Saint-Just?" he asked humbly.

"Unfortunately, I have no right to order that," said Saint-Just; "if I had, in a quarter of an hour humanity would be avenged. No, as special commissioner of the Republic, he must appear before the revolutionary tribunal, and not before me. No, apply to him the torture which he has himself invented; tie him to the guillotine. Shame here, and death yonder!"

And with a gesture of supreme power, he stretched out his arm in the direction of Paris.

Then, as if he had finished his part in the drama, pushing before him the messenger who had come to tell him of the violation of his orders, and little Charles, whom, by another act of justice, he had just set at liberty, he shut the window, and placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, he said,—

"Never forget what you have just seen; and if any one ever says in your presence that Saint-Just is not a lover of the Revolution, of liberty, and of justice, say aloud that it is not true. And now go where you like; you are free."

Charles, in a transport of boyish admiration, attempted to take and kiss the hand of Saint-Just; but the latter drew it back quickly, and leaning towards Charles, he kissed him on the forehead.

Forty years afterwards Charles, having become a man, said to me, while relating the story to me, and urging me to make a book of it, that he could still feel in memory the impression which that kiss had made upon him.

CHAPTER XIV.

WISHES.

When Charles went down, he could view the whole scene at a glance from the doorstep.

Mademoiselle de Brumpt, in haste to reach a place of safety, and also, no doubt, to reassure her father, had disappeared.

The two men with the red caps and black blouses were setting up the scaffold with a promptitude which evinced great familiarity with the work.

Master Nicolas held Schneider by the arm; the latter refused to dismount from his carriage, and the two hussars of Death, seeing the situation, went around to the other side, opposite the open door, and began to prick him with the points of their sabres.

A cold, icy rain was falling, which penetrated the clothing like needles; and yet Schneider was wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Half way from the carriage to the guillotine they took off his hat, because of the national cockade, and then his coat, because it was that of a soldier. Cold and terror combined made the unhappy man shiver as he mounted the steps of the scaffold.

Then a cry from ten thousand voices, which sounded as one, rose suddenly, —

"Under the knife! under the knife!"

"My God!" murmured Charles, leaning against the wall, shivering with fear, and yet rooted to the spot by an

unconquerable curiosity, "are they going to kill him? are they going to kill him?"

"No, don't worry," replied a voice; "he will get off with a fright this time. But it would not be a bad idea to finish him up at once."

Charles recognized the voice immediately; he turned his head in the direction whence it came, and saw Sergeant Augereau.

"Ah," he cried, as joyfully as if he himself had escaped from danger, "ah, it is you, my worthy friend! And Eugène?"

"Safe and sound as yourself; we came back yesterday evening to the hotel, and learned of your arrest. I went at once to the prison, but you were still there; I went back again at one o'clock, and you were still there. At three o'clock I learned that Saint-Just had sent for you; then I resolved to stay here until you came out, for I was quite sure he would not eat you. All at once I saw you near him at the window; you seemed to be on the best of terms with each other, and I was reassured. And now you are free!"

"Free as air."

"There is nothing to keep you here any longer?"

"I only wish I had not come."

"I don't agree with you. It seems to me a good thing to be friends with Saint-Just, even better than with Schneider, particularly now that Saint-Just is the stronger. As for Schneider, you have not had time to get up much affection for him, and you therefore will probably not be inconsolable at his loss; what has happened this evening will be a lesson to Tétrell, who, by the way, has not budged, but who must not have time to take his revenge."

Great cries, shouts, and cheers were heard at this moment.

"Oh, what is that?" asked Charles, hiding his head on his friend's breast.

"Nothing," said Augereau, standing on tiptoe, "nothing, except that they are fastening him under the knife, — doing to him as he did yesterday to the mayor and his deputy at Eschau; each one in his turn! Fortunate are those who come down from that place with their heads on their shoulders!"

"Terrible, terrible!" murmured Charles.

"Terrible, yes; but we see that, or worse, every day. Say good-by to your worthy professor, whom you will probably never see again, since when he gets down from his platform he will go to Paris, where I don't wish him promotion. And now let us go and get some supper. You must be starved, my poor boy."

"I had not thought of it," said Charles; "but now you speak of it, it seems a long time since breakfast."

"All the more reason why we should quickly return to the Hôtel de la Lanterne."

"Come, then."

Charles cast a last look around the square.

"Farewell, poor friend of my father," he murmured; "when he sent me to you, he believed that you were still the good and learned monk whom he had known. He did not know that you had become the bloody tyrant that you have appeared to me, and that the spirit of the Lord had departed from you. *Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat.* Come."

This time it was the boy who drew Pierre Augereau towards the Hôtel de la Lanterne.

Two persons were anxiously awaiting Charles, — Madame Teutch and Eugène.

Madame Teutch, in her double *rôle* of woman and hostess, began by fondling Charles; and it was only

after looking him well in the face, to make sure that it was indeed he, and after having kissed and embraced him to make sure that it was not his ghost, that she gave him up to Eugène.

The greetings of the two young men were equally tender, if less noisy. Nothing binds friendship so rapidly as dangers experienced in common; and since they had known each other, events had not been wanting to lead their friendship to a point equalled only by that of the ancients.

This friendship was still further increased by the idea that they were soon to part. It was imprudent for Eugène, who had moreover finished his researches, to remain longer in Strasburg, exposed to the vengeance of Tétrell, who might for a certain time brood over the insult that he had received, but who would certainly not forget it.

As for Charles, his sojourn at Strasburg was objectless from the moment that Euloge Schneider left the place, since he had come there merely to study under the latter's direction.

Eugène, therefore, was about to set out for Paris, where his mother and sister were endeavoring to liberate his father, while Charles, utilizing the second letter which his father had given him, was to enter upon his apprenticeship as a soldier with Pichegru, instead of becoming Euloge Schneider's apprentice in learning.

It was agreed that the two young men should start next day, at daybreak. This resolution drove Madame Teutch to despair; for, as she said, it seemed to her as if she had a little family, and she loved them as if they were her own children; but she was too reasonable to attempt to delay, much less prevent, a departure which she regarded as indispensable, and even urgent. She

therefore entered into all their plans; the only condition that she made was that she might be allowed to give them the last meal that they were to take in her house.

Not only was the repast accepted, but good Madame Teutch, whom the young men regarded, if not as a mother, at least as a friend, was invited to do the honors of the table, — an invitation which she appreciated to such an extent that she not only gave orders to the cook to prepare an excellent supper, but she went upstairs to her wardrobe and chose her most elegant toilet in honor of the occasion.

Now, since the preparations for supper and for Madame Teutch's toilet would occupy half an hour, the young men decided to employ the time in getting ready for their departure.

The Paris diligence, in which Eugène's place had been engaged, was to start at daybreak; Charles intended to accompany his friend to the diligence, and then to start for Auenheim, where Pichegru had his headquarters.

Auenheim is eight leagues from Strasburg.

It was one of the eight or ten fortresses which, like advance sentinels, watched over the safety of the frontiers around Strasburg.

To prepare Charles for such a fatiguing journey, it was necessary that he should have a good night's rest. And it was in order that the night should be an uninterrupted one that Madame Teutch advised the young men to look over their papers and pack their trunks before supper.

In the mean time Augereau went to his quarters, to leave word that as he was to have supper in the city, he did not know at what hour he would return, or whether he

would return at all that night. As a fencing-master he had many advantages not possessed by the other Parisian volunteers, who, in their turn, enjoyed immunities which the soldiers from the country did not have.

The two young men had left open the communicating door between their rooms, so that they could still talk with each other, although they were in their own rooms.

Now that they were about to part, each was planning out his own future as he intended it to be.

"My path is traced out for me," said Eugène, as he classified his papers; "I shall never be anything but a soldier. I scarcely know any Latin, for which I have a strong dislike; still less Greek, for I do not know a blessed word of it. On the other hand, give me a horse, I don't care what it is, and I can mount it; at twenty paces I can kill a fly at every shot; Augereau will tell you that with the sword or sabre I need fear no one. As soon as I hear a drum or a trumpet, my heart beats, and the blood mounts to my face. I shall certainly be a soldier, like my father. Who knows? Perhaps I shall be a general like him. It is grand to be a general!"

"Yes," replied Charles; "but you see what it leads to, — look at your father, for instance; you are sure of his innocence, are you not?"

"Certainly I am sure of it."

"Well, he is in danger of exile, and even of death, is he not?"

"Bah! did not Themistocles, who took part in the battle of Marathon and won that of Salamis, did he not die in exile? Exile, when it is undeserved, makes a hero of a general; when death cuts down an innocent one, it makes a demigod of a hero. Would you not

rather be Phocion, even at the risk of drinking hemlock like him?"

"Hemlock for hemlock," said Charles, "I would rather drink that of Socrates; he is the hero for me."

"Ah, I agree with you there. He began by being a soldier; at Potidæa he saved Alcibiades' life, and at Delium that of Xenophon. To save a man's life, Charles, is the act for which the Romans voted their most beautiful crown, — the crown of oak."

"To save the life of two men, and to make sixty thousand perish, as Phocion, of whom you spoke just now, did in the forty-five battles which he fought, do you think that is sufficient compensation?"

"Upon my word, yes, when the two men were Alcibiades and Xenophon."

"Well, I am not so ambitious as you," said Charles, sighing. "You want to be an Alexander, a Scipio, or a Cæsar; I should be contented to be — I will not say a Virgil, for there is not, and never will be, more than one Virgil, but a Horace, a Longinus, or even an Apuleius. You want a camp, an army, horses, tents, bright uniforms, drums, bugles, trumpets, military music, the cracking of rifles, the thunder of cannon; for me the *aurea mediocritas* of the poet is enough, — a little house full of friends, a great library full of books, a life of work and dreams, the death of the righteous at the end, and God will have given me more than I could have dared to ask. Ah, if I only knew Greek!"

"But you are going to Pichegru to become one day his *aide de camp!*"

"No, I am going there to be his secretary at once. There! my bag is strapped."

"And my trunk is packed."

Eugène went into Charles's room.

"Ah!" he said, "you are fortunate to be able to limit your desires; you have at least some prospect of arriving at your goal, while I —"

"Do you think, then, that my ambition is not as great as yours, my dear Eugène, and that it is less difficult to become a Diderot than a Maréchal de Saxe, a Voltaire than a Turenne? To be sure, I do not aspire to be either Diderot or Voltaire."

"Nor I the Maréchal de Saxe."

"Never mind, we can wish it."

Just then the voice of Pierre Augereau was heard calling at the foot of the staircase, —

"Come, young men, supper is ready."

"Come, Monsieur Scholar," said Eugène.

"Come, Citizen General," said Charles.

By a rare coincidence, each one had wished for that which God had destined him to have.

One word more concerning the terrible events of that day, after which we shall return to our young friends.

At six o'clock a post-chaise approached the guillotine, to the posts of which Euloge Schneider was fastened. It contained two *gendarmes*, who got out, went and unbound Schneider, made him enter the carriage and sit down, and then seated themselves beside him. Then the post-chaise set off at a gallop on the road to Paris.

On the 12th Germinal in the Year II. (1st of April, 1794), Euloge Schneider, of Vipefeld, was, during the session of the revolutionary tribunal, beheaded for having by extortions and immoral and cruel vexations, by the most revolting and sanguinary abuse in the name and with the power of a revolutionary commission, oppressed, stolen, assassinated, and ravished the honor, the fortune and the tranquillity of peaceable families.

A few days later the poet-shoemaker Young, the musi-

cian Edelmann, and the ex-prefect of the college of Besançon, Monnet, died upon the same scaffold.

Of the five heads which were present at the famous dinner given by Euloge Schneider when Mademoiselle de Brumpt came to beg for mercy on behalf of her father, at the end of four months that of Charles was the only one which had not been severed from the shoulders.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COMTE DE SAINTE-HERMINE.

THE supper was excellent, and the night passed quietly; and because he either feared to disturb his room-mates or miss the departure of his young friends, Augereau did not return to the barracks.

On the next day, at six o'clock in the morning, a carriage stopped at the door of the Hôtel de la Lanterne.

Madame Teutch had declared that her poor little Charles was not strong enough to travel eight leagues in one day, and consequently she and Sergeant-major Augereau intended to accompany him as far as Bischwillers, which was more than two thirds of the way. At Bischwillers they would breakfast; and then, as the distance to Auenheim would be only two leagues and a half, Charles could accomplish it on foot.

As we have already said, the general's headquarters were at Auenheim. On the way, they would leave Eugène at the Paris diligence, which at that period took four days and two nights to go from Strasburg to the capital.

Madame Teutch and Augereau got in behind, Charles and Eugène in front, with Sleepy-head on the driver's seat, and they started. The carriage, as had been arranged, stopped at the diligence-office, where the diligence was all ready to start. Eugène got out of the carriage; and as Charles, Madame Teutch, and the sergeant-major did not wish to leave him until the last

minute, they got out also; five minutes afterwards, the conductor gave the signal, and Eugène embraced each in turn. Madame Teutch thrust some cakes into his pocket, while Charles tearfully pressed his hand; Augereau explained to him for the hundredth time a secret thrust which he had learned from the best fencing-master in Naples. At last they were obliged to part. Eugène disappeared within the immense vehicle; the door was shut; the horses started; they saw Eugène's profile outlined against the window, and heard his voice crying "Adieu!" then the diligence disappeared down the street. For some seconds they could hear the rumbling of the wheels, the galloping of hoofs, and the cracking of the postilion's whip; the sounds grew gradually fainter, and then ceased.

Nothing is so sad as a departure; those who remain do not seem to do so voluntarily, but to have been forgotten. Madame Teutch, Augereau, and Charles looked at each other sadly.

"He is gone," said Charles, wiping his eyes.

"And in two hours it will be your turn, poor little Charles," said the Citizeness Teutch.

"Bah!" said Augereau, who represented the courage of the company, "as the proverb says, mountains do not meet again, but men do."

"Alas!" said Madame Teutch, "the proverb says men; it does not say anything about women."

They re-entered the carriage. In spite of his heroic resistance, Madame Teutch took Charles upon her knee and kissed him for herself and Eugène; Augereau filled his pipe and lighted it; and they awoke Cocles, who, in order not to lose completely his right to his old name, had fallen asleep.

The carriage started, but at the gate the route was changed. When they inquired of the gatekeeper as to

which was the shorter and better road to Auenheim, that of Bischwillers or that of Offendorff, he replied that they need not hesitate to choose the latter, which was a government road, while the road to Bischwillers was only a provincial road. They therefore took that of Offendorff.

The road to Offendorff is charming; it skirts the Rhine, and travellers have constantly in view the isles, so varied in form, and the broad, majestic river, which approaches the road at Offendorff.

The travellers stopped a moment to rest their horse, and to inquire for a place where they could breakfast; for the crisp morning air, and the breeze which shook the white frost from its wings, had sharpened the appetites of the three travellers.

They were directed to Rohwillers. An hour later they stopped at the inn of the Golden Lion, and inquired the distance from Rohwillers to Auenheim. It was only three short leagues, which a good walker could cover in two hours and a quarter.

Charles declared that he should not allow them to go any farther, and that he would be ashamed to say, when he reached Auenheim, that he had made only three leagues on foot. What would it be, then, if they should go to Auenheim? He would die of shame. Perhaps if she had been alone, Madame Teutch would have insisted; but the sergeant-major, who doubtless had good reasons for desiring a *tête-à-tête* with Madame Teutch, took sides with Charles.

It was half-past ten o'clock. Breakfast was ordered, and they arranged that at noon they should separate, the traveller to continue his way to Auenheim, and Pierre Augereau, the Citizeness Teutch, and Sleepy-head to return to Strasburg.

The breakfast was at first sad; but the spirit of the sergeant-major had no tendency to melancholy, and little by little the company were cheered by the wines of the Rhine and the Moselle.

They drank to the promotion of Augereau; to the continuation of Madame Teutch's good health, since they could not wish it to be better than it then was; to Eugène's safe journey; to the fortunate termination of his father's suit; and to Charles's future; and as a result of all this toasting, the sadness disappeared, to give place to a limitless trust in Providence.

France believed neither in the ancient God who had been despoiled, nor in the new God who had just been proclaimed; the Eternal Father was too old, and the Supreme Being too young.

Providence, of whom the destroyers of altars had not thought, made a fair compromise.

Noon struck. The sergeant-major rose first. "Honest people keep to their word," he said; "we have decided that we will say farewell at twelve o'clock, and it has just struck. Besides, if we were to stay together an hour longer, or even two, we should still have to part; let us therefore part at once. Come, Charles, my boy, show us that you are a man."

Charles, without replying, threw his little bag over his shoulder, took his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, and kissed the fencing-master and Madame Teutch. He tried to thank them, but his voice failed him.

He could only say, "Au revoir!" slip a note for twenty francs into Cocles' hand, and start hastily out on his road.

At the end of fifty paces he turned, and as the road made a bend just there, he saw that the Citizeness Teutch and Sergeant-major Augereau had gone up into a room

on the first floor, whose window overlooked the road to Auenheim.

Mistrusting her weakness, the good hostess of the Lanterne was leaning upon the arm of the sergeant-major. With the hand which was free, she was waving her handkerchief to Charles. Charles drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and answered her signals.

Another turn in the road hid the window from him. He went back a few steps, in order to wave his handkerchief once more to his two good friends. But the window was already shut and the curtain drawn, so that it was impossible to see whether they had gone downstairs or were still in the room. Charles breathed a deep sigh, hastened his steps, and was soon beyond the village.

December was half gone. The winter was a severe one. For three days — a most unusual occurrence at that place — the snow had fallen, and had melted as fast as it fell. But in the open country, where it was rarely disturbed, it had accumulated and hardened beneath a temperature of ten degrees. The road was dazzling; it seemed as if the night had spread beneath the feet of travellers a carpet of white velvet sown with silver spangles. The trees, hung with icicles, seemed like immense glass chandeliers. The birds flew along the road, seeking anxiously for that food to which they were accustomed, but which during the last three days it had been so difficult to find. Shivering, with their feathers puffed out, they seemed to be twice their ordinary size; and when they perched on the flexible branches, or left them to fly away, they scattered a shower of diamonds.

Charles, who was in after-life so impressionable to the beauties of nature, and who described them so beautifully, lost his sad thoughts in the picturesque scene; and, proud of this, his first liberty of mind and body,

with which he was entering into the world, walked on without noticing the road or feeling fatigue.

He had already accomplished three quarters of the distance, when, beyond Sessersheim, he was overtaken by a little squad of foot-soldiers of about twenty men, commanded by a mounted captain who was smoking a cigar.

The twenty men were marching in two files.

In the middle of the road, like Charles, there walked a horseman, — for that he was such was easily to be seen by his boots and spurs. A long white cloak covered him from shoulder to foot, and left visible only a young head, the intelligent expression of the face seeming to combine carelessness and gayety. He had on his head a cap of a style not in use in the French army.

The captain, noticing Charles walking beside the man with the white cloak, looked sharply at him for a moment, and then, seeing that he was but a boy, spoke pleasantly to him.

"Where are you going, my young citizen?" he asked.

"Captain," replied the boy, believing that he must give an extended explanation, "I come from Strasburg, and I am going to the head-quarters of General Pichegru, at Auenheim. Am I almost there?"

"About two hundred paces away," replied the young man in the white cloak. "See, at the end of that avenue of trees which we are about to enter you may get a glimpse of the first houses of Auenheim."

"Thanks," replied Charles, making ready to hasten his steps.

"Upon my word, my young friend," continued the young man in the white cloak, "if you are not in too much of a hurry, you might do worse than walk with us; I shall then have time to ask for news from home."

"From home, Citizen?" asked Charles, in astonishment, looking for the first time at the beautiful and noble face, slightly veiled with sadness.

"Come," replied the other, "you are from Besançon, or at least are a Franc-Comtois. Can our national accent be disguised? I too am a Franc-Comtois, and I am proud of it."

Charles reflected; this recognition of nationality by accent awakened in him a college memory.

"Well," asked the young man, "do you still desire to remain unknown?"

"Not at all, Citizen; I was only recalling that Theophrastus, who was at first called Tyrtamus, and whom the Athenians, as his name indicated, had surnamed the 'fine speaker,' was, after fifty years of sojourn at Athens, recognized by his accent as a Lesbian by a dealer in herbs."

"You are learned, Monsieur," replied the young man, smiling; "that is unusual in these times."

"No, for I am going to join General Pichegru, who is himself very learned; I hope, thanks to a letter of recommendation, to enter his service as secretary. And you, Citizen? do you belong to the army?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then," said Charles, "you are attached to the government?"

The young man laughed. "Yes," he said, "that is the word, 'attached.' Only, I am not attached to the government, but to myself."

"But," said Charles, lowering his voice, "you say 'monsieur': do you not fear that you will thereby lose your place?"

"Ah, just listen, Captain," exclaimed the young man, laughing. "Here is a young citizen who fears that I am

doing wrong, and that I shall lose my place, because I call him monsieur! Do you know of any one who wants my place? I would do him the honor to give it to him instantly."

The captain replied by a sad smile and a shrug of the shoulders; and it seemed to Charles that he murmured: "Poor fellow!"

"Tell me," resumed the young man in the white cloak, "since you are from Besançon,—for you do come from there, do you not?"

"I do not deny it," replied Charles.

"You must know there a family named De Sainte-Hermine."

"Yes, a widowed mother, whose husband was guillotined eight months ago."

"That is the one," replied the young man, raising his eyes to heaven.

"And three sons."

"Three sons,—yes, there are still three," he murmured, with a sigh.

"The eldest, the Comte de Sainte-Hermine, who emigrated, and two younger brothers,—one about twenty years old, and the other fourteen or fifteen."

"Thanks; how long is it since you left Besançon?"

"Scarcely a week."

"Then you can give me recent news of all this family?"

"Yes, but sad news."

"Tell it, nevertheless."

"On the eve of my departure my father and I attended the funeral of the countess."

"Ah," exclaimed the young man, as if he had received an unexpected blow, "then the countess is dead?"

"Yes."

"Ah, so much the better," he said with a sigh, raising to heaven his eyes, from which two great tears were rolling.

"Why so much the better?" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes," replied the young man, "better that she should die of illness than of grief at learning that her son had been shot."

"What, has the Comte de Sainte-Hermine been shot?"

"No, but he is about to be."

"When?"

"When we arrive at the fortress of Auenheim; executions usually take place there, I believe."

"And the Comte de Sainte-Hermine is at the fortress of Auenheim?"

"No, but they are taking him there."

"And they will shoot him?"

"As soon as I arrive."

"Then you are to take charge of the execution?"

"No, but I hope they will allow me to give the word to fire; they cannot refuse this favor to a brave soldier taken with arms in his hand, even though he is an *émigré*."

"O God!" cried Charles, beginning to see the truth, "are you —?"

"Exactly, my young friend; that is why I laughed when you recommended prudence to me, and that is why I would give my place to any one who would like to have it; for I have no fear of losing it: as you said, I am 'attached'!"

And shaking apart his cloak, which he separated with a double movement of his shoulders, he showed the young man that his hands were bound before him, and his arms behind.

"Then," exclaimed Charles, with a start of fright, "it is you who are — "

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine, young man. You see that I was right in telling you that it is well that my poor mother is dead."

"Oh," said Charles.

"Luckily," he continued, between his set teeth, "my brothers still live!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FORAGING CAP.

CHARLES looked at the *émigré* with an astonishment which amounted to stupefaction. What! was this officer, so young, so beautiful, so calm, about to die? Then there were men who met death smilingly!

He had seen but one man who believed himself about to die; that was Schneider, when Saint-Just had caused him to be fastened to the guillotine. Schneider had been hideous with terror; his legs had bent beneath him, and had failed to support him as he mounted the steps of the scaffold.

The Comte de Sainte-Hermine, on the contrary, when he was about to die, seemed to have united all the forces of his life for the supreme moment; he walked with a light step, and a smile was on his lips.

Charles drew near him. "Is there no way of saving you?" he asked in a low tone.

"I tell you frankly that I know of none; if I did, I would employ it."

"But, excuse me; I was so far from expecting — "

"To keep such bad company?"

"I want to ask you — " The young man hesitated.

"To ask me what?"

Charles lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"If I could be of any use to you."

"You can certainly be of some use to me; since I have seen you, I have been revolving a scheme."

"What is it?"

"There is a little danger in it, and it may frighten you."

"I will risk anything to do you a service; during the three or four days that I was in Strasburg I saw so many things that nothing frightens me now."

"I want to send some news to my brother."

"I will undertake to give it to him."

"But it is a letter."

"I will deliver it to him."

"You are not afraid of the danger?"

"I have told you that I am afraid of nothing."

"I might give it to the captain, I know; he would probably send it to its destination."

"With the captain it is only probable; with me it is sure."

"Then listen carefully."

"I am listening."

"The letter is sewed into my foraging cap."

"Good."

"You will ask permission of the captain to be present at my execution."

"I?"

"Do not be afraid; it is a curious spectacle. There are many people who go to see executions just for the pleasure of it."

"I should never have the courage."

"Bah! it is so soon over."

"Oh, never, never!"

"We will say no more about it," said the prisoner; and he began to whistle "Vive Henri IV."

Charles's heart seemed to turn within him; but his resolution was taken. He once more approached the *émigré*.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I will do anything that you wish."

"You are a good boy! Thanks!"

"But —"

"What?"

"You must ask the captain whether I may be present. I should never forgive myself if any one thought that it was for pleasure that —"

"Very well, I will ask him. We are fellow countrymen, and that will account for all; and besides, soldiers do not put on so many airs as civilians, — they are men who have to fulfil a stern duty, and they make it as easy as possible. Where were we?"

"You said that I should be present at your execution."

"Yes, that is right. I shall ask to be allowed to leave to my brother something that has belonged to me, — my foraging cap, for example; that is done every day. Besides, you see, a foraging cap would never be suspected."

"No."

"Just as they are about to fire, I will throw it on one side. Do not be in too much of a hurry to pick it up, — they might suspect something; but when I am dead —"

"Oh!" said Charles, shivering violently.

"Who has a drop of brandy to give my young compatriot?" inquired the prisoner. "He is cold."

"Come here, my pretty boy," said the captain, and he offered a flask to the boy. Charles took a mouthful of the brandy, not because he was cold, but because he did not wish to betray his feelings.

"Thanks, Captain," he said.

"At your service, boy, at your service. A mouthful, Citizen Sainte-Hermine?"

"A thousand thanks, Captain," replied the prisoner; "I never drink it."

Charles returned to his side.

"Only," continued the prisoner, "when I am dead, pick it up without seeming to attach more importance to it than it would naturally deserve. But you will understand, will you not? that my last wish — the wish of a dying man is sacred! — you will understand that my last wish is that the letter in it be given to my brother. If the cap bothers you, take out the letter, and throw the cap into the first ditch you come to; but the letter — you will not lose the letter?"

"No."

"You will not mislay it?"

"No, no; do not be anxious."

"And you will give it yourself to my brother — "

"Yes, myself."

"Try to! Well, then, you will tell him how I died, and he will say: 'I had a brave brother; when my turn comes, I will die like him;' and if his turn comes, he will die like me!"

They had reached a place where two roads branched off: the main road led to Auenheim, and the cross-road up to the citadel.

"Citizen," said the captain, "if you are going, as you have said, to General Pichegru's headquarters, that is your road. *Bon voyage*, and try to become a good soldier; you will be in a fine school."

Charles tried to speak, but his lips refused to form the words. He looked entreatingly at the prisoner.

"Captain," said the latter, "will you grant a favor?"

"If it is in my power."

"It depends only upon you."

"What is it?"

"Well, it may be a weakness, but it will remain between ourselves, will it not? When I die, I should like to embrace a compatriot. We are both children of the

Jura, this young boy and I; our families live in Besançon, and are friends. Some day he will go home and tell how we met by chance, how he accompanied me up to the last moment, and, finally, how he saw me die."

The captain looked inquiringly at the boy. He was weeping.

"Why," he said, "if it can give you both any pleasure — "

"I do not suppose," said the prisoner, laughing, "that it will give him much pleasure, but it will please me."

"I do not see any objection; and since it is you, the person most interested, who ask it — "

"Then it is granted?" asked the prisoner.

"Granted," replied the captain.

The troop, which had stopped for a moment at the parting of the roads, now took up its march along the cross-road. At the top of the little hill they saw the citadel of Auenheim. It was the goal of the sad journey. Charles drew near to the prisoner.

"You see," said the latter, "so far, all goes beautifully."

They went up the slope, which was steep, although it wound around the hill.

Those at the citadel, recognizing them, withdrew within the gates. The escort, the prisoner, and Charles were left in the court of the fortress, while the captain in charge of the little squad went to make his report to the colonel commanding the fortress. In the mean time the Comte de Saint-Hermine and Charles improved the opportunity to question each other, Charles in his turn giving information concerning his family to the count. At the end of ten minutes the captain reappeared on the doorstep.

"Are you ready, Citizen?" he asked of the prisoner.

"When you like, Captain," he replied.

"Have you anything to say?"

"No, but I have a few favors to ask."

"I have already told you that anything that is in my power shall be granted."

"Thanks, Captain."

The captain drew near to the count.

"We may have served under opposite flags," he said, "but we are still Frenchmen, and brave men recognize each other at once. Speak, then; what do you wish?"

"First, I want you to take off these bonds, which make me look like a galley-slave."

"You are right," said the captain. "Unbind the prisoner."

Two men stepped forward; but Charles had already darted towards the count's hands and set them free.

"Ah," said the count, stretching out his arms and shaking himself beneath his mantle, "how good it feels to be free!"

"And now?" asked the captain.

"I want to give the word of command."

"You shall give it. And then?"

"I should like to send some souvenir of me to my family."

"You know that we are forbidden to receive letters from political prisoners who are condemned; any other thing, yes."

"I wish to give you no anxiety on that account; here is my young compatriot Charles, who, as you have already granted permission, will accompany me to the place of execution, and who will undertake to give to my family, not a letter, but something which has belonged to me, — my old foraging cap, for example."

The count had mentioned his foraging cap with the same

careless tone that he would have employed in speaking of any other article of his dress, and the captain did not hesitate to grant the request.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the count. "It was high time, for my feet were beginning to get cold; and I detest cold feet above everything in the world. Come, Captain; for you are coming with us, I suppose."

"It is my duty."

The count bowed, smilingly pressed little Charles's hand, and looked inquiringly at the captain, to know in what direction to go.

The captain placed himself at the head of the squad, saying, —

"This way."

They followed him.

They passed through a postern gate into a second court, upon the ramparts of which sentinels were walking back and forth. At the end was a tall wall, which, up to the height of a man's head, seemed to be riddled with bullets.

"Ah, there it is," said the prisoner.

And he went towards the wall of his own accord.

At four steps from the wall he stopped.

"Here we are," said the captain. "Clerk, read his sentence to the condemned man."

After the reading, the count bowed his head, in token that he acknowledged its justice.

Then, —

"I beg your pardon, Captain," he said; "I have a few words to say to myself."

The captain and his men drew off some paces.

He put the elbow of his right arm into his left hand, leaned his forehead upon his right hand, shut his eyes,

and remained motionless, moving his lips without making a sound.

He was praying.

There is a sort of holiness about a man who is about to die, and who is praying, which the most unbelieving respect. Not a word, not a joke, not a smile, disturbed the count's final interview with his God. Then he raised his forehead, and his face was smiling; he embraced his young compatriot, and, like Charles I., his last injunction was, —

"Remember!"

Charles bowed his head, weeping.

Then, in a firm voice, the count said, —

"Attention!"

The soldiers fell in in two ranks at ten paces from him, Charles and the captain placing themselves one on each side. The condemned man, as if he did not wish to give the order to fire while his head was covered, took off his foraging cap and threw it carelessly down. It fell at Charles's feet.

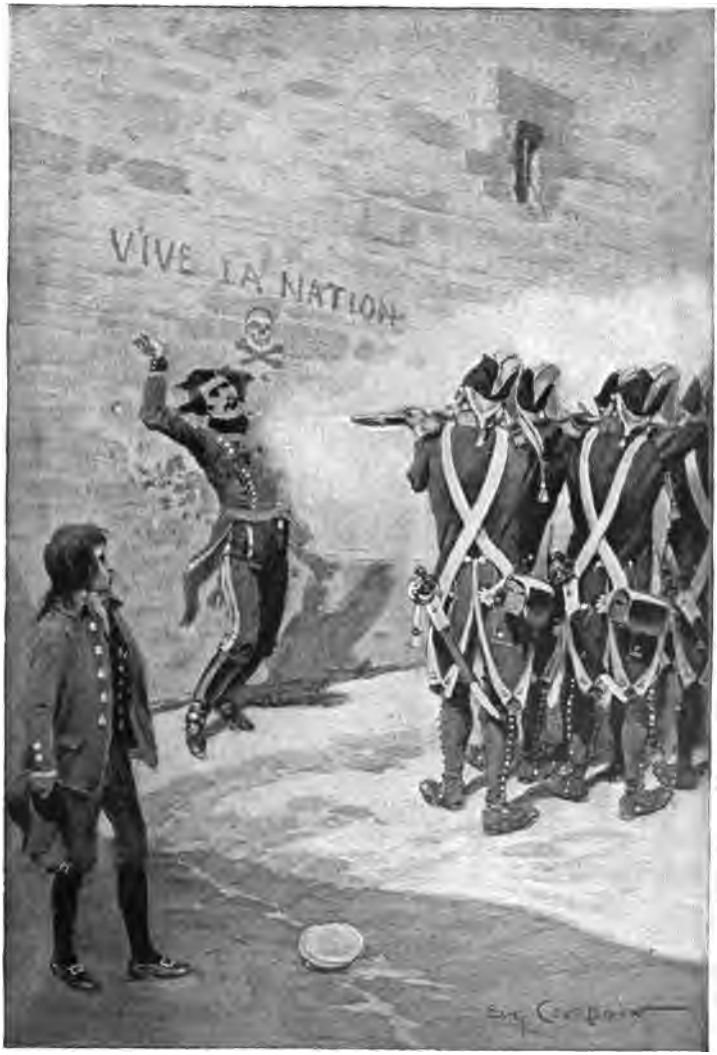
"Are you ready?" asked the count.

"Yes," replied the soldiers.

"Present arms! Ready! Fire! Long live the k— "

He had not time to finish; a report was heard; seven bullets had pierced his chest; he fell with his face to the earth. Charles picked up the foraging cap, put it in his vest, and buttoned the latter over it. As he put it in his vest, he made sure that the letter was still there.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he entered the cabinet of the Citizen-General Pichegru.


VIVE LA NATION

CHAPTER XVII.

PICHEGRU.

PICHEGRU is destined to play so important a part in this story that we must fix the eyes of our readers upon him more carefully than we have done with the secondary characters which we have hitherto put upon the scene.

Charles Pichegru was born on the 16th of February, 1761, in the village of Planches, near Arbois. His family were poor and rustic; his forefathers had been known for three or four hundred years as honest day-laborers, and they derived their name from the character of their work. They reaped their *gru*, or grain, with the *pic*, or mattock; from these two words, *pic* and *gru*, was derived the name "Pichegru."

Pichegru, who had early shown traces of that precocious disposition which marks the distinguished man, began his education in the school of the Paulist monks at Arbois, who, seeing his rapid progress, particularly in mathematics, sent him, with Father Patrault, one of their professors, to the college of Brienne. He there made such progress that at the end of two years he was appointed assistant professor. At this period his whole ambition was to be a monk; but Father Patrault, who divined Napoleon's genius, saw with equal clearness Pichegru's possibilities, and induced him to turn his attention to a military life.

Yielding to his advice, Pichegru in 1783 entered the first regiment of foot artillery, where, thanks to his in-

contestable merit, he promptly rose to the rank of adjutant, in which grade he made his first campaign in America. Upon his return to France he ardently embraced the principles of 1789, and was a leader in the popular society of Besançon, when a battalion of volunteers of the *Gard*, passing through the city, chose him for their commander. Two months later, Pichegru was general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine.

M. de Narbonne, minister of war in 1789, having missed him, asked one day, in speaking of him,—

"What has become of that young officer to whom all the colonels were tempted to take off their hats when they addressed him?"

The young officer became commander-in-chief of the Rhine, but was not made unduly proud thereby. And in truth Pichegru's rapid advancement, his fine education, and the exalted rank which he occupied in the army had not changed in the least the simplicity of his heart. As a sub-officer he had had a mistress, and had always provided for her; her name was Rose, she was thirty years old, a dressmaker, lame, and not at all pretty. She lived in Besançon. Once a week she wrote to the general, always in the most respectful manner.

These letters were full of good counsel and excellent advice; she admonished the general not to be dazzled by his good fortune, and to remain the same Charlot that he had been at home; she urged him to economy, not for her sake, but for that of his poor parents. She, God be thanked, could support herself; she had made six dresses for the wife of a representative, and was making six more for the wife of a general; she had before her three pieces of gold, which represented fifteen or sixteen hundred francs in paper money.

Pichegru, whatever his occupation, always read these

letters as soon as he received them, and put them carefully away in his portfolio, saying gently,—

"Poor, excellent girl, I taught her myself to spell."

We crave permission to enlarge upon these details. We are about to bring actively upon the stage men who for a long time have been more or less prominently before the eyes of Europe; who have been praised or blamed as parties desired to elevate or abase them. Historians themselves have judged these men more or less superficially, thanks to their habit of accepting ready-made opinions; but it is different with the romance-writer, constrained as he is to descend to the least details, since in the most insignificant he may find sometimes the thread which will guide him through the most inextricable of labyrinths,—that of the human heart. We therefore dare to affirm that in showing them in their private life, which historians completely neglect, as well as in their public life, to which too much attention is sometimes paid, although it is often only the mask of the other, we shall bring in their entirety before the eyes of our readers for the first time those illustrious dead whom political passions have cast into the hands of Calumny, to be buried and forgotten.

Thus history tells us that Pichegru betrayed France for the sake of the government of Alsace, the red ribbon, the Château of Chambord, its park, and its dependencies, together with twelve pieces of cannon, a million of ready money, two hundred thousand francs of income, half of which was reversible at his death to his wife, and five thousand to each of his children; and, finally, the territory of Arbois, which was to bear the name of "Pichegru," and was to be exempt from taxes for ten years.

The material reply to this accusation is that Pichegru, having never married, had neither wife nor children for whose future he needed to provide; the moral reply is to

show him in his private life, so that we may know what his needs and ambitions really were.

Rose, as we have said, gave two pieces of advice to her lover: one was to practise economy for the sake of his family; and the other to remain the same good and simple Charlot that he had always been.

Pichegru received in the campaign a daily sum of a hundred and fifty thousand francs in paper money; the sum for the whole month arrived on the 1st, in great sheets divided off. This was put on the table, with a pair of scissors beside it. Every day enough was cut for the needs of the day, and cut by any one who liked. The result was that the sheet rarely lasted all the month; when it was gone, on the 24th or 25th, as often happened, each one had to get along as best he could for the remainder of the time.

One of his secretaries wrote of him: "The great mathematician of Brienne was incapable of regulating in current money the account of a washerwoman." And he added: "An empire would have been too small for his genius; a farm was too great for his indolence."

As for Rose's recommendation to remain "the same good Charlot," we shall see whether he needed this advice.

Two or three years after the time which we are endeavoring to describe, Pichegru, then at the height of his popularity, on his return to his beloved Franche Comté, to revisit his native village of Planches, was stopped at the entrance of Arbois, beneath a triumphal arch, by a deputation which came to compliment him and to invite him to a state dinner and a grand ball.

Pichegru listened smilingly to the orator, and when he had finished, said,—

"My dear compatriot, I have only a few hours to pass in the neighborhood where I was born, and I must devote

most of them to my relatives from the neighboring villages; if the friendship between us should lead me to neglect my duty to my family, you would be the first to blame me, and you would be right. You have come to invite me to a dinner and a ball; although I have not been in the habit of indulging in these pleasures lately, I should willingly participate in them. I should be happy to drink in such good company some glasses of our excellent new wine, and to watch the dancing of the young girls of Arbois, who must be very pretty, if they resemble their mothers. But a soldier has only his word, and I swear to you on my honor that I am engaged. A long time ago I promised Barbier, the vine-dresser, to take my first meal with him when next I should come here, and between now and sunset I cannot in conscience eat two."

"But," replied the president, "it seems to me that there is a way of compromising the difficulty."

"What is it?"

"To invite Barbier to dine with us."

"If you did that, and he consented, I would ask for nothing better," said Pichegru. "But I doubt if he will consent. Does he still have that melancholy and fierce air which won for him the name of 'Barbier the Desperate'?"

"More than ever, General."

"Well, I will go and find him myself," said Pichegru; "for I think nothing short of my influence would induce him to join us at dinner."

"Well, General, we will follow you," said the deputies.

"Come, then," said Pichegru.

And they went in search of Barbier the Desperate, a poor vine-dresser who was the owner of only a few vines,

and who watered with their produce his poor crust of black bread.

They walked through the village. At the end of it, the general stopped before an old linden-tree.

"Citizens," he said, "preserve this tree, and do not allow any one to cut it down. It was there that a hero who, with five hundred men, had defended your village against Biron and the whole royal army, suffered martyrdom.

"The hero's name was Claude Morel.

"That brute of a beast named Biron, who ended by biting the hand that fed him, had Morel hanged to that tree.

"A few years afterwards it was Biron himself, the assassin of Claude Morel, who, after having betrayed France, fought for his life with the executioner, so that the man was obliged to cut off his head by a miracle of strength and skill, taking his sword from the attendant's hand when the condemned man was not looking."

And saluting the glorious tree, Pichegru continued on his way, amidst the applause of the crowd who accompanied him.

Some one who knew where Barbier's vineyard was, discovered him in the midst of the poles, and called him.

Barbier lifted up his head, covered with the traditional red cotton cap, from the midst of the poles.

"Who wants me?" he cried.

"Charlot," replied the other.

"What Charlot?"

"Charlot Pichegru."

"You are joking," returned the vine-dresser, and he returned to his work.

"Really I am not; here he is himself."

"Oh, Barbier," cried Pichegru.

At the well-known voice Barbier the Desperate stood up, and seeing a general's uniform in the midst of the group, said,—

"Hallo! is it really he?"

And running through the poles, he stopped at the edge of the vineyard to assure himself that he was not the victim of an hallucination; having satisfied himself that it was indeed the general, he ran to him and threw himself into his arms, crying,—

"Is it indeed you, Charlot, my dear Charlot?"

"Is it you, my dear comrade?" said Pichegru, pressing him to his heart.

And the peasant and the general wept together.

Everybody drew to one side, so that the meeting of the two old friends might be an uninterrupted one.

After the first greetings had been exchanged, the president drew near, and explained to Barbier the Desperate the occasion of this visit, made so ceremoniously in the midst of the fields.

Barbier looked at Pichegru, to know whether he should accept.

Pichegru made an affirmative sign of the head.

The vine-dresser wished at least to go home and put on his Sunday clothes; but the president, who had read in Berchou's poem the opinion of that famous lover of good cheer concerning warmed-up dinners, would not allow him to take the time, and they escorted Pichegru and Barbier the Desperate to the mayor's house, where dinner was waiting.

Pichegru placed the president on his right; but Barbier sat at his left, and the general talked with him constantly, never leaving him until he himself took his departure.

We crave pardon for this long digression, which gives a glimpse of one of the most remarkable men of the Revolution. This glance thrown upon his private life will aid us to understand and judge more impartially than has perhaps yet been done the man who is to be one of the important characters in the first part of our story.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES'S RECEPTION.

It was to this man, destined, unless the fates interfered, to a remarkable future, that Charles carried a letter of introduction. It was therefore with almost greater emotion than he had felt when he approached Schneider and Saint-Just that he entered the large but unpretending house which Pichegru made his headquarters.

The sentinel standing at the entrance to a corridor had told him that the general was in his cabinet, the third door on the right.

Charles entered the corridor with a firm step, which gradually grew slower and less firm as he approached the designated door.

When he reached the threshold of the half-open door, he could see the general leaning with both hands on a large table and studying a map of Germany, so sure was he that he should carry hostilities forthwith beyond the Rhine.

"Pichegru appeared older than he really was, and his figure aided in the deception; his height was above the medium, and he was solidly and vigorously built. He had no other elegance than that of strength. His chest was broad, although he stooped slightly. His vast shoulders, from which rose a short, full, and vigorous neck, gave him something of the appearance of an athlete like Milo, or a gladiator like Spartacus. His face had the square appearance peculiar to the Francs-Comtois of pure blood. His jaw-bones were enormous, and his forehead was immense, and very prominent about the

temples. His nose was well proportioned, and straight from extremity to base, forming a long ridge. Nothing was more gentle than his expression, unless he had reason to make it imperious or formidable. If a great artist had wished to express upon a human face the impassibility of a demigod, he would have taken Pichegru's for a model.

"His profound contempt for men and events, concerning which he never expressed his opinion except with disdainful irony, added to this firmness of character. Pichegru loyally served the social order which he had found established, because it was his duty; but he did not and could not like it. His heart softened only when he thought of the village where he hoped to pass his old age. 'To fulfil one's task and then to rest,' he often said, 'is the whole destiny of man!'"[1]

Charles made a slight movement which betrayed his presence. Pichegru had the rapid glance and the quick ear of a man whose life often depends upon hearing or sight. He swiftly raised his head and looked at Charles, but with an expression of kindness which emboldened the boy.

He entered, and, bowing, handed his letter to the general.

"For the Citizen-General Pichegru," he said.

"Then you recognized me?" asked the general.

"Immediately, General."

"But you never saw me?"

"My father has described you to me."

In the mean time Pichegru opened the letter.

"What!" he said, "you are the son of my brave and dear friend —"

The boy did not allow him to finish.

"Yes, Citizen-General," he said.

"He says that he gives you to me."

[1] We borrow this portrait from Nodier's study of Pichegru.

"It remains to be seen whether you will accept the gift."

"What do you want me to do with you?"

"Whatever you like."

"I cannot in conscience make a soldier of you; you are too young and too weak."

"General, I did not expect to have had the honor of seeing you so soon. My father gave me a letter to another of his friends, who should have kept me at least a year in Strasburg, and have taught me Greek there."

"It was not Euloge Schneider?" asked Pichegru, laughing.

"Yes, it was."

"Well?

"Well, he was arrested yesterday."

"By whose order?"

"By that of Saint-Just; he was sent to the revolutionary tribunal at Paris."

"In that case, you may as well say farewell to him. And how did it happen?"

Charles told him the story of Mademoiselle de Brumpt. Pichegru listened with the greatest interest.

"In truth," he said, "there are creatures who dishonor humanity. Saint-Just did well. And you did not get spattered with mud in the midst of all this?"

"Oh," said Charles, proud of having been the hero of an adventure at his age, "I was in prison when it happened."

"What, in prison?"

"Yes, I was arrested on the previous night."

"Then they have begun to arrest children!"

"That is exactly what made Saint-Just so angry."

"But why were you arrested?"

"For having given warning to two deputies from

Besançon that it was not safe for them to remain in Strasburg."

"To Dumont and Ballu?"

"Yes."

"They are on my staff; you will see them."

"I thought they had gone back to Besançon."

"On the way they changed their minds. Ah, then it is to you that they owe the warning which probably saved their lives?"

"It seems I did wrong," said the boy, lowering his eyes.

"Wrong? Who told you that you did wrong in doing a good deed and saving the life of your fellow-creatures?"

"Saint-Just. But he added that he pardoned me, since pity was a childish virtue, and he quoted his own example to me: on that very morning he had, he told me, caused his best friend to be shot."

Pichegru's face darkened.

"It is true," he said; "the occurrence was put upon the order of the day, and I will even acknowledge that, however it may be judged, it has had a good influence upon the discipline of the soldiers. But God preserve me from having to give such an example; for I do not hesitate to say that I should not do it. The deuce! we are Frenchmen, and not Spartans. A mask can be put over our faces for a time, but sooner or later the mask will be lifted, and the face beneath will be the same; it will have a few more wrinkles, but that is all."

"Well, General, to return to my father's letter —"

"It is settled that you will remain with me. I attach you as secretary to the staff. Can you ride?"

"General, I must confess that I am not a very good rider."

"You will learn. You came on foot?"

"Yes, from Bischwiller."

"And from Strasburg to Bischwiller?"

"I came in a carriage with Madame Teutch."

"The landlady of the Hôtel de la Lanterne?"

"And the sergeant-major, Pierre Augereau."

"And how the deuce did you get acquainted with that brute of a Pierre Augereau?"

"He was fencing-master to Eugène Beauharnais."

"Son of General Beauharnais?"

"Yes."

"Another one who will expiate his victories upon the scaffold," said Pichegru, with a sigh; "they find that grapeshot does not work fast enough. But, my poor child, you must be half starved."

"Oh, no," said Charles. "I have just seen a sight which has taken away my appetite."

"What have you seen?"

"I have seen a poor *émigré* shot, who is from our country, and whom you must know."

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine?"

"Yes."

"They guillotined the father eight months ago, and they have shot the son to-day. There remain two brothers."

Pichegru shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not shoot them all at once?" he continued. "Then they will be rid of the entire family. Have you ever seen any one guillotined?"

"No."

"Well, to-morrow, if it will amuse you, you can have the pleasure; there are twenty-two to be disposed of. There will be all kinds, from officers to grooms. And now let us arrange about your quarters; it will not take long."

He showed the boy a mattress stretched upon the floor.

"That is my bed," he said.

He pointed to another.

"That one," he continued, "belongs to Citizen Reignac, chief secretary to the staff."

He rang, and a soldier appeared.

"A mattress," ordered the general.

Five minutes later the soldier appeared, carrying a mattress.

Pichegru pointed to the spot where he wished it to be placed.

"And there is yours," he said.

Then, opening a closet, he added,—

"This closet you will have to yourself; no one will put anything in it except yourself, and you must not put anything in the closet belonging to others. If you have something that you value particularly, carry it about with you; it is the safest way. Not that you risk having it stolen from you, but you risk leaving it behind when the order for prompt departure comes, whether to advance or to retreat."

"General," said the young man, naïvely, "I have nothing precious except my father's letter to you, and I have already given you that."

"Then embrace me, and unpack your belongings; I must go back to my map."

As he turned towards the table he saw two persons who were talking in the corridor, opposite the door.

"Ah," he said, "come in, Citizen Ballu; come in, Citizen Dumont! I want to introduce you to a guest who has just arrived;" and he pointed to Charles. But as they both looked at him without recognizing him, he said: "My dear compatriots, thank this boy; it is he who sent

you the warning by means of which you have your heads on your shoulders to-day."

"Charles!" they both cried at once, embracing him and pressing him to their hearts, "our wives and our children shall know your name to love and bless it."

While Charles was replying as best as he could to this, a young man about twenty years old entered, and asked Pichegru, in excellent Latin, whether he could grant him an interview of a quarter of an hour.

Pichegru, much astonished, replied, in the same language, that he was entirely at his disposal.

Opening the door of a smaller room, he signed to the stranger to enter it, and followed him; then, thinking that the man had something confidential to communicate to him, he shut the door behind him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SPY.

PICHEGRU threw a rapid and questioning glance at the new-comer; but sharp and piercing though it was, it failed to tell him positively to what nation he belonged.

His appearance was that of a poor traveller who had come a long way, and who had walked much. He wore a fox-skin cap and a blouse made of goat-skin, secured at the waist by a leather belt; the sleeves of a striped woollen shirt came through the openings at the upper part of this blouse, the hair of which was turned inside; and long boots, whose soles were in a bad state, came up to his knees.

There was no indication of nationality in all this.

However, by his fair hair, his clear blue eye, firm even to fierceness, his flaxen moustache, his strong chin and large jaws, Pichegru knew that he belonged to the races of the North.

The young man allowed himself to be examined in silence, and seemed to defy Pichegru's scrutiny.

"Hungarian or Russian?" asked Pichegru, in French.

"Polish," replied the young man, laconically, in the same language.

"Then you are an exile?" asked Pichegru.

"Worse than that!"

"Poor people, so brave and so unfortunate!" And he held out his hand to the banished man.

"Wait," said the young man; "before doing me this honor, you must know —"

"Every Pole is brave," said Pichegru; "every exile has a right to the hand-clasp of a patriot."

But the Pole seemed to take a certain pride in refusing this courtesy until he had proved that he had a right to it.

He drew out a little leather bag, which he wore upon his breast as the Neapolitans wear their amulets, opened it, and drew out a folded paper.

"Do you know Kosciusko?" asked the young man, and his eyes flashed as he spoke.

"Who does not know the hero of Dubienka?" asked Pichegru.

"Then read," said the Pole; and he handed him the note.

Pichegru took it and read: —

I recommend to all men who are struggling for independence and the liberty of their country, this brave man, son of a brave man, and brother of a brave man.

He was with me at Dubienka.

T. Kosciusko.

"You have a fine brevet of bravery there, sir," said Pichegru; "will you do me the honor to be my *aide-de-camp?*"

"I should not do you much good, and I should not be avenging myself; I seek vengeance."

"And on whom do you seek vengeance, — on Russians, Austrians, or Prussians?"

"On all three, since all three oppress and devour unhappy Poland; but I hate the Prussians most."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Dantzic; I am of the blood of the old Polish race, which, after having lost in 1308, reconquered Poland in 1454, and defended it against Stephen Battori

in 1575. From that day Dantzic contained a Polish party always ready to revolt, and which did revolt at Kosciusko's first call; my brother, my father, and I each seized a gun and placed ourselves under his orders.

"We thus found ourselves among four thousand men who defended for five days, against sixteen thousand Russians, the fort of Dubienka, which we had only had twenty-four hours to fortify.

"Some time later, Stanislas yielded to Catherine's will. Kosciusko, not wishing to make himself an accomplice of the Czarina's lover, sent in his resignation, and my brother, my father, and I returned to Dantzic, where I resumed my studies.

"One morning we heard that Dantzic had been ceded to Prussia.

"There were among us two or three thousand patriots, who protested with one hand, and took up arms with the other; this tearing asunder of our native land, this dismemberment of our dear Poland, seemed to us to appeal, after moral protestation, to material protestation, — the protestation of blood with which it is necessary from time to time to water nations, in order that they may not die; we went to meet the body of Prussians who had come to take possession of the city; they were ten thousand men, and we eighteen hundred.

"A thousand of us remained upon the battle-field.

"In the three days that followed, three hundred died of their wounds.

"Five hundred remained.

"All were equally guilty, but our adversaries were generous.

"They divided us into three classes.

"The first were to be shot.

"The second were to be hanged.

"The third escaped with their lives, after having received fifty lashes.

"They had divided us according to our strength.

"Those who were the most severely wounded were to be shot.

"Those who were more slightly wounded were to be hanged.

"Those who were safe and well were to receive fifty lashes, in order that they should preserve all their lives the memory of the chastisement deserved by every ungrateful wretch who refuses to throw himself into the open arms of Prussia.

"My dying father was shot.

"My brother, who had only a broken thigh, was hanged.

"I, who had only a scratch on my shoulder, received fifty lashes.

"At the fortieth, I fainted; but the officers were conscientious men: although I did not feel the blows, they completed the number, and then left me lying upon the place of punishment, without paying any more attention to me. My sentence read that when I had received fifty lashes I was free.

"The punishment had taken place in one of the courts of the citadel. When I came to myself it was night; I saw around me a number of inanimate bodies that resembled corpses, but which, like me, were men who had probably fainted. I found my clothes; but with the exception of my shirt, I was not able to put them upon my bleeding shoulders. I threw them over my arm, and turned towards the east. A light was burning a short distance from me; I thought it belonged to the guard at the gate, and made my way towards it.

"The sentinel was upon the threshold of his wicket.

"'Your name?' he asked.

"I told him my name.

"He consulted his list.

"'Here,' he said, 'here is your passport!'

"I looked at it.

"It read: 'Good for the frontier.'

"'And I cannot enter Dantzic?' I asked.

"'Not under pain of death.'

"I thought of my mother, bereaved of her husband and her son; I uttered a sigh, committed her to God, and took up my march.

"I had no money; but fortunately, in a secret fold of my pocket-book I had saved the note which Kosciusko had given me when I left him, and which I have shown you.

"I took my way through Custrin, Frankfort, and Leipsic. As sailors are guided by the polar star, so I looked towards France, that beacon of liberty, and made my way towards it. Six weeks of hunger, fatigue, miseries, and humiliations were forgotten when, the day before yesterday, I set foot upon the holy land of freedom. I forgot everything except vengeance.

"I threw myself upon my knees and blessed God that I was as strong as the crime of which I had been the victim. In all your soldiers I saw brothers, not marching to the conquest of the world, but to the deliverance of the oppressed; a flag passed, and I sprang towards it, asking permission of the officer to embrace this sacred emblem, the symbol of universal brotherhood. The officer hesitated.

"'Ah,' I said, 'I am a Pole, and proscribed, and I have come three hundred leagues to join you. This flag is mine also; I have the right to press it to my heart, and to put my lips to it.'

"And almost by force I took it and kissed it, saying, —

" 'Be always pure, brilliant, and glorious, flag of the conquerors of the Bastile, flag of Valmy, of Jemmapes, and of Bercheim!'

" Oh, General, for one moment I felt no more fatigue; I forgot my shoulders, so cruelly lacerated beneath the ignoble lash, my brother suspended to a gibbet, and my father shot. I forgot all, even vengeance.

" To-day I come to you. I am trained in all things pertaining to science; I speak five languages equally well; I can pass for German, English, Russian, or French. I can penetrate in any disguise into towns, fortresses, and headquarters; I can give you news of everything, for I can draw plans. No material obstacle can stop me: ten times, when I was a child, I swam across the Vistula. In short, I am no longer a man, but a thing; I call myself no longer Stephan Moinjki, but Vengeance!"

" And you want to be a spy?"

" Do you call that man a spy who is fearless, and who by his intelligence can do the most harm to the enemy?"

" Yes."

" Then I will be a spy."

" Do you know that you risk being shot if you are taken?"

" Like my father."

" Or hanged?"

" Like my brother."

" The least that can happen to you will be to be whipped. Do you know that?"

With a rapid movement Stephan opened his coat, drew out his arm, turned down his shirt, and showed his back, covered with blue welts.

" As I have been," he said, laughing.

" Remember that I offer you a place in the army as lieutenant, or with me as interpreter."

"And you, Citizen-General, must remember that, finding myself unworthy, I refuse. In condemning me, they have put me outside the pale of manhood. Well, I will strike them secretly."

"Be it so. And now, what do you want?"

"Some money to buy other clothes, and your orders."

Pichegru reached out his hand and took from a chair a book of paper money and a pair of scissors.

It was the amount which he received every month for his expenses at the seat of war.

The month was not more than half gone, but the book was nearly used up.

He cut from it three days' pay, amounting to four hundred and fifty francs, and gave them to the spy.

"Buy some clothes with that," he said.

"That is a great deal too much," returned the Pole; "I want peasant's clothing."

"Perhaps before to-morrow you will be obliged to adopt another disguise."

"Very well; now your orders?"

"Listen carefully," said Pichegru, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the other.

The young man listened, with his eye fixed upon Pichegru: it seemed as if he wanted to see his words as well as hear them.

"I am advised," continued Pichegru, "that the Army of the Moselle, commanded by Hoche, is about to join mine. This union accomplished, we shall attack Woerth, Froeschwiller, and Reichsoffen. Well, I must know the number of men and cannon which defend these places, as well as the best points from which to attack them; you will be aided by the hatred which our peasants and Alsatian common people bear towards the Prussians."

"Shall I bring you the information here? Will you wait for it, or will you start to meet the Army of the Moselle?"

"In three or four days you will probably hear firing near Marschwiller, Dawendorff, or Uberack; you may join me wherever I am."

Just then the door of the outer room opened, and a young man about twenty-six years old, wearing a colonel's uniform, entered.

By his light hair and moustache, and his ruddy complexion, it was plain to be seen that he was an Irishman; many of his countrymen having taken service in France, now that she was, or was likely to be, at war with England.

"Ah, is that you, my dear Macdonald?" said Pichegru, making a sign to the young man. "I was just going to send for you; here is one of your English or Scotch countrymen."

"Neither the English nor the Scotch are my countrymen, General," said Macdonald, "I am Irish."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said Pichegru, laughing; "I did not mean to insult you, I only meant that he speaks nothing but English, and as I do not speak it well, I should like to know what he wants."

"Nothing is easier," said Macdonald.

And addressing the young man, he put several questions to him, to which he replied immediately, without the slightest hesitation.

"Has he told you what he wants?" asked Pichegru.

"Yes," replied Macdonald; "he wants a place in the commissary department."

"Then," said Pichegru to the Pole, "as that is all that I wanted to know, do what you are required, and do not forget what I have told you. — If you will be good enough

to translate to him what I have said, Macdonald, I shall be much obliged to you."

Macdonald repeated in English, word for word, what Pichegru had said; the pretended Englishman saluted, and went out.

"Well," asked Pichegru, "how does he speak English?"

"Admirably," replied Macdonald. "He has a slight accent which makes me think that he comes from the provinces, rather than from London or Dublin; but one would have to be English or Irish to detect it."

"That is all I wanted to know," said Pichegru, laughing.

And he returned to the large room, followed by Macdonald.

CHAPTER XX.

A DYING MAN'S PROPHECY.

Most of the officers attached to Pichegru's staff were off upon some special service or reconnoissance when Charles arrived at headquarters.

On the following day, all orders having been given for a speedy departure, and each one having returned, the breakfast-table was full. At the table, besides Colonel Macdonald, whom we have already seen, were seated four brigadier-generals, the Citizens Lieber, Boursier, Michaud, and Hermann; two staff-officers, the Citizens Gaume and Chaumette; and two *aides-de-camp*, the Citizens Doumerc and Abatucci.

Doumerc was a captain of cavalry, about twenty-two years old; he was born in the neighborhood of Toulon, and, as far as physical excellence went, he was one of the finest men in the army. As for courage, in those times bravery was not even considered a merit. He had one of those charming characters which enlivened the calm, though cold, serenity of Pichegru, who rarely took part in the conversation, and who smiled with his mind only, as it were.

Abatucci was a Corsican; he had been sent at the age of fifteen to the military school of Metz, had become a lieutenant of artillery in 1789, and captain in 1792. It was while he held the latter rank that he was appointed Pichegru's *aide-de-camp*. He was a fine young man of twenty-two or three, and of acknowledged bravery. He was lithe, adroit, and vigorous, with a bronzed

complexion, which produced in his beauty, of the Greek type, an effect similar to that observed in ancient medals; and this contrasted strangely with his spontaneous, almost childlike gayety.

Nothing could be more lively than were the meals of these young men, though the table resembled Spartan benches. Woe to him who came late, whether detained by love or war; he found the dishes washed, and the bottles empty, and had to eat his dry bread amidst the laughter and jokes of his companions.

But not a week passed without some empty place at the board being remarked. The general, as he passed it, would notice it, and by a gesture would direct the cover of the absent one to be removed: he had died for his country. They drank to his memory, and all was over.

There was something of sovereign grandeur in this carelessness of life and this rapid forgetfulness of death.

The subject which had engaged the attention of the young men for the last few days, almost as much as if they had been actors on the scene, was the siege of Toulon.

Toulon, it will be remembered, had been delivered to the English by Admiral Trogoff, whose name we regret that we are not able to find in any encyclopædia; the names of traitors should be preserved.

M. Thiers, doubtless through patriotism, said that he was a Russian. Alas! he was a Breton.

The first news was not reassuring, and the young men, particularly those who were cavalry officers, had laughed heartily over the plan of General Cartaux, which was embodied in the following lines: —

"The general of artillery will bombard Toulon for three days; at the end of which time I shall attack it in three columns and take it."

Then the news came that General Dugommier had replaced Cartaux. This inspired a little more confidence; but as he had returned from Martinique only two years before, and had been a general only eighteen months, he was still almost unknown.

The last news received was that the siege had finally been begun according to all the rules of scientific warfare; that the artillery in particular, commanded by an officer of merit, was doing great service. The natural result of all this was that the "Moniteur" was waited for impatiently each day.

It arrived as they finished breakfast.

The general took it from the hands of the soldier who brought it, and throwing it across the table to Charles, said, —

"Here, Citizen Secretary, this enters into your duties; look and see if there is anything about Toulon."

Charles, blushing up to his eyes, opened the paper, and stopped at these words: —

Letter from General Dugommier, dated from Headquarters at Ollioules, 10th Frimaire, Year II.

CITIZEN-MINISTER, — The day has been hot, but fortunate; two days ago an important battery opened fire upon Malbousquet, and has done great damage to this post and its surroundings. This morning, at five o'clock, the enemy made a vigorous sortie, by which at first they carried all our advance posts to the left of this battery. At the first firing, we were all swiftly transferred to the left wing.

I found almost all our forces in flight. General Garnier complained that his troops had abandoned him, and I ordered him to rally them, and to report ready to retake our battery. I took command of the third battalion of the Iser, hoping to reach the same battery by another way. We were fortunate enough to succeed, and the position was soon recovered. The

enemy, repulsed, retreated on every side, leaving a large number of dead and wounded. This sortie cost their army more than twelve hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; among the latter were several officers of superior rank, including their general-in-chief, O'Hara, who was wounded in the right arm.

Both generals were wounded in this action. I received two severe contusions, — one in the right arm, and another in the shoulder, — neither of which is dangerous. After having boldly repulsed the enemy, our republicans, by a courageous but disorderly movement, marched towards Malbousquet, covered by the formidable fire of this fort. They captured the tents of a camp which had been evacuated in consequence of their intrepidity. This action, which is a great triumph for the arms of the Republic, is an excellent augury for future operations; for what can we not attain by a concerted and well-considered attack, when we do so well in an improvised one?

I cannot sufficiently extol the good conduct of all who fought; among those who particularly distinguished themselves, and who were of the most assistance to me in rallying the forces for the advance, were Citizens *Buona Parte*, commanding the artillery, and Aréna and Cervoni, adjutant-generals.

DUGOMMIER, *General in Chief.*

"*Buona Parte*," said Pichegru: "that must be a young Corsican to whom I was tutor, who showed great talent for mathematics."

"There is in Ajaccio," said Abatucci, "a Buonaparte family, whose head, Charles de Buonaparte, was *aide* in Paoli's camp; they are our cousins, these Buonapartes."

"Heavens! You are all cousins in Corsica," said Doumerc.

"If it is the Buonaparte I mean," said Pichegru, "he must be a young man five feet one or two inches, with straight hair plastered down at the temples, who did

not know a word of French when he came to Brienne; he was of a misanthropic, solitary turn, strongly opposed the union of Corsica with France, and was a great admirer of Paoli; he learned in two or three years from Father Patrault — by the way, Charles, he was the protector of your friend Euloge Schneider — all that the Father knew and could teach."

"But," continued Abatucci, "the name was not written as it is here in the 'Moniteur,' which divides it in the middle; it was simply *Buonaparte.*"

The conversation had reached this point when a loud noise was heard, and every one hastened to the window overlooking the Rue de Strasburg.

They were so near the enemy that they expected a surprise at any moment. Every one picked up his sword at once. Doumerc, who was nearer to the window than the others, not only snatched his sword, but jumped out into the street, where he ran to a turning beyond which he could see along its length; but when he reached it, he shrugged his shoulders in sign of disappointment, and returned to his companions with slow steps and bent head.

"What is it?" asked Pichegru.

"Nothing, General, except the unfortunate Eisemberg and his staff on their way to the guillotine."

"But," said Pichegru, "are they not going straight to the citadel? We have been spared this spectacle hitherto."

"That is true, General; but it has been resolved to strike a blow which shall send terror to the hearts of the army. The execution of a general and his staff is such a good example for some other general and his staff that it has been judged advisable for us all to see the spectacle."

"But," ventured Charles, timidly, "those were not sounds of sorrow that I heard, they were bursts of laughter."

A soldier coming from the direction the procession was taking, chanced to pass just then; the general recognized him as from the village of Arbois. He was a chasseur in the eighth regiment, named Falou.

The general called him by name.

The chasseur stopped short, looked to see who had called him, turned upon his heel, and saluted.

"Come here," said the general.

The chasseur approached.

"What is the cause of this laughter?" demanded Pichegru. "The people are not insulting the condemned men, are they?"

"On the contrary, they are pitying them."

"But what is the meaning of those bursts of laughter, then?"

"It is not their fault, General; he would make a milestone laugh!"

"Who?"

"The surgeon, Figeac, who is going to be guillotined; he is saying such ridiculous things from the cart that the condemned men are convulsed with laughter."

The general and his companions looked at each other.

"It seems to me it is a strange time for mirth," said Pichegru.

"Well, he seems to have found a ludicrous side to death."

Just then the advance-guard of the procession came in sight, the men laughing heartily,— not with a savage and insulting laugh, but with one which was natural, and even sympathetic.

Almost immediately appeared the immense cart which

was carrying to execution the twenty-two condemned men, bound two and two. Pichegru stepped back, but Eisemberg called his name in a loud voice.

Pichegru stood still.

Figeac, seeing that Eisemberg wished to speak, was silent, and the laughter was hushed. Eisemberg moved forward, dragging with him the man to whom he was bound, and, standing in the cart, said,—

"Pichegru, stay where you are, and listen to me."

Those of the young men who had their hats or caps on, removed them; Falou stood close to the window, in the attitude of saluting.

"Pichegru!" said the unfortunate general, "I am going to die, and I gladly leave to you the honors which your courage may bring you. I know that you do justice to my loyalty, which has been betrayed by the fate of war, and that you have secretly pitied my misfortunes. I should like to predict a better end than mine for you; but you may not hope for it. Houchard and Custine are dead, and I am about to die; Beauharnais will die also, and you will follow our example. The people to whom you have devoted your sword are not sparing of the blood of their defenders, and if the hostile bullets spare you, you will not escape the executioner. Adieu, Pichegru! may Heaven preserve you from the jealousy of tyrants and the false justice of assassins. Adieu, my friend! — Go on now, you."

Pichegru saluted him with his hand, shut the window, and entered his room with his arms crossed and his head bent, as if Eisemberg's words weighed heavy on his heart.

Then, suddenly raising his head and addressing the group of young men who were silently looking at him, he said,—

"Who among you knows Greek? I will give my best Cummer pipe to the one who will tell me the name of the Greek author who speaks of the prophecies of dying men."

"I know a little Greek, General," said Charles, "but I do not smoke at all."

"Well, then, I will give you something which you will like better than a pipe."

"Well, General," replied Charles, "it was Aristophanes, in a passage which may be translated something like this:—

"'Hoary-headed dying men have the knowledge of sibyls.'"

"Bravo!" said Pichegru, caressing Charles's cheek with his hand; "to-morrow or the day after you shall have what I promised you." Then, turning towards his *aides de camp*, he said: "Gentlemen, I am tired of all this butchery; we shall leave Auenheim in two hours, and try to reach Drusenheim with our advance-posts. Death is but a trifle anywhere, and it becomes a pleasure on the battle-field. Let us fight, then."

Just then a government despatch was handed to Pichegru. It contained an order to join the Army of the Moselle, and to regard Hoche, who commanded it, as his superior officer. The two armies, when once their union should be effected, were ceaselessly to attack until they had retaken the lines of Wissembourg.

It was not necessary to change the orders already given; so Pichegru put the despatch in his pocket, and knowing that Stephan the spy was awaiting final instructions in his cabinet, he went in there, saying,—

"Citizens, hold yourselves in readiness to start at the first sound of the trumpet and the first roll of the drum."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

PICHEGRU proposed to recover the ground lost by his predecessor at the battle of Haguenau, which had followed the evacuation of the lines of Wissembourg. At that time General Carles had been compelled to move his headquarters beyond the river, from Souffel to Schiltigheim; namely, at the very gates of Strasburg.

Pichegru, chosen because of his plebeian birth, had taken command of the army there, and had, thanks to several successful actions, carried his headquarters as far as Auenheim.

For the same reason,—plebeian birth,—Hoche had been appointed to the Army of the Moselle, and had been directed to combine his movements with those of Pichegru.

The first battle of any importance was fought at Bercheim; it was there that the Comte de Sainte-Hermine had been taken, in a charge in which his horse had been killed under him. The Prince de Condé had his headquarters at Bercheim; and Pichegru, wishing to feel the enemy's columns, while avoiding a general action had attacked this position.

Repulsed at first, he had renewed the attack the next day by sending against the Prince de Condé a body of skirmishers divided into small companies. These skirmishers, after having harassed the enemy for a long time, united all at once, at a given signal, and forming in

column, fell upon the village of Bercheim and took it. But struggles between Frenchmen do not end so easily. The Prince de Condé was behind the village with the battalions of nobles composing the infantry of his army corps; he made an assault at their head, attacked the republicans in Bercheim, and made himself master of the village. Pichegru then sent his cavalry to the aid of the skirmishers; the prince ordered his own to charge, and the two regiments fought with all the violence of hate. The advantage rested with the *émigré* cavalry, who were better mounted. The republicans retreated, abandoning seven cannon and nine hundred dead.

On their side, the *émigrés* lost three hundred cavalry and nine hundred infantry. The Duc de Bourbon, son of the Prince de Condé, was shot just as he reached Bercheim, at the head of his cavalry, and his *aides de camp* were almost all killed or dangerously wounded. But Pichegru did not acknowledge himself beaten; on the next day he attacked General Klenau's troops, who occupied a position near Bercheim. The enemy retreated at the first attack; but the Prince de Condé sent them a reinforcement of *émigrés*, both cavalry and infantry.

The struggle became more deadly, and lasted for some time without any perceptible advantage on either side; finally, the enemy retreated for the second time, and retired behind Haguenau, leaving the corps of French *émigrés* exposed. The Prince de Condé deemed it imprudent to attempt to hold the position longer, and retreated in good order; and, behind him, the republicans entered Bercheim.

The news of the victory arrived at the same time as that of the defeat, and one counterbalanced the other. Pichegru breathed more easily; the iron belt which was stifling Strasburg was relaxed by one notch.

This time, as Pichegru said, it was more to get away from Auenheim than to accomplish a strategic manœuvre that he took up his march. However, as it would be necessary some day to recapture Haguenau, which was held by the Austrians, they were, in passing, to attack the village of Dawendorff.

A belt of forest in the form of a horseshoe extended from Auenheim to Dawendorff; at eight o'clock in the evening, on a dark but fine winter's night, Pichegru gave the order to march. Charles, without being an excellent rider, could mount a horse. The general placed him in the midst of his staff, and enjoined each one to look out for him. The army set off silently, for it was desired to surprise the enemy.

The battalion of the Indre formed the advance-guard.

During the evening, Pichegru had caused the wood to be explored, and had been informed that it was unguarded.

At two o'clock in the morning they arrived at the extremity of the horseshoe-shaped forest. About a league of woodland separated them from the village of Dawendorff.

Pichegru gave the order to halt and bivouac.

It was impossible to leave the men without a fire on such a night; at the risk of being discovered, Pichegru directed the men to light piles of wood, around which they bivouacked.

They had about four hours to pass thus.

During the whole march the general had kept his eye on Charles, to whom had been given a trumpeter's horse, with a saddle which was high both at front and back, and covered with sheepskin, so that it offered a solid base even to the most inexperienced rider; but Pichegru had seen with pleasure that his young secretary had placed himself unhesitatingly in the saddle, and had managed his

horse without awkwardness. When they arrived at the encampment, he himself showed him how to unsaddle and picket his horse, and how to make a pillow of the saddle. A good riding-coat, which the general had caused to be put into his portmanteau, served the boy for both mattress and covering.

Charles, who, in the midst of that irreligious age, did not forget his devotions, said his silent prayer, and went to sleep as peacefully as he would have done in his own room at Besançon.

Advance-posts placed in the woods, and sentinels on the flanks, which were relieved every half-hour, watched over the safety of the little army.

About four o'clock they were awakened by a shot fired by one of the sentinels; in an instant every one was on his feet.

Pichegru cast a glance at Charles. He had run to his horse, taken his pistols, and returned to the general's side, where he remained standing, with a pistol in each hand.

The general sent twenty men in the direction in which the shot had been fired. As the sentinel had not repeated the shot, the probability was that he had been killed.

But when they approached the spot where he had been posted, the twenty men heard cries from the sentinel calling them to his aid; they hastened their steps, and saw, not men, but beasts, who were put to flight by their approach.

The sentinel had been attacked by a band of five or six famished wolves, who had at first prowled around him, until, seeing that he was motionless, they had become bolder. In order not to be surprised from behind, he had put his back against a tree, and had there for a time silently defended himself with his bayonet; but

finally a wolf seized the bayonet in his teeth, and then the sentinel fired on him, shooting him through the head.

The wolves, frightened by the report, had at first slunk away; but, urged on by hunger, they returned, perhaps as much for the sake of eating their comrade as of harming the sentinel. They came back with such speed that the soldier had not had time to reload his gun. He therefore defended himself as best he could, and they had already made two or three attempts to bite him, when his comrades came to his aid and drove away the unexpected enemy.

The sub-lieutenant who commanded the twenty men left four of them in place of the sentinel and returned to the camp, taking with him as trophies the skins of two wolves, one killed by a bullet, and the other by a bayonet-thrust. Their skins, thickly covered with fur, in consequence of the extreme cold, were destined to make rugs for the general.

The soldier was taken before Pichegru, who received him coldly, believing that the shot had been the result of carelessness; but his brow grew still darker when he learned that the soldier had fired to defend himself from the wolves.

"Do you know," he said, "that I ought to have you shot for firing upon anything except the enemy?"

"What should I have done, General?" asked the poor fellow, so naïvely that the general could not help smiling.

"You ought to have allowed yourself to be eaten to the very last morsel by the wolves, rather than have fired a shot which might give the alarm to the enemy, and which has roused the whole army."

"I did think of it, General, and you see that they

began, the scoundrels!" and he showed his bleeding cheek and arms. "But I said to myself: 'Faraud (that is my name, General), they have placed you here to prevent the enemy from passing, and they count on you not to let them pass.'"

"Well?" asked Pichegru.

"Well, if I had been eaten, General, there would have been no one to prevent the enemy from passing; it was that thought which determined me to fire. I give you my word of honor that the question of personal safety did not come until later."

"But this shot may have awakened the enemy's advanced posts."

"Do not alarm yourself about that, General; if they have heard it, they have taken it for a mere poacher's shot."

"Are you a Parisian?"

"Yes, but I belong to the first battalion of the Indre; I am a volunteer."

"Well, Faraud, the only advice I have to give you is, not to let me see you again until you have won your corporal's stripes, so that I may forget the breach of discipline which you have just committed."

"And what shall I do to win them, General?"

"You must bring in to-morrow, or rather to-day, two Prussian prisoners to your captain."

"Privates or officers, General?"

"Officers would be better, but privates will do."

"I will do my best, General."

"Who has some brandy?" asked Pichegru.

"I have," replied Doumerc.

"Well, give a drink to this coward, who has promised us two prisoners for to-morrow."

"And if I can get only one, General?"

"Then you will be only half a corporal, with only one stripe."

"Oh, that would make me squint! To-morrow evening, General, I shall have them both, or you may say: 'Faraud is dead!' To your health, General."

"General," said Charles to Pichegru, "with words like those, Cæsar made his Gauls invincible."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BATTLE.

THE army was awake, and desirous of marching, and it was nearly five o'clock in the morning; the general therefore gave the order to start, telling the soldiers that they should breakfast in Dawendorff, and that they were to have a double ration of brandy.

Skirmishers were thrown out, who captured the sentinels as they passed; then they left the wood in three columns, one of which seized and occupied Kaltenhausen, while the other two, to the right and left of the village, drawing their light artillery after them, spread out over the plain, and marched straight for Dawendorff.

The enemy had been surprised at Kaltenhausen, and therefore the advance-post had made little resistance; but the firing had given the alarm at Dawendorff, and they could be seen drawn up in line of battle.

A slight eminence arose at about half a cannon-shot from the village; the general put his horse to the gallop, and, followed by his staff, gained the summit of the rise, whence he could take in the whole field of battle.

When he left, he directed Colonel Macdonald to take the first battalion of the Indre, which formed the head of the column, and to dislodge the enemy from Dawendorff.

He kept the Eighth Chasseurs near him, as a reserve, and in front he had a battery of six guns.

The battalion of the Indre, followed by the rest of the army, strategically placed, marched straight at the enemy.

Intrenchments had been thrown up outside the village. When the republicans were not more than two hundred feet away, Pichegru made a sign, and his artillerymen covered the advance-works of the enemy with a rain of leaden hail. The Prussians, on their side, replied by a well-directed fire, which killed about fifty. But the brave battalions which formed the attacking column went steadily forward, and, preceded by beating drums, charged the enemy with the bayonet.

Already harassed by the grapeshot which the general had rained upon them, the enemy abandoned the intrenchments, and the republicans entered pell-mell, with the Prussians, into the village. But in the mean time on each side of this same village appeared two considerable bodies of troops: they were the cavalry and infantry of the *émigrés*, commanded by the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Bourbon. These two bodies threatened to attack in the rear the little army corps, ranged in battle as it was behind the battalion of the Indre, of which a part was preparing to follow it.

Pichegru immediately despatched Captain Gaume, one of his *aides de camp*, to order General Michaud, who commanded the centre, to form his men in square, and receive the enemy's charge with the bayonet.

Then, on the other side, calling Abatucci, he directed him to put himself at the head of the second regiment of Chasseurs, and to charge the infantry of the *émigrés* when he had judged that the hail from the battery had thrown their lines into sufficient disorder.

From the top of the little hill, where he stood by the general's side, showing no signs of fear, Charles saw, below, Pichegru and the Prince of Condé, or, in other words, the Republic and the counter-revolution, play at the terrible game of chess which is called war.

He saw Captain Gaume cross at a gallop the broad open space which lay to the left of the hill occupied by Pichegru, to carry the order of the general-in-chief to Adjutant-general Michaud, who had at that very moment become aware that his left was threatened by the Prince de Condé, and who had just anticipated the order which had been sent to him.

On the right he saw Captain Abatucci take the command of the Eighth Chasseurs and descend the slope at a trot, while three volleys from the cannon, fired one after the other, raked the mass of infantry which was approaching.

There was a movement of hesitation in the *émigré* infantry, which Abatucci profited by. He ordered his men to draw their swords, and on the instant six hundred blades glittered in the rays of the rising sun.

The Duc de Bourbon attempted to form his men into a square; but either the confusion was too great, or else the order was given too late. The charge came like a water-spout, and cavalry and foot-soldiers were suddenly seen fighting hand to hand; while, on the other side, Adjutant-general Michaud's men fired when the enemy were not more than twenty-five feet away.

It is impossible to describe the effect of this volley, made at such close quarters. More than a hundred riders and as many horses fell, some, impelled by their own momentum, rolling as far as the first rank of the square.

The prince then retired to re-form his cavalry, out of cannon-shot.

At the same moment the battalion of the Indre was seen to be retreating, although slowly. They had found the village occupied in force, and were received by firing from the windows of every house, and also from two pieces of cannon which had been set up as a battery

within the village, and the regiment had been obliged to fall back.

The general sent his fourth *aide de camp*, Chaumette, at full gallop to learn what had occurred, directing Macdonald to stay and hold his position.

Chaumette crossed the battle-field under the fire of both republicans and *émigrés*, and halted within a hundred feet of the intrenchments to deliver his message.

Macdonald replied that he certainly should not yield his position, and that, furthermore, as soon as his men had taken breath, he should make a new attempt to get possession of Dawendorff. But in order to facilitate his success in the difficult undertaking, he wished that some diversion might be made which should draw away the enemy's attention for a while.

Chaumette returned to Pichegru, who was stationed so near the battle-field that it took only a few moments to carry his orders and report the answers.

"Take twenty-five Chasseurs and four trumpeters from Abatucci," said Pichegru; "go around the village with your twenty-five men, enter in the opposite street to that where Doumerc will charge, and have the trumpets blown as loudly as possible, while Macdonald charges; the enemy will thus think he is caught between two fires, and will yield."

Chaumette rode down the hill again, reached Abatucci, exchanged a few words with him, took twenty-five men, and sent another to direct Macdonald to charge, and at the same time to tell him that he was about to attack the enemy in the rear.

Macdonald immediately raised his sword, the drums beat to charge, and in the midst of a terrible rattling of musketry he boldly re-entered the village. Almost at

the same moment Chaumette's trumpets were heard at the other end of the village.

The *mêlée* now became general. The Prince de Condé turned upon Michaud and his battalion, which had formed in square; the *émigré* infantry began to beat a retreat before the Eighth Chasseurs and Abatucci; and Pichegru sent half of his reserve, about four or five hundred men, to the aid of the battalion of the Indre, keeping the other four or five hundred by him, to use in case of some unexpected emergency; but as the enemy retreated, the *émigré* infantry fired a last discharge, not at Abatucci and his Chasseurs, but upon the group on the little hill, where the republican general was easily recognized by his plume and his gold epaulets.

Two men fell. The general's horse, struck in the chest, leaped in the air. Charles uttered a sigh, and fell forward upon his saddle.

"Ah, poor child!" cried Pichegru. "Larrey, Larrey!"

A young surgeon, about twenty-seven years old, approached. They held the boy upon his horse; and as he had put his hand to his chest when he fell, they unbuttoned his coat.

The general's astonishment was great when they found a foraging-cap between his shirt and vest.

They shook the cap, and a bullet fell out.

"We need not seek farther," said the surgeon; "the shirt is not cut, and there is no blood. The boy is not strong, and the violence of the blow has caused him to faint. This foraging-cap, which would have been no protection at all in its proper place, has saved his life here. Give him some brandy, and he will be all right."

"It is very strange," said Pichegru; "it is a foraging-cap of a chasseur in Condé's army."

Just then Charles revived, and his first movement on

coming to himself was to look for his foraging-cap. He was just about to ask for it, when he saw it in the general's hand.

"Ah, General," he said, "pardon me!"

"You may well ask pardon for having given us such a fright."

"Oh, not that," said Charles, smiling, and pointing to the foraging-cap.

"You must explain this to me," said Pichegru.

Charles drew near to the general, and said in a low voice, —

"It belonged to the Comte de Sainte-Hermine, the young *émigré* whom I saw shot, and who at the last moment gave me that to take to his family."

"But," said Pichegru, examining it, "there is a letter in it."

"Yes, General, for his brother; the poor fellow feared that if he trusted it to a stranger it would not reach his family."

"While in confiding it to some one from his own part of the country he had nothing to fear, I suppose."

"Did I do wrong, General?"

"It is never wrong to fulfil the wish of a dying person, above all when the wish is an honorable one. Nay, more, it is a sacred duty, which should be accomplished as soon as possible."

"But I shall probably not return to Besançon at once."

"If I try hard, perhaps I can find some excuse for sending you there."

"You will not send me to Besançon because you are displeased with me, will you, General?" asked the boy, with tears in his eyes.

"No, I will give you a mission which shall prove to our compatriots that the Jura has one boy more at the

service of the Republic. Now let us see what is going on yonder."

After a few moments Charles, forgetting his own accident, while his eyes wandered over the battle-field and the town, and holding his breath amid the interest of such a sight, touched the general on the arm, and with an exclamation of astonishment pointed out men running over roofs, jumping out of windows, and climbing over garden-walls, in their haste to reach the plain.

"Good," said Pichegru; "we are masters of the town, and the day is ours."

Then he said to Lieber, who was the only one of all his officers remaining near him, —

"Take command of the reserve, and prevent these men from rallying."

Lieber put himself at the head of the four or five hundred remaining men, and descended towards the village.

"Now," continued Pichegru, with his ordinary calmness, "let us go and see what is going on in the village." And accompanied only by twenty-five or thirty horsemen of the rear-guard of the Eighth Chasseurs, together with General Boursier and Charles, he set off at a gallop on the road to Dawendorff.

Charles cast a last look at the plain; the enemy were fleeing in all directions.

This was the first time that he had ever seen a battle; he was now to see a battle-field. He had seen the poetical side, — the movement, the fire, the smoke; but the distance had concealed all details.

He was now to see the hideous side, — the agony, the immobility of death; he was about to enter upon the bloody reality.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

For the short distance that the little troop were obliged to pass in order to cross the plain, it was entirely bare, except for the wounded, the dying, and the dead. The fight had lasted scarcely an hour and a half, but more than fifteen hundred men, friends and enemies, strewed the battle-field.

It was not without dread that Charles drew near the line of the dead; at the first corpse which his horse encountered, the animal started and shied with such violence that the boy was nearly thrown. Pichegru's horse, held in better check, or perhaps more accustomed to such scenes, leaped over the obstacles; and there came a time when Charles's horse was forced to imitate his example, and to leap over the dead.

It was not, however, the dead which made the deepest impression upon Charles, it was some dying men, who, with a supreme effort, struggled to drag themselves beyond reach of the horses of the general and his escort, or lay, horribly mutilated, and muttering, the death-rattle in their throats, —

"Comrades, for God's sake, despatch me! despatch me!"

Others, again, those who were least wounded, raised themselves up, and with what strength they had left, saluted Pichegru, and waving their caps, cried, —

"Long live the Republic!"

"Is this the first time you have ever seen a battle-field?" asked Pichegru.

"No, General," replied the boy.

"Where have you seen one before?"

"In Tacitus, — that of Teutberg, with Germanicus and Cecina."

"Oh, yes," said Pichegru, "I remember; it is when, just before he reaches the forest, Germanicus again finds the eagle of the nineteenth legion, which was lost with Varus."

"And do you remember, General, that passage which I understand so well now? — 'All the army were filled with pity as they thought of relatives, friends, the chances of war, and the destiny of men.'"

"Yes," said Pichegru. "'There were,' said Tacitus, 'in the midst of the immense clearing, whitening bones scattered where the men had fled, and lying in heaps where they had fought.' Oh, I wish I could remember the Latin text, which no translation can equal; wait: 'Medio — '"

"I remember it, General," said Charles. "'Medio campi albentia ossa ut fugerant, ut resisterant.'"

"Well done, Charles!" said Pichegru; "your father made me a fine gift when he gave you to me."

"General," asked Charles, "will you not see that help is given to these poor wounded men?"

"Do you not see the surgeons, who are already going from one to another, regardless of whether they are friends or enemies? We have gained at least this much in eighteen hundred years of civilization: we do not now cut the throats of prisoners upon the altars of Teutates, as in the time of Arnim and Marbod."

"And," added Charles, "the conquered generals are not obliged, like Varus, to kill themselves, *infelice dextra.*"

"Do you think," asked Pichegru, laughing, "that it is preferable to be sent to the Revolutionary Committee, like that poor Eisemberg, whose head is constantly before my eyes, and whose words are always in my mind?"

While thus talking they had entered the town.

Perhaps the sight was even more terrible there, for the carnage had been confined to a smaller space; the fighting had been from house to house. Before trying to escape by the roofs and windows, the Prussians, and particularly a body of *émigrés* who had remained in the town, had made a desperate defence. When their cartridges were exhausted, they had taken any weapon that came to hand, and had thrown upon the assailants, from the second and third story windows, cupboards, bureaus, chairs, and even marbles from the mantels. Some of the houses were on fire; and as there was nothing left inside to burn, their ruined proprietors, judging it useless to attempt to extinguish the conflagration, stood and watched them burn.

Pichegru gave directions that the fires should be extinguished as soon as possible; then he went towards the *mairie*, where he always chose to lodge when on a campaign, and there he received his reports.

On entering the court of the *mairie* he saw an ammunition wagon carefully guarded, on which was a blue coat of arms, with the three *fleurs de lis* of France; it had been captured at M. de Condé's lodging. Having thought it of importance, they had brought the wagon to the *mairie*, where, as we have said, the general was to lodge.

"Very good," said Pichegru; "the wagon will be opened in presence of the staff."

He dismounted, went upstairs, and took up his quar-

ters in the council chamber, where the officers who had taken part in the engagement arrived, one after another.

The first to come was Captain Gaume; desiring to take part in the battle, he had joined the square formed by General Michaud's command, and after three charges, as boldly executed as they were useless, he had seen the Prince de Condé retreat, by a wide *détour*, in the direction of Haguenau, leaving about two hundred of his men upon the field of battle.

General Michaud was providing for the lodging of his soldiers, and had given orders for rations of bread to be cooked at Dawendorff, and sent to the neighboring villages.

Then came Chaumette. He had, in pursuance of the general's command, taken the twenty-five chasseurs and the four trumpeters, and entered at the other end of the village, sounding the charge as boldly as if he had been at the head of six hundred men. The *ruse* had succeeded. The Prussians and the small body of *émigrés* who defended the town, believing themselves attacked in front and rear, had fled over the roofs and through the windows, as Charles had pointed out to the general.

The next to arrive was Abatucci; he had received a sword-cut in the cheek, and moreover his shoulder had been dislocated. The general had seen with what splendid courage he had charged at the head of his chasseurs; but when they reached the Prussians the fight had been a hand-to-hand one, and individuals had been lost sight of.

Abatucci's horse had been struck by a bullet in the head, and had fallen. While endeavoring to extricate himself, Abatucci had been wounded by a sabre, and had dislocated his shoulder. For a moment he thought himself lost; but a number of chasseurs had extricated him. Nevertheless, dismounted in the midst of the

melêe, he had been in the greatest danger, when the chasseur Falou, he whom the young men had questioned on the previous night about Eisemberg, brought him a horse taken from an officer whom he had just killed. In such circumstances there is not time for many words; with one hand Abatucci grasped the reins and mounted, and with the other he offered his purse to the chasseur. The latter refused the officer's gift, and, carried away by a rush of the combatants, Abatucci called out to him, —

"We shall meet again!"

Consequently, when he entered the *mairie*, Abatucci ordered the chasseur to be sought for.

The young *aide de camp's* force had killed about two hundred of the enemy, and brought away a flag, while losing only eight or ten men.

Macdonald waited until Abatucci had made his report, before beginning his.

At the head of the battalion of the Indre, he had borne the brunt of the battle; received at first by the fire from the intrenchments, he had, after carrying them, entered the town. We know how he had been received there. Each house had vomited flames like a volcano; but in spite of the rain of bullets, which greatly reduced his force, he had continued to advance, until, turning into the principal street of the town, he had been confronted with two cannon, which poured forth grape-shot at a distance of only five hundred feet.

It was then that the battalion of the Indre had had to beat a retreat, and had fallen back without the town.

True to his promise, Macdonald, after giving his men time to breathe, had re-entered the village, and, animated by the trumpets of the Eighth Chasseurs, which were sounding at the other end of the village, his force reached

the great square, intending to capture the two cannon. But the chasseurs had already carried them off.

From that moment the village of Dawendorff was won.

Besides the two guns, a military wagon, or caisson, bearing the *fleurs de lis* of France, had, as we have said, also fallen into the hands of the victorious army.

The general, thinking that it might contain money belonging to the Prince de Condé, had given orders that it was to be opened in the presence of the staff.

Lieber arrived last; followed by Abatucci's chasseurs, he had pursued the enemy more than a league, and had taken three hundred prisoners.

The day had been fortunate; upwards of a thousand of the enemy had been slain, and five or six hundred made prisoners.

Larrey set Abatucci's dislocated shoulder.

The members of the staff were all present, and they descended to the court, and a locksmith was sent for.

There was one near at hand, and he he came with his instruments.

In a moment the cover of the wagon was raised; one of the compartments was full of rolls, which resembled long cartridges.

They broke one, and found that the cartridges were of gold.

Each roll contained a hundred guineas, — two thousand five hundred francs, — stamped with the effigy of King George.

There were three hundred and ten rolls, making seven hundred and seventy-five thousand francs.

"Upon my word," said Pichegru, "this will not come amiss; we will use it to pay the soldiers. Are you there, Estève?"

Estève was paymaster of the Army of the Rhine.

"You have heard; how much is due our men?"

"About five hundred thousand francs; I will show you my accounts."

"Take five hundred thousand francs, Citizen Estève," said Pichegru, "and pay the men at once. You will take the ground floor for your office: I will take the next story."

The five hundred thousand francs were counted out to the Citizen Estève.

"Now," said Pichegru, "there are twenty-five thousand francs to divide among the battalion of the Indre, which has suffered more than any other."

"That is about thirty-nine francs for each man," said the Citizen Estève.

"You will keep fifty thousand francs for the needs of the army."

"And the remaining two hundred thousand?"

"Abatucci shall carry them to the Convention, with the flag we have taken; it is well to show the world that republicans do not fight for gold. Let us go upstairs, Citizens," continued Pichegru, "and leave Estève to his work."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CITIZEN FENOUILLOT, COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER FOR CHAMPAGNE.

PICHEGRU'S *valet de chambre*, who had had the good sense not to change his title of *valet de chambre* for that of official, and his name of Leblanc for that of Lerouge, had, in the mean time, set the table for breakfast, and covered it with the provisions which he had brought with him, — a very necessary precaution, when, as now, they passed from the battle-field to the breakfast-table.

Our young men, wearied and famished, some of them even wounded, were not at all displeased at the sight of breakfast, of which they felt the greatest need. But the cheers of satisfaction grew still more vigorous when they saw that among a number of bottles placed upon the table, whose simplicity of costume denoted their democratic origin, were six with silver collars, showing that they belonged to the best houses of Champagne.

Pichegru himself noticed it, and, turning to his valet, said, with military familiarity, —

"Ah, Leblanc, is it my birthday, or yours? or is it simply to celebrate to-day's victory that I find such wine upon my table? Do you know that I should get my throat cut for this, if it were reported to the Committee of Public Safety?"

"Citizen-General," the valet replied, "never mind that, — although, for that matter, your victory deserves to be celebrated; and on a day when you have taken seven

hundred and fifty thousand francs from the enemy, you may well, without wronging the Government, drink twenty francs' worth of champagne. No, do not let your conscience trouble you, General; the champagne which you drink to-day will cost neither you nor the Republic anything."

"I hope," said Pichegru, laughing, "that it has not been stolen from some merchant, or pillaged from some cellar?"

"No, General, it is a patriotic gift."

"A patriotic gift?"

"Yes, from Citizen Fenouillot."

"Who is Citizen Fenouillot? It cannot be the lawyer of Besançon. There is a lawyer there of that name, is there not, Charles?"

"Yes," replied the young man; "he is a great friend of my father's."

"It has nothing to do with Besançon, or lawyers either," said Leblanc, who was permitted to speak freely to the general, "but with Citizen Fenouillot, traveller for the house of Fraissinet, of Châlons, who, in gratitude for the service which you have done him in delivering him out of the hands of the enemy, sends you, or rather offers you at my hands, these six bottles of wine, so that you may drink them to your own health and that of the Republic."

"Then he was here with the enemy?"

"Certainly, since he was a prisoner, he and his samples."

"Do you hear, General?" said Abatucci.

"Perhaps he might give us some valuable information," said Doumerc.

"Where does he lodge?" asked Pichegru.

"Here, at the hotel adjoining the *mairie*," replied Leblanc.

"Put another plate here, opposite me, and then go and tell Citizen Fenouillot that I beg him to do me the honor to breakfast with me. Meantime, take your usual places, gentlemen."

The officers placed themselves as usual, and Pichegru put Charles on his left.

Leblanc laid the other plate on the table, and then went out to execute the general's order.

Five minutes later he returned, having found Fenouillot just about to sit down to breakfast; but he eagerly accepted the general's invitation. He was following the messenger who had been sent in search of him. And in fact, a moment after Leblanc had entered, some one knocked in masonic style.

Leblanc hastened to open the door.

A man about thirty-five years of age stood upon the threshold, wearing the civilian's costume of the period,—a pointed, broad-brimmed hat, a loose cravat, and a waistcoat with turned-back lapels; he had on a brown coat with long tails, tight, light-colored trousers, and top-boots. His complexion was blond, with hair which curled naturally; he had brown eyebrows and whiskers, the latter terminating in his cravat; his eyes were bold, his nose was large, and his lips were thin.

As he entered the dining-room, Fenouillot hesitated slightly.

"Come, Citizen Fenouillot," said Pichegru, who saw the hesitation.

"Upon my word, General," replied the other, easily, "the thing was of so little consequence that I hesitated to believe that your kind invitation was addressed to me."

"What, so little? Do you not know that with the five hundred francs which I have per day, I should have to go three days without eating, in order to afford fare

like this? Sit down, then, opposite me, Citizen; that is your place."

The two officers who were to sit beside him moved their chairs, and pointed his out to him.

The Citizen Fenouillot sat down, and the general threw a rapid glance at his snow-white linen and his carefully kept hands.

"And you were a prisoner when we entered Dawendorff?"

"About the same as a prisoner, General. I did not know that the road from Haguenau was in possession of the enemy until I was stopped by a party of Prussians, who were preparing to drink my samples on the high-road, when luckily an officer arrived, who took me to the commander-in-chief. I thought I risked nothing more than the loss of my hundred and fifty bottles of samples, which I did not much mind, when the word 'spy' began to be whispered. At that word you may believe I pricked up my ears; and not being at all anxious to be shot, I asked for the commander of the *émigrés*."

"The Prince de Condé?"

"I would have asked for the devil himself, as you may imagine. I showed him my papers, and replied frankly to his questions; he tasted my wine, and saw that it was not the kind that a dishonest man would carry, and declared to his allies, the Prussians, that, as a Frenchman, he would detain me as his prisoner."

"And was your detention disagreeable?" asked Abatucci, while Pichegru regarded his guest with a scrutiny that showed that he was not far from sharing the opinion of the Prussian general.

"Not at all," replied Citizen Fenouillot; "the prince and his son liked my wine, and they treated me with a kindness almost equal to your own; although I must

confess that when the news of the capitulation of Toulon arrived yesterday, and, as a good Frenchman, I could not conceal my joy, the prince, with whom I had the honor to be talking just then, dismissed me in a very bad humor."

"Ah," said Pichegru, "then Toulon is really taken from the English?"

"Yes, General."

"And on what day was it taken?"

"On the 19th."

"This is only the 24th; impossible! The deuce! the Prince de Condé has not the telegraph at his disposal."

"No," replied the other, "but he has a pigeon-post, and carrier-pigeons make sixteen leagues an hour. In short, the news came to Strasburg, where pigeons abound, and I saw in the prince's hands the little note which had been fastened to the bird's wing, and which contained the news. The note was small, but the writing was fine, and therefore the note contained several details."

"And do you know them?"

"On the 19th the city capitulated; on the same day a party of the besieging army entered it; that same evening, by order of a commissioner of the Convention, two hundred and thirteen persons were shot."

"And was there nothing else? Did it not mention a certain Buonaparte?"

"Yes, indeed. It said that the capture of the city was due to him."

"He is certainly my cousin," said Abatucci, laughing.

"And my pupil," added Pichegru. "Upon my word, the Republic needs men of genius, to balance wretches like this Fouché."

"Fouché?"

"Was it not Fouché who followed the French army to

Lyons, and on the first day he was in power ordered two hundred and thirteen persons to be shot?"

"Oh, yes, at Lyons; but at Toulon it was the Citizen Barras."

"And who is the Citizen Barras?"

"Only a deputy from the Department of Var, who has served in India, and learned there to imitate the habits of the nabobs; at the Convention he has a seat with the Mountain. At all events, it looks as if they were going to shoot all the inhabitants and destroy the city."

"Let them destroy and shoot," said Pichegru; "the quicker they do it, the sooner they will get through. Oh, I prefer our former good God to the Supreme Being who permits such horrors!"

"And what do they say of my Cousin Buonaparte?"

"They say," replied Citizen Fenouillot, "that he is a young artillery officer, and also a friend of young Robespierre."

"Come, General," said Abatucci, "if he is on such good terms as that with the Jacobins, he will make his own way, and afford us protection into the bargain."

"Speaking of protection," asked Fenouillot, "Citizen-General, is that true that the Duke of Bourbon told me, when he pronounced such a eulogy on you?"

"The Duc de Bourbon is very kind," said Pichegru, laughing; "what did he tell you?"

"He told me that you had received your first promotion from his father, the Prince de Condé."

"It is true," said Pichegru.

"How was that?" asked three or four voices.

"I was serving as a common soldier in the royal corps of artillery, when one day the prince, who was present at the battery exercises at Besançon, came over to the gun which seemed to him to be managed the best; but while

the gunner was in the act of sponging out the piece, it went off, and shot away his arm. The prince attributed this accident to me, accusing me of having failed to shut the orifice perfectly with my thumb. I let him talk, and for my only reply I showed him my bleeding hand. My thumb was turned back, and almost torn from my hand. Here," he continued, holding out his hand, "here is the scar. The prince forthwith promoted me to the rank of sergeant."

Little Charles, who was near the general, took his hand as if he wanted to look at the wound, and with a sudden movement kissed the scar.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked Pichegru, quickly drawing back his hand.

"I? Nothing," said Charles; "I admire you!"

CHAPTER XXV.

CHASSEUR FALOU AND CORPORAL FARAUD.

JUST then the door opened, and the chasseur Falou appeared, led by two of his comrades.

"Your pardon, Captain," said one of the two soldiers to Abatucci, "but you said that you wanted to see him, did you not?"

"Certainly I said I wanted to see him!"

"There, is it true?" asked the soldier.

"It must be, since the captain says so."

"Just think! he would not come, and we had to bring him by force."

"Why did you not want to come?" asked Abatucci.

"Oh, Captain, because I thought they wanted to say stupid things to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Come!" said the chasseur; "I will make you the judge, General."

"I am listening, Falou."

"What, do you know my name?" Then, turning towards his two comrades, he said, "The general knows my name!"

"I have said that I am listening; go on," said the general.

"Well, General, this is how it was: we were charging, were we not?"

"Yes."

"My horse shied, to avoid stepping on a wounded man,— those animals are so intelligent, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"And especially mine. I found myself face to face with an *émigré*. Ah, he was a fine fellow, not more than twenty-two years old, at most. When he aimed a blow at my head, I had a right to defend myself?"

"Certainly."

"And to return the blow; there was no other way to do, was there?"

"No, of course not."

"One does not need to be a provost to know that; he fell. He had swallowed more than six inches of steel."

"That was certainly more than he needed."

"Yes, General," said Falou, already laughing at the joke he was about to utter, "but one cannot always stop to measure."

"I was not blaming you, Falou."

"Well, then, he fell, and there was a magnificent horse without a master; I took him by the bridle. Just then I saw the captain, who had no horse, and I said to myself: 'This horse belongs to the captain.' I put spurs to him, and he struggled like the devil in holy water in the midst of five or six aristocrats. I killed one, and wounded another. 'Come, Captain,' I called out to him, 'put your feet in the stirrup.' When his foot was once in the stirrup, it did not take him long to mount, and that was all there was of it."

"No, that was not all there was of it; for you cannot make me a present of a horse."

"Why can I not make you a present of a horse? Are you too proud to take anything from me?"

"No; and to prove it, my brave fellow, if you will do me the honor to give me your hand —"

"The honor will be mine, Captain," said Falou, advancing towards Abatucci.

The officer and the soldier clasped hands.

"Now I am paid," said Falou, "and I even owe you something; but no money, Captain!"

"Very well, you have exposed your life for me, and —"

"Exposed my life for you!" cried Falou. "I defended it, that was all. Would you like to see how the aristocrat went? Here!"

Falou drew his sword, and showed the blade broken off the length of an inch and a half.

"You may see that my hand was not weak; but we are well cared for, and I shall get another sword, Captain. But sell you a horse, I, Falou? Never! Never!"

And Falou had already reached the door, when the general spoke to him.

"Come here, my brave fellow," he said.

Falou turned, trembling with emotion, and saluted.

"Are you a Franc-Comtois?" asked Pichegru.

"Yes, General."

"From what part?"

"From Boussière."

"Are your parents living?"

"I have an old mother."

"And what does your old mother do?"

"Oh, poor dear soul, she spins my shirts and knits my socks."

"And what supports her?"

"What I send her. But as the Republic is in debt, and my pay is five months in arrear, she cannot be getting along very well. But thanks to fortune, or rather, to the Prince de Condé's treasure-wagon, we shall be paid up. Noble prince, how my mother will bless him!"

"What, your mother will bless an enemy of France?"

"How will she know the difference? The good God will understand that she is in her dotage."

"Then you will send your pay to her?"

"Oh, I shall keep a little bit for spending money."

"Keep it all."

"But what will become of my mother?"

"I will take care of her."

"General," said Falou, shaking his head, "I don't understand."

"Let me see your sword."

Falou unbuckled his sword, and handed it to the general.

"Oh," said Falou, "it is in a sorry condition."

"You mean," said the general, drawing it out of its sheath, "that it is not fit for service. Take mine."

And Pichegru, unbuckling his own sword, gave it to him.

"But, General," said the chasseur, "what shall I do with your sword?"

"You will defend yourself, and return blow for blow."

"I shall never dare to use your sword."

"Then will you allow it to be taken from you?"

"I! I will defend it with my life!" Then, putting the handle of the sword to his mouth, he kissed it.

"Very well; when the sword of honor which I have sent for comes, you can give me back this one."

"Oh," said Falou, "if it is all the same to you, General, I would rather keep this one."

"Well, then, keep, it animal, and do not put on so many airs!"

"Oh, friends!" cried Falou, darting out of the room, "the general called me 'animal,' and gave me his sword! Long live the Republic!"

"Very well," said a voice in the passage; "but that is no reason for overturning your friends, particularly when they come as ambassadors to the general."

"Oh," said Pichegru, "what does that mean? Go and see, Charles, and receive these ambassadors."

Charles, delighted to take an active part in the game, darted to the door, and returning almost immediately, said, —

"General, these are delegates from the regiment of the Indre, who come in the name of their comrades, with Corporal Faraud at their head."

"Who is Corporal Faraud?"

"The hero of the wolves last night."

"But last night he was only a common soldier."

"Well, he is a corporal now; to be sure, his stripes are made of paper."

"Paper stripes?" said the general, frowning.

"Oh, I don't know," said Charles.

"Let the citizen delegates of the battalion of the Indre enter."

Two soldiers entered behind Faraud, who walked first, with paper stripes upon his sleeves.

"What does this mean?" asked Pichegru.

"General," said Faraud, putting his hand to his cap, "these are the delegates from the battalion of the Indre."

"Ah, yes," said Pichegru, "who have, I suppose, come to thank me for the favor I have just done them."

"On the contrary, General, they have come to refuse it."

"To refuse! and why?" asked Pichegru.

"Oh, General," replied Faraud, with a movement of the neck peculiar to himself, "they say that they fight for glory, for the grandeur of the Republic, for the preservation of the rights of men, and for nothing else. As for what they have done, they say that they have done no more than their comrades, and that consequently they ought not to have more reward than they. They

have heard that they have only to go to the Citizen Estève in order to receive their back pay. If this incredible news is true, then that is all they want."

"Then they refuse?" asked Pichegru.

"Yes, flatly," replied Faraud.

"And the dead," asked Pichegru, "do they refuse also?"

"Who?" asked Faraud.

"The dead."

"They have not been consulted, General."

"Then you may say to those who sent you that I never take back what I have once given; the bounty money that I gave the living will be divided among the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, of the dead. Have you any objections to make to that?"

"None at all, General."

"That is fortunate! And now, come here."

"I, General?" asked Faraud, twisting his neck.

"Yes, you."

"Here I am, General."

"What are those things there?"

"They are my corporal's stripes, Citizen."

"Why are they made of paper?"

"Because no wool was to be had."

"And who made you a corporal?"

"My captain."

"What is your captain's name?"

"René Savary."

"I know him,—a boy of nineteen or twenty."

"But he can strike hard all the same, General."

"And why did he make you a corporal?"

"You know very well," said Faraud, with his accustomed gesture.

"No, I do not know."

"You told me to take two prisoners."

"Well?"

"I did,— two Prussians."

"Is this true?"

"You can read it on my stripes;" and he raised his arm so that Pichegru could read two lines of writing that were on the stripes.

He read: —

The fusileer Faraud, of the second company of the battalion of the Indre, has taken two Prussian prisoners; by reason of which I have appointed him corporal, subject to the approval of the commander-in-chief.

RENÉ SAVARY.

"I took three prisoners," said Faraud, coming nearer to the general.

"Where is the third?"

"The third was a fine young man, an *émigré*, an aristocrat. You would have had to shoot him, which would have pained you, or to spare him, which would have compromised you."

"Well, and so — "

"And so I let him — I let him go; there!"

"Good!" said Pichegru, with tears in his eyes; "I make you a sergeant."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PRINCE'S ENVOY.

THE chasseur Falou and Sergeant Faraud have not, I hope, made you forget the Citizen Fenouillot, traveller for the house of Fraissinet, at Châlons, nor the six bottles of champagne which his gratitude had offered to Pichegru.

One of the six bottles still remained when the general returned to his place at the table.

The Citizen Fenouillot opened it, or rather tried to do so; but in such an unskilful manner that the general, with a smile, took it from his hands, cut the strings, and with the thumb of his left hand, which was the one that preserved all its strength, broke the wires.

"Come, Citizen," he said, "a last glass to the prosperity of the arms of the Republic."

The clerk raised his glass higher than any one else did.

"And," he added, "may the general finish gloriously what he has gloriously begun!"

All the officers joined noisily in the toast which had been proposed.

"And now," said Pichegru, "as I agree with the citizen who has just proposed the toast which you have so eagerly drunk, we have not a moment to lose. Yesterday's fight is but the prelude to two more serious battles; for two battles will be necessary in order to conquer the lines of Weissembourg, which were lost by our predecessor. The day after to-morrow we will attack

Froeschwiller; in four days, the lines; in five, we shall be at Weissembourg; and in six, we shall have relieved Landau."

Then, addressing Macdonald, he said,—

"My dear Colonel, you are, as you know, my right hand. I intrust to you the duty of visiting all the posts, and of telling each corps which one it is to occupy. You will command the left wing, Abatucci the right, and I the centre; see that the soldiers want for nothing. No superfluities, but they must have a little more than necessaries."

Then, addressing the other officers, he said,—

"You all know the regiments under your command; you know those on which you can depend. Call their officers together, and tell them that I am writing to-day to the Committee of Public Safety that on the day after to-morrow we shall sleep at Froeschwiller, and in eight days, at latest, at Landau; let them remember one thing, that if that promise is broken, my head will be the forfeit."

The officers rose, and rebuckling their swords and taking their hats, prepared to execute the orders they had just received.

"As for you, Charles," continued Pichegru, "go into the room which has been made ready for us, and see if the three mattresses are in proper order; you will find on a chair a little package addressed to you: open it; and if its contents please you, you will make use of them at once, for they belong to you. If you feel any pain from the concussion you have received, tell me of it, and not the surgeon."

"Thanks, General," said Charles; "but I do not need to put any other compress there than the one which stopped the bullet. As for the bullet itself," continued

the young man, taking it out of his pocket, "I shall keep it, to give to my father."

"And you will roll it up in the certificate that I shall write for you. Go now, my boy, go."

Charles went out. Pichegru looked at the Citizen Fenouillot, who was still sitting in his place; and then he went and locked the two doors which gave access to the dining-room, after which he came and sat down opposite his guest, who was much astonished at the general's movements.

"There!" he said; "now we are by ourselves, Citizen."

"By ourselves, General?" repeated the clerk.

"Let us play above-board."

"I ask nothing better."

"Your name is not Fenouillot, you are not related to the lawyer of Besançon, you were not the Prince de Condé's prisoner; you are his agent."

"That is true, General."

"And you remained, by his order, to make me some royalist proposals, and that at the risk of being shot."

"That is also true."

"But you said to yourself: 'General Pichegru is a brave man; he will understand that a certain amount of courage was required to do what I have done; if he refuses my proposals he will perhaps not have me shot, and will send me to the prince with his refusal.'"

"That is also true; but I hope that after having heard me —"

"After having heard you, in just one event I shall have you shot; I warn you beforehand."

"And what is that?"

"It is, if you dare to put a price on my treason."

"Or on your devotion."

"We will not discuss the words, but the thing. Are you disposed to answer all my questions?"

"I am, General."

"I am going to cross-examine you, I warn you."

"Go on."

Pichegru drew his pistols from his belt, and put one on each side of his plate.

"General," said the pretended clerk, laughing, "I hope those are not your cards that you are laying on the table."

"Have the goodness to put my pistols on the mantelpiece, since you are nearer to it than I am," said Pichegru; "they are not comfortable in my belt." And he pushed his pistols within reach of the other, who took them, went and put them on the mantelpiece, and came back to his seat.

Pichegru bowed slightly, and the other did the same.

"Now," said Pichegru, "let us begin."

"I am waiting."

"What is your name?"

"Fauche-Borel."

"Where are you from?"

"Neuchatel. But I might have been named Fenouillot and have been born at Besançon, since I come of a Franche-Comté family which did not leave it until after the revocation of the edict of Nantes."

"In that case I should have recognized you for a compatriot by your accent."

"Pardon me, General, but what led you to think that I was not a traveller for champagne?"

"I knew it from your manner of opening bottles. Citizen, another time choose a different *rôle*."

"What one?"

"That of bookseller, for instance."

"You know me then?"

"I have heard of you."

"In what connection?"

"As an uncompromising enemy to the Revolution, and as the author of royalist pamphlets. Excuse me if I continue to question you."

"Continue, General; I am at your service."

"How did you become agent for the Prince de Condé?"

"My name first attracted the attention of the Regent[1] in a royalist pamphlet of M. d'Antraigues, entitled, 'Memoirs of the Regency of Louis Stanislas Xavier, son of France, uncle of the king, and regent of France;' he noticed it a second time when I induced the inhabitants of Neuchatel to sign the act of union."

"And I know very well," said Pichegru, "that from that time your house became the rendezvous of the *émigrés*, and the hotbed of the anti-revolutionists."

"The Prince de Condé knew it also, and sent a certain Montgaillard to know if I would join him."

"You know that this Montgaillard is a conspirator," said Pichegru.

"I am afraid so," replied Fauche-Borel.

"He serves the king under two names,— Roques and Pinard."

"You are well informed, General; but M. de Montgaillard has nothing to do with me: we both serve the same prince, and that is all."

"Let us return to him, then. You were just saying that he sent M. de Montgaillard to know if you would join him."

"Yes; he told me the prince had his headquarters at

[1] A title which Louis XVIII. bore while the young Louis XVII. lived.

LOUIS XVIII.

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Dawendorff, and would receive me with pleasure. I started at once; I went to Weissembourg, in order to throw your spies off the scent and to make them think I was going to Bavaria. I then went down towards Haguenau, and from there reached Dawendorff."

"How many days have you been here?"

"Two."

"And how did the prince open the subject with you?"

"In the simplest manner; I was presented to him by the Chevalier de Contye.

"'M. de Fauche-Borel,' he said. The prince rose and came to me. You desire me to repeat his exact words, do you not, General?"

"Yes."

"'My dear M. Fauche,' he said, 'I know you through all my companions in arms, who have told me over and over again of your hospitality to them. I have therefore wished for some time to see you, and offer you a mission which will be as honorable as it is advantageous. I have recognized for a long time that I cannot depend upon foreigners. To reinstate our family upon the throne of France is not an end, but a pretext; foreigners are foreigners, and will do everything for their own interest, but nothing for that of France. No, it is from within that we shall bring about a restoration; and,' he continued, putting his hand upon my arm, 'I have chosen you to carry the king's message to General Pichegru. The Convention, in ordering the union of the armies of the Rhine and the Moselle, has placed him under Hoche. He will be furious at this; profit by this moment to persuade him to serve the cause of the monarchy, by making him understand that the Republic is nothing but a chimera.'"

Pichegru listened to all this with the greatest calmness, and when it was finished he smiled. Fauche-Borel

had expected some kind of reply, and had purposely introduced the reference to Hoche at the end; but, as we have seen, Pichegru replied to this part of the speech only with his most benevolent smile.

"Go on," he said.

Fauche-Borel continued: —

"It was in vain that I told the prince how unworthy of this honor I felt myself to be; I told him that I had no other ambition than to serve him to the best of my power as an active and zealous man. He only shook his head, and said, 'M. Fauche, you, or no one.' And putting his hand upon my heart, he added, 'You have there for this sort of mission what will make the best diplomat in the world.' If I had not been a royalist, I would have resisted, and in all probability would have found excellent reasons for my refusal; but being a royalist, my ambition was to serve the royal cause in any way, whatever it might be, and so I yielded.

"I have told you how I went to Weissembourg, from there to Haguenau, and from Haguenau to Dawendorff. I had only to go from Dawendorff to Auenheim, your headquarters; but this morning your advance-guard was signalled. 'Pichegru spares us the trouble of going to him,' said the prince; 'it is a good omen.' Then it was agreed that if you were beaten, I was to go to you; and you know the destiny which the Convention reserves for its defeated generals. If you were victor, I was to wait for you, and by the aid of the little scheme which you already know, I was to gain access to you.

"You have conquered, and you have discovered the *ruse;* I am at your mercy, General, and shall offer only one excuse in my favor, — my profound conviction that I acted for the best interests of France, and my intense desire to spare the shedding of blood.

"I await with confidence the decision of your justice."

Fauche-Borel rose, bowed, and seated himself again, as calm, to all appearance, at least, as though he had just proposed a toast for the good of the country at a patriotic banquet.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PICHEGRU'S REPLY.

"MONSIEUR," replied Pichegru, using the old mode of address, which had been out of date for a year, "if you were a spy, I would have you shot; if you were an ordinary recruiting officer, who staked his life for the sake of fortune, I would send you to the revolutionary tribunal, and you would be guillotined. You are a man in whom confidence has been reposed, and I believe that you base your opinion more upon sympathy than upon principle. I will reply to you seriously, and I shall send you back to the prince with my answer.

"I belong to the people; but my birth in no way influences my opinions: they are due, not to the caste in which I was born, but to the influence of my historical studies.

"Nations are great organized bodies, subject to human disease. Sometimes it is emaciation, and then tonics are necessary; sometimes it is plethora, and then bleeding is prescribed. You tell me that the Republic is a chimera. I agree with you that it is,—now; but there is your error. We are not yet a Republic; we are in the midst of a revolution. For a hundred and fifty years kings have ruined us; for three hundred years the nobles have oppressed us; for nine centuries priests have held us in slavery. The moment has come when the burden has become too heavy for the backs that bear it, and '89 has proclaimed the rights of men, reduced the clergy to the

ranks of the other subjects of the kingdom, and abolished every kind of privilege.

"There remained the king, whose rights had not been touched.

"He was asked: —

"'Will you accept France as we shall remodel it, with its three orders, — people, clergy, and nobility, — each depending on the other; will you accept the constitution, with the privileges which it leaves you, the revenue which it grants you, the duties which it imposes upon you? Reflect carefully. If you refuse, say "No," and abdicate. If you accept, say "Yes," and take the oath.'

"The king said 'Yes,' and took the oath.

"The next day he left Paris; and so confident was he that due precautions had been taken, so that he might pass the frontier in safety, that he sent this message to the representatives of the nation, who had received his oath on the previous evening: —

"'I have been compelled to take the oath; it was made with the lips, and not the heart: I hold my duties in abeyance, and resume my rights and privileges; and I will return with the enemy to punish you for your revolt.'"

"You forget, General," said Fauche-Borel, "that those whom you call the enemy were his own family."

"Well," said Pichegru, "that is just the trouble, my dear sir; the family of the king of France was, in fact, the enemy of France. But how could it be otherwise? Louis XVI., son of a princess of Saxony and of a son of Louis XV., has not even half French blood in his veins; he marries an archduchess, and we have for the royal armorial bearings the first and third of Lorraine, the second of Austria, and the fourth only of France. The result is as you have said. When King Louis XVI.

quarrels with his people, he appeals to his family; but as his family is the enemy, he really appeals to the enemy, and as the enemy enters France at his call, the king commits the crime of high treason against the nation, — a crime as great as high treason against the king, if indeed it is not greater.

"Then a terrible state of affairs is brought about. While the king prays for the success of the arms of his family, — which means disgrace to France, — and while the queen, seeing the Prussians at Verdun, counts the days it will take them to reach Paris, France, beside herself with hate and patriotism, rises as one man, recognizes that she has enemies on the frontier, — Austrians and Prussians; enemies in her very capital, — the king and the queen; secret enemies, — nobles and aristocrats. She defeats the Prussians at Valmy, the Austrians at Jemmapes; she stabs her aristocrats in Paris, and beheads both king and queen on the Place de la Révolution. By means of this terrible convulsion she believes that she is saved, and breathes freely.

"But she is mistaken; for the family, which made war under pretext of replacing Louis XVI. on the throne, continue to make war under pretext of crowning Louis XVII., but in reality that France may be invaded and dismembered. Spain wishes to regain Roussillon; Austria wants Alsace and Franche-Comté; Prussia, the margraviates of Anspach and Beyreuth. The nobles form three divisions: some attack us on the Rhine, some on the Loire, and others conspire. War within, war without! On the frontier thousands of men lying on battle-fields; in France itself thousands of men massacred in prisons, thousands of men dragged to the guillotine. Why? Because the king, after taking an oath, did not keep it, and instead of trusting himself to his people, to

France, threw himself into the arms of his family, the enemy."

"Then you approve of the September massacres?"

"I deplore them. But what would you do against the people?"

"Do you approve the execution of the king?"

"I regard it as a terrible thing; but the king should have kept his oath."

"Do you approve of political executions?"

"I think them abominable; but the king should not have called in the enemy."

"Oh, you talk in vain, General; the year '93 is a fatal one."

"For royalty, yes; for France, no."

"But, aside from civil and foreign war, massacres and executions, it is nothing less than bankruptcy to issue all those thousands of francs in paper money!"

"I should be glad to see the country bankrupt."

"So should I, if royalty could have the glory of re-establishing credit."

"Credit will be established by the division of land."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you not seen that all lands belonging to *émigrés* and to the Church have been confiscated by the Convention; that it is decreed that they belong to the nation?"

"Yes; well?"

"Have you not also seen that another decree declares that these lands may be bought with paper money, which, for these purchases, shall be considered of par value?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear sir, there you have it! With a thousand francs in paper money, which is not enough to buy ten pounds of bread from the baker, the poor man

can buy an acre of land, which he can cultivate himself, and which will give bread to himself and to his family."

"Who will dare to buy stolen property?"

"Confiscated; and that is not at all the same thing."

"Never mind; no one would make himself an accomplice of the Revolution."

"Do you know how much of these lands has been sold this year?"

"No."

"More than a thousand million francs' worth. Next year double that amount will be sold."

"Next year! but do you suppose the Republic can last another year?"

"The Revolution —"

"Well, then, the Revolution! But, as Vergniaud has said, the Revolution is like Saturn, it will devour its own children."

"It has a great many children, and some of them are very difficult to digest."

"But you see that the Girondins are already devoured."

"The Cordeliers are left."

"Some day the Jacobins will swallow them at a gulp."

"Then the Jacobins will be left."

"Good; but they have no men like Danton and Camille Desmoulins, to make a formidable party."

"They have men like Robespierre and Saint-Just, and they are the only party that are in the right."

"And after them?"

"After them I cannot see clearly, and I greatly fear that the Revolution will end with them."

"But from now until then, think of the rivers of blood that will flow!"

"Revolutions have undergone a change."

"But these men are tigers."

"In a revolution I do not fear tigers so much as I do foxes."

"And you will consent to serve them?"

"Yes, because they will still be the ruling power in France. A Sylla or a Marius does not exhaust a nation; a Caligula or a Nero enervates it."

"Then, in your opinion, each one of the parties that you have named will in turn rise and fall."

"If the genius of France is logical, it will be so."

"Explain yourself."

"Every party that comes into power will accomplish great things, for which it will be rewarded by the gratitude of our children; it will also commit great crimes, for which its contemporaries will punish its members; and that which has happened to the Girondins will happen to each of the other parties. The Girondins brought about the death of the king,—mind, I do not say royalty,—and they were in turn destroyed by the Cordeliers; the Cordeliers destroyed the Girondins, and in all probability they will themselves be destroyed by the Jacobins; and the Jacobins, the last outgrowth of the Revolution, will in their turn be destroyed. By whom? I have already told you that I do not know. When they have disappeared, come and see me, M. Fauche-Borel, for then bloodshed will have ceased."

"And then where shall we be?"

"Then we shall probably be ashamed of ourselves! Now, I can serve a government that I hate, but I never could serve one that I despised; my motto is that of Thraseas: *Non sibi deesse* (never to be wanting to one's self)."

"And your answer?"

"It is this: The present moment would be ill chosen to attempt to stay the Revolution; just now it is proving

its strength by beheading five hundred persons a day at Nantes, Toulon, Lyons, and Paris. We must wait until weariness ensues."

"And then?"

"Then," continued Pichegru, gravely, "as it would be a defect if France, wearied with action, should be exhausted by reaction, and as I have no more confidence in the clemency of the Bourbons than in the temperance of the people, on the day when I take the first step to aid in bringing back one or the other member of this family, I shall have in my pocket a charter like that of England, or a constitution like that of America, in which the rights of the people shall be guaranteed, and the duties of the sovereign defined; this will be an essential condition. I should like to be a Monk; but a Monk of the eighteenth century, a Monk of '93, preparing for the presidency of a Washington, and not for the royalty of a Charles the Second."

"Monk made his own conditions, General," said Fauche-Borel.

"I should be contented with making conditions for France."

"Well, General, his Highness has got the start of you; and in case you should decide, here is a paper, written with his own hand, and containing offers which will, I am sure, much exceed any conditions that you would impose."

Pichegru, who, like most Franc-Comtois, was a smoker, had, towards the end of the conversation, filled his pipe; and this important operation was just finished when Fauche-Borel gave him the paper containing the prince's offer.

"But," said Pichegru, laughing, "I thought I had made you understand that if I accepted at all, I should not do so for two or three years."

"Very true ; but there is nothing in the mean time to prevent your knowing the contents of that paper," replied Fauche-Borel.

"Very well," said Pichegru. "When that time arrives, we will consider it;" and without having read the paper, or even unfolded it, he put it in the stove and lighted his pipe with it, letting it burn until it was entirely consumed.

Fauche-Borel, thinking at first that he was absent-minded, made a movement to catch his arm; but seeing that the act was a deliberate one, he drew back, and let it burn.

Just then the sound of a horse entering the courtyard at a gallop made both men turn their heads. It was Macdonald, who had returned; and his reeking horse showed that he had an important communication to make.

Pichegru, who had bolted the door, went quickly and withdrew the bolts; for he did not wish to be found closeted with the supposed clerk, whose true name and mission might be learned later.

Almost immediately the door opened, and Macdonald appeared. His cheeks, which were naturally ruddy, had taken on a deeper hue, for they had been exposed to the north wind and a fine rain.

"General," he said, "the advance-guard of the Army of the Moselle is at Pfaffenhoffen; the entire army is following, and I have preceded General Hoche and his staff by only a few minutes."

"Ah," said Pichegru, with genuine satisfaction, "you have given me good news, Macdonald. I predicted that we should capture the lines of Weissembourg in eight days; but I was mistaken: with a general like Hoche, and with men like those who compose the Army of the Moselle, we shall take them in four."

He had scarcely finished when the staff of young officers who accompanied Hoche rode rapidly into the courtyard, which was immediately filled by horses, men, plumes, and floating scarfs.

The old *mairie* shook to its foundations; it was as if a wave of life, youth, courage, patriotism, and honor suddenly surged about its walls.

In an instant all the riders had dismounted, and thrown back their cloaks.

"General," said Fauche-Borel, "perhaps it would be well for me to retire."

"No, on the contrary, you may remain," said Pichegru; "you will then be able to tell the Prince de Condé that the motto of the Republican generals is really *Fraternity.*"

Pichegru placed himself opposite the door, to receive the man whom the Government had sent as his superior officer. A little behind him, at his right and left, stood Macdonald and Fauche-Borel.

The young officers mounted the stairs with careless, good-humored laughter; but when Hoche, who preceded the rest, opened the door, and they saw Pichegru, they were silent. Hoche took off his hat; and all the others, following his example, entered the room with uncovered heads, and formed a circle round it.

Then, approaching Pichegru and bowing low, Hoche said,—

"General, the Convention has erred; it has named me, a soldier of twenty-five years, as general-in-chief of the two Armies of the Rhine and the Moselle, forgetting that one of the greatest soldiers of our time commands the Army of the Rhine. I have come to rectify this error, General, by putting myself under your orders and begging you to teach me the rude and difficult art of war.

I have instinct, but you have science; I am twenty-five years old, you are thirty-three; you are Miltiades, I am scarcely Themistocles; the laurels upon which you repose would disturb my rest: I therefore ask only to share your bed."

Then, turning towards his officers, who stood with bowed heads, hat in hand, he said,—

"Citizens, there is your general-in-chief; in the name of the safety of the Republic and of the glory of France, I ask you, and if necessary I command you, to obey him, as I shall obey him myself."

Pichegru listened smilingly, and Hoche continued:

"I have not come to take from you the glory of reconquering the lines of Weissembourg,— a work which you began so well yesterday; your plan is probably already made, and I shall adopt it, being only too happy, in this glorious work, to serve as your *aide de camp*." Then, holding out his hand towards Pichegru, he added: "In all things relating to war I swear obedience to my senior, my master, my model, the illustrious General Pichegru. It is your turn, Citizens!"

All Hoche's staff, with one accord, raised their hands and took the oath.

"Your hand, General," said Hoche.

"Come to my arms," rejoined Pichegru.

Hoche threw himself into Pichegru's arms, and was pressed to his heart.

Then, turning towards Fauche-Borel, while his arm still rested around his young colleague's neck, Pichegru said,—

"Tell the prince what you have seen, Citizen, and inform him that we shall attack him to-morrow morning at seven o'clock; these little civilities are not amiss between compatriots."

Fauche-Borel saluted.

"The last of your compatriots, Citizen," he said, "died with that Thraseas whose motto you quoted just now: you are true Romans of old Rome."

And he went out.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DRUM-HEAD MARRIAGE.

THAT same day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the two generals were leaning over a large military map of the Department of the Lower Rhine. At a little distance from them Charles sat writing, dressed in a becoming coat of dark blue, with light-blue collar and facings, and wearing the red cap of the staff secretaries; this cap was what he had found in the package referred to by the general.

The two generals had just determined that the next day, the 21st of December, the troops should pass over the curved line which divides Dawendorff from the heights of Reischoffen, Froeschwiller, and Woerth, where the Prussians were intrenched; these heights once carried, communication with Weissembourg would be cut off, and Haguenau, isolated, would be compelled to surrender.

The army was to march in three columns, two of which were to attack in front, while the third, traversing the woods and uniting with the artillery, would attack the Prussians on the flank.

As fast as each determination was arrived at, Charles embodied it in writing, and Pichegru signed it; then the corps commanders, who were waiting in another room, were called, and each departed to rejoin his regiment, and to hold himself in readiness to execute the order which he had just received.

While they were thus engaged, word was brought Hoche that the battalion of the rear-guard, having been unable to find quarters in the village, had refused to bivouac in the fields, and had shown signs of insubordination. Hoche inquired for the number of the battalion; it was the third.

"Very well," he said; "go and tell the third battalion from me that it will not have the honor of sharing in the first attack," and he calmly continued to issue his orders.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, four soldiers from the mutinous battalion entered, and in the name of their comrades begged the general's pardon, and asked permission for the mutinous battalion, which was about to bivouc on the spot marked out, to march first against the enemy.

"That cannot be," said Pichegru; "reward is due to the battalion of the Indre, and that will march first; the third battalion will march second."

The last commands had just been issued, when underneath the general's window was heard an organ-grinder, who was just beginning to play the "Marseillaise:" "Allons, enfants de la patrie!"

Hoche paid no attention to the serenade; but Pichegru, on the contrary, at the first sound of the instrument listened attentively, and then went to the window, which he opened. An organ-grinder was persistently turning the handle of the sort of box which he carried before him; but as darkness had set in, Pichegru could not distinguish his features. On the other hand, as the courtyard was full of persons going and coming, Pichegru probably did not care to risk exchanging a word with him. He therefore drew back and shut the window, in spite of the continued playing of the musician. But turning towards his young secretary, he said,—

"Charles, go downstairs, and say to that organ-grinder, 'Spartacus.' If he replies 'Kosciusko,' bring him up here. If he makes no reply, I have made a mistake, and you may leave him where he is."

Charles, without asking any questions, rose and went out.

The organ continued perseveringly to play the "Marseillaise," and Pichegru listened attentively.

Hoche looked at Pichegru, expecting an explanation of the mystery.

Suddenly, in the middle of a measure, the organ stopped.

Pichegru nodded smilingly to Hoche.

A moment later the door opened, and Charles appeared, followed by the organ-grinder.

Pichegru looked at him for a moment without speaking; he did not recognize him.

The man whom Charles had brought into the room was a little below the medium height, and dressed in the costume of an Alsatian peasant. He had long, black hair, which covered his forehead, and wore a broad-brimmed hat; he appeared to be about forty years old.

"My friend," said Pichegru, "I think this boy must have made a mistake, and that I have no business with you."

"General, there can be no mistake in a watchword; and if you have any business with Stephan Moinjki, he is here." And saying these words, he raised his hat, threw back his hair, and stood erect at his full height; and, except for the hair and the black beard, Pichegru recognized the Pole whom he had seen at Auenheim.

"Well, Stephan?" asked Pichegru.

"Well, General," replied the spy, "I know very nearly what you wished me to find out."

"Very well; put down your organ and come here. Listen, Hoche: this is some information in regard to the enemy.— I am afraid," he continued, turning to Stephan, "that you have not taken time to make it complete enough."

"I do not know about Woerth, because an inhabitant of that town has agreed to give you information about it when we arrive at Froeschwiller; but I can tell you all that you want to know about Froeschwiller and Reischoffen."

"Go on."

"The enemy have abandoned Reischoffen, in order to concentrate on Froeschwiller and Woerth; they have learned that the junction of your two armies has been effected, and have concentrated their forces at two points, which they intend to defend to the utmost: these two positions, which are well fortified naturally, have just been covered with fresh works; intrenchments have been dug, and redoubts and bastions have been erected. The enemy, both at the bridge of Reischoffen, which they intend to defend as well, and on the heights of Froeschwiller and Woerth, number about twenty-two thousand men, and they have thirty pieces of artillery, five of which have been detached for the defence of the bridge.

"And now," continued Stephan, "as your first attack will probably be made on Froeschwiller, here is the plan of the ground occupied by the enemy. The force under the command of the Prince de Condé occupies the city: I have no grudge against those men, for they are French. Once master of those heights, General, you command the city, and consequently it is yours. As for Woerth, I say nothing as yet; but I may say that I hope to show you how to take it without a struggle."

The two generals examined the plan; it was made with the accuracy of a skilled engineer.

"Upon my word, my dear General," said Hoche, "you are fortunate in having spies who are capable of becoming officers of genius."

"My dear Hoche," Pichegru replied, "he is a Pole; he is an avenger, not a spy." Then, turning towards Stephan, he said: "Thanks; you have kept your word, and amply; but your work is only half accomplished. Will you engage to find two guides for us who know the neighborhood so thoroughly that they could not lose their way on the darkest night? You will walk near one of them, and you will kill him at the first sign of hesitation on his part. I will walk near the other; and as you probably have no pistols, here are two." And the general gave a couple of pistols to Stephan, who received them with mingled joy and pride.

"I will find guides to be depended on," he said, with his usual brevity of speech; "how much time will you give me?"

"Half an hour; three quarters at most."

The pretended musician shouldered his organ and turned towards the door; but before he could reach the handle, the Parisian Faraud slipped his head through the opening.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, General," he said. "Upon the word of a sergeant, I thought you were alone; but I will go out again, if you like, and knock gently, as they used to do on the door of the old tyrant."

"No," replied Pichegru, "never mind; since you are here, you may come in." Then, turning towards General Hoche, he said: "My dear General, I present one of my braves to you. He is afraid of wolves, it is true, but not of Prussians: he took two of them prisoner this

morning, and it was for that that I had those stripes put on his sleeve."

"Heavens!" said Faraud, "more generals! I shall have two witnesses instead of one."

"May I call your attention to the fact, Faraud," said Pichegru, in that kindly tone which he was wont to employ towards the soldiers when he was in good humor, "that this is the second time to-day that I have had the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Yes, General," replied Faraud. "Days of happiness do come sometimes, and days of ill-luck at others; there are times when one can't help turning trumps."

"I suppose," said Pichegru, laughing, "that you did not come here merely to talk transcendental philosophy?"

"General, I came to beg you to be my witness."

"Your witness?" said Pichegru; "are you going to fight a duel?"

"Worse than that, General, I am going to be married."

"Good! To whom?"

"To the Goddess of Reason.'

"You are in luck, you rascal," said Pichegru; "she is the prettiest and best girl in the army. How did it come about? Come, tell us about it."

"Oh, it is very simple. I do not need to tell you that I am a Parisian, do I?"

"No, I know it."

"Well, the Goddess of Reason is from Paris too. We are from the same *quartier*. I loved her, and she did not repulse me, when the procession of the 'country in danger' passed, with its black flags and rolling drums. Then Citizen Danton came to our faubourg, saying, 'To arms! The enemy is only four days' march from Paris.' I was a carpenter's apprentice, but all this upset me. The enemy only four days' march from Paris!

The country in danger! 'Faraud,' I said, 'you must save the country; you must repulse the enemy.' I threw away my plane, caught up a gun, and went to enlist under the flag of the municipality. That same day I went and told the Goddess of Reason that as her sweet eyes had driven me to despair, I was going to be a soldier, in order to get finished off quickly; then Rose said to me — her name is Rose, Rose Charleroi, — well then, Rose Charleroi, who used to take in fine washing, said to me, —

" 'As truly as there is but one God, whom they are going to dethrone also, from what I can hear, if my poor mother were not sick, I would enlist also.'

" 'Ah, Rose,' I said, 'women do not enlist.'

" 'Yes they do,' she replied, 'as *vivandières*.'

" 'Rose,' I replied, 'I will write you once a fortnight, to let you know where I am; and if you enlist, enlist in my regiment.'

" 'Agreed!' she said.

"We clasped hands and embraced each other, and away went Faraud! After Jemmapes, where my regiment was cut to pieces, they put us with the volunteers of the Indre, and brought us to the Rhine. Whom did I see, six or eight weeks ago, but Rose Charleroi! Her poor mother was dead; she had been chosen as the best and most beautiful girl of the *quartier* to be the Goddess of Reason in some *fête* or other, and after that, upon my word, she had kept her promise to me, and had descended from her pedestal to enlist. I heard of her arrival, and hastened to her. I attempted to embrace her. 'Idle, lazy fellow!' she said to me; 'not even a corporal?'

" 'What would you have, Goddess? I am not ambitious.'

" 'Well, I am ambitious,' she said; 'don't come near

me until you are a sergeant, unless it is to get something to drink.'

"'On the day that I am a sergeant will you be my wife?'

"'On the flag of the regiment I swear it to you!'

"She has kept her word, General. In ten minutes we are to be married."

"Where?"

"In the courtyard beneath your windows, General."

"And what priest is to marry you?"

"The drummer of the regiment."

"What, you are to be married by the drummer?"

"Yes, General; Rose wants to do the thing regularly."

"I recognize the Goddess of Reason there," said Pichegru, laughing. "You may tell her that since she has chosen me for her witness, I will give her a dowry."

"A dowry, General?"

"Yes,— a donkey, with two barrels full of brandy."

"Ah, General, it is your own fault that I do not dare to ask anything more of you."

"Speak, nevertheless."

"What I now ask is for my comrades rather than for myself. Well, with your permission, the day ought to end, as it began, with a ball."

"Then," said Hoche, "as second witness, I will pay for the ball."

"And a room in the *mairie* will do for the ball-room," said Pichegru; "but you must tell everybody this: The ball must finish at two o'clock in the morning, and at half-past two we march; we have four leagues to make before daybreak. You are warned; those who wish to sleep may sleep, and those who wish to dance may dance. We will witness the marriage from the balcony; when all is ready, the rolling of the drum will give us the signal."

Rich in all these promises, Faraud hastened downstairs, and they soon heard in the courtyard the buzz of preparations.

The two generals, once more alone, definitively arranged the plan for the battle of the following day.

One column, which was to start at once under the orders of Colonel René Savary, was to make a forced march, so as to reach the village of Neuwiller, behind Froeschwiller, about noon. On hearing the first firing, it was to march upon Froeschwiller, and attack the Prussians on the flank.

A second column, under Macdonald, was to cross the Zeuzel at Niederbronn. The two generals were to march with this column.

The third was to make a demonstration at the bridge of Reischoffen, and attempt to carry it. If it could not be taken, the column was merely to keep the enemy busy, while the other two columns turned the enemy's position. This third column was to be under the command of Abatucci.

Scarcely had these arrangements been made when the rolling of the drum announced to the generals that they were needed to complete the wedding-party, and they lost no time in showing themselves on the balcony.

At sight of them a tremendous cheer was raised; Faraud saluted in his own peculiar manner, and the Goddess of Reason became as red as a cherry. The whole staff surrounded the couple; it was the first time that this singular ceremonial, which was afterwards repeated so often in the three revolutionary years, had taken place in the Army of the Rhine.

"Come," said Faraud, "get to your post, Spartacus."

The drummer, thus called upon by the sergeant, got upon a table, before which Faraud and his bride placed themselves.

There was a long rolling of the drums; then, in a loud voice, so that no one present need lose a word of what he said, Spartacus began: —

"Listen to the law! Whereas it is not always possible in the field to find an official, with stamped paper and a scarf, to open the doors of Hymen, I, Pierre-Antoine Bichonneau, called Spartacus, head drummer of the battalion of the Indre, proceed lawfully to unite in marriage Pierre-Claude Faraud and Rose Charleroi, *vivandière* of the twenty-fourth regiment."

Spartacus here interrupted himself by a rolling of his drum, which was imitated by all the drums of the battalion of the Indre and of the twenty-fourth.

Then, after the sound had ceased, he said, —

"Draw near, you who are to be joined in matrimony."

The two whom he addressed made a step nearer the table.

"In the presence of the Citizen-Generals Lazare Hoche and Charles Pichegru, the battalion of the Indre, the twenty-fourth regiment, and all others who may be in the courtyard of the *mairie*, in the name of the Republic one and indivisible, I unite you and I bless you!"

Spartacus executed another roll of the drum, during which two sergeants of the battalion of the Indre held above the heads of bride and groom a banner, intended to take the place of a canopy; after which Spartacus resumed: —

"Citizen Pierre-Claude Faraud, you promise your wife protection and love, do you not?"

"Parbleu!" replied Faraud.

"Citizeness Rose Charleroi, you promise your husband constancy, fidelity, and a little mouthful of drink now and then, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Rose Charleroi.

"In the name of the law you are married. The regiment will adopt your numerous offspring. Wait, now; do not go away. A last roll!"

A rolling of twenty-five drums was heard, which, at a gesture from Spartacus, ceased suddenly.

"Without that, you would not have been happy," he said.

The two generals laughingly applauded, and nothing was heard except cheers and hurrahs, which gradually gave place to the clinking of glasses.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PRUSSIAN ARTILLERY FOR SIX HUNDRED FRANCS.

At six o'clock in the morning, while the sun was disputing with a thick fog the right to light the world; while the first column, which had left Dawendorff at nine o'clock the previous night, commanded by Savary, was entering Jaegerthal, where it was to rest for five or six hours; while the thunder of cannon began to be heard at the bridge of Reischoffen, which was the object of attack of the third column, led by Abatucci, — the second column, the strongest of the three, with Hoche and Pichegru at its head, crossed the stream which flows by Niederbronn, and took possession of the village without striking a blow.

Four leagues had been traversed, and the troops were allowed a short rest at this their first halting-place. They breakfasted, and the Goddess of Reason. with her donkey and her kegs of brandy, passed through the ranks. One of the kegs was left behind there, with the cry of "Vive la République!" and the column started about eight o'clock for Froeschwiller, scarcely three quarters of a league away.

Meanwhile the unceasing roar of the cannon was heard in the direction of Reischoffen.

After a quarter of an hour the firing suddenly ceased. Had the passage been forced, or had Abatucci been obliged to retreat?

The general called Doumerc.

"Have you a good horse, Captain?" he asked.

"An excellent one."

"Can he take ditches and fences?"

"He can take anything."

"Ride off, then, towards the bridge of Reischoffen, and bring me news, or die in the attempt."

Doumerc saluted; ten minutes afterwards two horsemen were seen rapidly riding towards the troops: they were Doumerc and Falou.

The captain had ridden but two-thirds of the way, when he met a chasseur who had been despatched by Abatucci to announce that he had carried the bridge, and was marching upon Froeschwiller. Falou having taken prisoner a Prussian officer, Abatucci had made him a corporal,— a nomination which he begged the general to confirm.

Falou returned to Abatucci a corporal, and carried with him a verbal order to march upon Froeschwiller, and to threaten the town while the general attacked the heights, holding himself ready to render any assistance that should be needed.

The troops meantime had continued their march; the heights of Froeschwiller were coming into view.

A small wood lay between Niederbronn and Froeschwiller; and as they were marching across country, and not upon a road, Pichegru, fearing lest the wood should afford cover for an ambuscade, ordered a sergeant and twenty men to form in skirmishing order and reconnoitre it.

"Oh!" said Doumerc, "it is not worth while, General, to trouble the men over a little thing like that."

And he went through the wood at a gallop, and, returning, said,—

"There is no one there, General."

The wood was passed safely; but suddenly, as they arrived at the edge of a brook, the advance-guard was saluted by a volley.

Two or three hundred sharpshooters had been stationed along the windings of the stream and in the thickets, which were numerous.

The two generals formed their men for the attack.

Pichegru ordered Charles to remain in the rear; but he begged so earnestly to be allowed to remain with the staff that the general consented.

Froeschwiller lies at the foot of a little hill, which then bristled with redoubts and cannon; on the right, about three-quarters of a league away, Abatucci's column was seen advancing towards the town, driving before it the force which had attempted to defend the bridge.

"Comrades," said Pichegru, "before we attack those redoubts shall we wait for our companions, who have already had their share of victory and honor, since they have carried the bridge, or shall we keep for ourselves alone the glory of taking the redoubts which lie before us? It will be a difficult task, I warn you!"

"Forward! forward!" shouted, as with a single voice, the whole battalion of the Indre which formed the head of the column.

"Forward!" cried those men of Hoche's army who on the previous night had been insubordinate, and who, after their submission, had obtained permission to march second in the line.

"Forward!" cried General Dubois, who was with the Army of the Moselle, and who, commanding the rear-guard found himself now in command of the advance-guard, owing to the reverse movement which had been made.

And at the same time drums and trumpets beat and sounded the charge; the front ranks began to sing the "Marseillaise;" the quick-step, taken by three or four thousand men, shook the earth, and like a human cyclone the army advanced headlong, with levelled bayonets.

Scarcely had they gone a hundred feet when the little hill vomited fire like a volcano, and bloody furrows were ploughed through the thick mass, which were closed as soon as opened.

The "Marseillaise" and cries of "Forward!" continued, and the distance which separated the first of the French lines from the intrenchments was rapidly lessening, when a second discharge from the artillery burst forth, and again the balls ploughed their way through the ranks. Again the ranks closed, as at first; but this time a dogged rage succeeded the enthusiasm: the song grew fainter, and the step slower.

As the first rank reached the intrenchments, a third discharge burst from the hostile guns; this time the artillery, loaded with grape-shot, sent a hurricane of lead through the attacking column.

The mass of assailants bent backward beneath the fiery blast. This time Death did not mow in long swaths, but fell as hail falls among the wheat. The song ceased, the music was hushed: the wave of humanity not only stopped, but flowed backward.

The music took up again the victorious hymn. General Dubois, who commanded the attack, had had his horse killed under him, and was believed to be dead; but he extricated himself from beneath the animal, rose, put his hat on the end of his sword, and cried, "Long live the Republic!"

This cry of "Long live the Republic!" was shouted

by all the survivors, even by those of the wounded who were able to make their voices heard. The momentary hesitation ceased, the charge beat again, the bayonets were lowered, and a roaring as of lions succeeded the singing and the shouts.

The first ranks had already reached the redoubt, the grenadiers had begun to scale the walls, when thirty pieces of artillery thundered as with a single report, and with a noise like the explosion of a powder-mill.

This time General Dubois fell to rise no more: a ball had cut him in two; the first ranks disappeared in the whirlwind of fire as if engulfed in an abyss.

This time the column not only wavered, but fell back; and in an instant, between the redoubt and the first line, was left a space of forty feet, covered with dead and wounded.

Then a heroic deed was seen. Before Pichegru, who had despatched two of his *aides de camp* to Abatucci's column to hasten them, could guess his purpose, Hoche, throwing his hat on the ground, the better to be seen and recognized by all, with floating hair, and sword in hand, dashed at a gallop over the dead and dying, and standing in his stirrups in the open space, cried,—

"Soldiers! six hundred francs apiece for the Prussian cannon!"

"Taken!" exclaimed the soldiers, as with a single voice.

The music, which had been stopped for the second time, now began again; and amidst crashing balls and shot, which fell upon the close ranks like hail, and which did deadly work, Hoche was seen, followed by his men, mad with hate and vengeance, their ranks broken, to reach the first redoubt, climb over it, and, by the aid of his horse, spring over it into the midst of the enemy.

Pichegru put his hand on Charles's shoulder. The boy was looking at the terrible spectacle with fixed eyes and quickened breath.

'Charles," said he, "did you ever see a demigod?"

"No, no, General," replied the boy.

"Well," said Pichegru, "look at Hoche; not even Achilles, the son of Thetis, was grander or more beautiful."

And in truth, surrounded as he was by his fallen enemies, his long hair floating in the wind of death, his brow pale and his lip disdainful, Hoche, with his beautiful face and his tall figure, looked like an ideal hero, at once giving death and scorning it.

How would the men climb up behind him; how would they cross those parapets eight or ten feet high? It is impossible to describe how it was done, but scarcely five minutes had elapsed before Hoche was followed by his men, the redoubt was carried, and the corpses of a hundred and fifty Prussians were lying at their feet.

Then Hoche bounded upon the parapet, and counting the guns of the redoubt, said,—

"Four cannons awarded, for two thousand four hundred francs, to the first ranks of the attacking column!"

He remained standing there for a moment, showing himself thus to the whole army as a living flag of the Revolution, a target for all bullets, not one of which touched him.

Then, in a terrible voice, he cried,—

"On to the others! Long live the Republic!"

And in the midst of cries, war-songs, the blare of trumpets, and the rolling of drums, generals and soldiers rushed pell-mell upon the intrenchments.

At the first sound of the guns the *émigrés*, who were in readiness, left their camp; but they were received by

Abatucci's advance-guard, which came up at the double-quick, and were kept so busily engaged by them that they had no opportunity to aid the Prussians, having all they could do to defend themselves; Abatucci, in obedience to Pichegru's order, had even been able to detach fifteen hundred men, who soon joined the main army, preceded by the two *aides de camp*.

Pichegru took command of them; and, seeing that Abatucci was perfectly well able to take care of himself, with the fifteen hundred men remaining to him hastened to the aid of the principal corps, so hard pressed at the redoubt; these fresh troops, animated by the morning's victory, at their first charge penetrated the battery. The gunners were cut down, and those guns which could not be turned against the Prussians were spiked.

In the midst of the fray the two generals met, and, standing upon the summit of a low hill, from which they could take in the whole plain of Neschwiller, joined in a cry of triumph: a black mass, with shining weapons, tricolored plumes, and flags bending like the masts of a ship in a tempest, were advancing at the double: it was Macdonald and the first column, who thus arrived in time, not to decide the victory, for it was already decided, but to share in it.

At sight of them a panic struck the Prussians, who thought only of flight; they threw themselves over the parapets of the redoubts, leaped from top to bottom of the intrenchments, and rolled rather than ran down a slope so steep that it had not even been judged necessary to fortify it. But Macdonald, by a prompt manœuvre, had skirted the mountain, and received the flying soldiers at the point of the bayonet.

The *émigrés*, who alone had not fled, upon seeing their comrades, knew that the day was lost.

The infantry retreated slowly, covered by the cavalry, whose frequent and bold charges won the admiration even of those who were fighting against them.

Pichegru, under the pretext that they must be tired out, sent to their conquerors the order to allow them to retire, while, on the contrary, they were, with all the cavalry at command, to pursue the Prussians, who did not rally until they had crossed the Woerth.

Then, as each of the generals hastened to the summit of the low hill, in order that he might get a view of the battle-field, they met on the top. And there, each throwing himself into the other's arms, the one waving his bloody sword, and the other his hat, — through which two bullets had found their way, — across the waves of smoke which still mounted to the sky, like those of a dying volcano, appearing larger to the eyes of the army by reason of the glorious atmosphere which surrounded them, these two victorious generals seemed like the statues of two giants.

At sight of them a tremendous cry of "Long live the Republic!" resounded from all parts of the hill, until, gradually fading away and losing itself on the plain, it was merged in the groans of the wounded and the last sighs of the dying.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ORGAN.

It was noon, and the victory was complete. The conquered Prussians abandoned a battle-field covered with dead and wounded, twenty-four ammunition-wagons, and eighteen guns.

The cannon was drawn before the two generals, and their captors were paid for them at the price which had been set upon them at the beginning of the conflict, — six hundred francs apiece.

The battalion of the Indre had taken two.

The soldiers were worn out, in the first place from their night's march, and then from the three long hours of fighting.

The two generals ordered that while one battalion went to take possession of the town of Froeschwiller, the rest should halt and breakfast upon the battle-field.

The trumpets sounded, and the drums beat a halt; the weapons were stacked.

The French re-lighted the fires of the Prussians; though some were not entirely extinguished. When they left Dawendorff, they had had three days' provisions given them; and as they had received their back pay on the previous night, each one had added to the regular government fare a sausage, a smoked tongue, a roast chicken, or a leg of ham. All had full cans.

If any one chanced to be less well provisioned, and had only dry bread, he opened a dead comrade's knapsack, and found all he wanted.

In the mean time the surgeons and their assistants were going over the battle-field, sending to Froeschwiller those of the wounded who were able bear transportation and wait till they could be attended to, while others received treatment on the spot.

The two generals, half way up the hill, had established themselves in the redoubt occupied, an hour before, by General Hodge. In her quality of first canteen-bearer to the Army of the Rhine, and being without a rival in the Army of the Moselle, the Goddess of Reason, now the Citizeness Faraud, had charged herself with the care of the general's repast.

In a sort of casemate, a table, some chairs, plates, forks, and knives had been discovered, in perfect condition for use, and on a shelf near by were glasses and napkins. It had been expected that everything else would be found in the general's wagon; but a stray ball had shattered the caisson and all that it contained. Leblanc, who did not expose himself uselessly, came to announce the bad news to his general, just as the Citizeness Faraud had finished placing upon the table the twelve plates, twelve glasses, twelve napkins, and twelve dishes, and around the table the twelve chairs.

But all kinds of food and drink were conspicuous by their absence.

Pichegru was just about to ask voluntary tithes of his soldiers, when a voice which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, like that of Hamlet's father, cried,—

"Victory! victory!"

It was Faraud, who had discovered a trap-door, a staircase, and a cellar, in which was a well-furnished pantry.

Ten minutes later the generals were dining, and the

principal officers of their staff were sitting at the same table with them.

No description could give an adequate idea of these fraternal love-feasts, where soldiers, officers, and generals broke together the bread of the bivouac, — the true bread of equality and fraternity. These men, who were to conquer the world, and who had started at the Bastille as Cæsar's soldiers had started at the Golden Mile, began to feel in themselves that supreme confidence which gives victory. They did not know whither they were to go, but they were ready to go anywhere. They had before them the world, and behind them France, — that land which is tenderer than all others, the only one which breathes, lives, and loves her children, which has a heart, and which trembles with pleasure beneath their feet when they triumph, with sadness when they are vanquished, and with gratitude when they die for her.

Oh, he only who knows her, this Cornelia among the nations, he only who knows how to cherish her pride, he who can place on her head a laurel crown, and in her hand the sword of Charlemagne, of Philip Augustus, of Francis the First, or of Napoleon, — he alone knows what milk can be drawn from her bosom, what tears from her eyes, what blood from her heart!

In this genesis of the nineteenth century, to whose feet the mire of the eighteenth was yet clinging, while its head was in the clouds; in these first battles, when a single people, in the name of liberty and of the happiness of all men, threw the gauntlet to the rest of the world, — there was something grand, Homeric, sublime, which I feel myself powerless to describe, and yet for the purpose of describing which I have undertaken this book. It is not one of the least of the poet's misfortunes to be able to feel grandeur, and yet, breathless, stifled,

discontented with himself, to fall below that which he feels.

With the exception of the five hundred men who had been sent to occupy Froeschwiller, the remainder of the army, as we have seen, bivouacked upon the battle-field, rejoicing because of their victory, and forgetting already the price it had cost them. The cavalry, which had been sent in pursuit of the Prussians, now returned, with twelve hundred prisoners and six pieces of artillery. Their story was as follows: —

A short distance beyond Woerth the second regiment of carabiniers, the third hussars, and the thirtieth chasseurs had attacked a large force of Prussians surrounding a regiment belonging to Abatucci's column, which, having lost its way, found itself in the midst of the enemy. Attacked on every side by a force tenfold its own strength, the regiment formed a square; and then the men fired the volleys of musketry which attracted the attention of their comrades.

The three regiments did not hold back: by a desperate charge they broke the terrible circle of fire which surrounded their comrades; and these, knowing that help had come, formed in column, and fell upon the enemy with terrible force. Cavalry and infantry then began their retreat towards the main French army; but a considerable force issued from Woerth and intercepted them, and the battle began again more furiously than ever. The French were contending with four times their number, and they might have had to yield, had not a regiment of dragoons cut through the *mêlée*, opening a passage to the infantry, thus setting it free; and the infantry in turn, being able once more to open a regular fire, soon cleared an empty space around it. The cavalry dashed into this space, and still further enlarged it.

Then all at once, horse and foot, rushing forward, cutting, slashing, and singing the "Marseillaise," made sure of their position, and thus were enabled to reach their own ground, not even losing the guns, which they brought back to the bivouac, amid cries of "Long live the Republic!"

The two generals mounted, and rode into the town to arrange for its defence in case the Prussians should endeavor to regain it. They also wished to visit the hospitals.

All the peasants in the neighborhood, as well as about a hundred workmen from Froeschwiller, having been put in requisition to bury the dead, seven or eight hundred men began to dig at the lower end of the plain immense ditches about a yard wide, thirty-two yards long, and a yard deep, in which they placed, without regard to nationality, Prussians and French, — in the morning living enemies; in the evening reconciled by death, and lying in the same grave.

When the two generals returned from their visit to the town, all those who had fallen in this glorious battle lay sleeping under, instead of on, the field where they fell, without any other sign of their presence than eight or ten long, low heaps of earth, which, as though the last dying waves of an ebbing tide, seemed to beat against the foot of the little hill.

The town was too small to lodge all the army; but, with the intelligence and rapidity of execution of French soldiers, a temporary village arose as if by enchantment upon the plain, over which in the morning shot and shell had whistled, while the rest of the army occupied the intrenchments abandoned by the Prussians. The two generals took up their quarters in the great redoubt; the same tent sheltered them both.

It was about five o'clock in the evening, just as night began to fall, and the members of the staff were finishing dinner. Pichegru, seated between Charles, whom this terrible day, in which he had seen war for the first time, made extraordinarily thoughtful, and Doumerc, who, on the contrary, was more loquacious than usual, — suddenly, I say, Pichegru, who thought he heard a distant sound which might be a signal, hurriedly placed one hand on Doumerc's arm, as a sign for him to cease talking, and a finger of the other hand to his mouth, by this gesture commanding silence.

Every one was at once silent.

Then in the distance was heard the far-off sound of an organ, which was playing the "Marseillaise."

Pichegru smiled, and looked at Hoche.

"All right, gentlemen," he said; "Doumerc, you may go on;" and Doumerc continued his narration.

Only two persons had understood the cause of Pichegru's interruption, and noticed the sound of the organ.

Five minutes afterwards, as the instrument continued to draw nearer, Pichegru rose, quietly went to the door of the tent, and stepped upon the platform near the covered stairway which gave entrance to it. The organ drew still nearer, and the musician was evidently climbing the hill. By the light of the fires which sparkled upon it, the general soon saw him coming straight towards the great redoubt; but when he was not more than twenty steps from the door, the sentinel's challenge stopped him. As the musician had not the countersign, he began to play the "Marseillaise" once more; but at the first notes the general's voice called from the top of the embankment,—

"Let him pass!"

The sentinel recognized the general, who was leaning over the parapet, and drew back to allow the musician to pass, as he had been directed. Five minutes afterwards Pichegru and the spy were face to face.

Pichegru made a sign to Stephan to follow him; and as soon as the Pole saw that he was recognized, the organ ceased to sound. Pichegru then led him to the cellar where the dishes and glasses of General Hodge had been found; thanks to Leblanc, a table and two chairs had been placed there, as well as a lamp and pen, ink, and paper. Leblanc was then directed to guard the door, and strict orders were given him to allow no one to enter, or even approach, except General Hoche and Citizen Charles.

Six o'clock was struck in succession by the clocks of all the neighboring villages; sometimes two sounded together, but this was of rare occurrence. Stephan listened, and counted the strokes.

"Good!" he said; "we have twelve hours of darkness before us."

"Can anything be done to-night?" asked Pichegru, quickly.

"God willing," replied Stephan, "we are about to take Woerth."

"Stephan," cried Pichegru, "if you keep your word, what shall I give you?"

"Your hand," said Stephan.

"Here it is," said Pichegru, seizing that of the other, and shaking it warmly. Then, sitting down, and making a sign to the Pole to do likewise, he said,—

"And now what will be needed for this?"

Stephan put his organ down in a corner, but remained standing.

"I want," he said, "ten wagons full of straw, and ten wagons full of hay, within two hours."

"Nothing easier," replied Pichegru.

"Sixty resolute men, who are ready to risk anything, at least half of whom must speak German."

"I have a battalion of Alsatian volunteers."

"Thirty uniforms of Prussian soldiers."

"We can take them from the prisoners."

"Three thousand men, under the command of a capable general, must leave here at ten o'clock, and, passing by way of Enashausen, must be at midnight not more than a hundred feet from the Haguenau gate."

"I will command them myself."

"The first corps must remain motionless and silent until they hear the word 'Fire!' and see a great light. Then they must hasten to the town, where they will find the gate open."

"Very well," said Pichegru; "I understand. But how are you going to make the gates of a fortified town open to your ten wagons at that time of night?"

Stephan drew a paper from his pocket.

"Here is the order," he said.

And he showed Pichegru an order to the Citizen Bauer, landlord of the Golden Lion, to deliver, within twenty-four hours, ten wagons of straw and ten of hay, for the use of the chasseurs of Hohenlohe.

"You have an answer ready for everything," said Pichegru, laughing; then, calling Leblanc, he said: "Give your best supper to Citizen Stephan, and tell Hoche and Charles to come to me here."

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S PLAN BEGINS TO DEVELOP.

THE same day, about eight o'clock in the evening, twenty wagons, ten of them loaded with straw, and ten with hay, left Froeschwiller by the road to Enashausen. Each was driven by a wagoner, who, in accordance with the common saying that French is intended to be spoken to men, Italian to women, and German to horses, addressed his horses in a language marked by those strange oaths which Schiller, twelve years before, had put into the mouths of his Robbers.

Once beyond Froeschwiller, the wagons went silently along the high-road leading to the village of Enashausen, which is situated at an angle of the road that by a sudden turn leads straight back to Woerth. They stopped in the village only long enough to allow the wagoners to take a drink at the door of a wine-shop, and then continued on the way to Woerth.

When they arrived within a hundred feet of the gate, the first wagoner stopped his cart and went on alone towards the town. Before he had gone ten paces he was stopped by a sentinel, to whom he merely said:

"I am bringing some wagons that have been ordered, and am on my way to report."

The first sentinel allowed him to pass, as did the second and third. When he reached the gate he passed his paper through the wicket, and waited. The wicket

was shut, and a moment later the little gate made in the large one opened, and the sergeant in charge of the post appeared.

"Is it you, my boy?" he said. "Where are your wagons?"

"About a hundred feet off, Sergeant."

It is scarcely necessary to say that both the question and the answer were in German.

"Very well," continued the sergeant, still in German; "I will go and look at them, and bring them in." And he went out, charging the man whom he left to be watchful.

The wagoner and the sergeant passed the three lines of sentinels, and reached the wagons which were waiting on the high-road. The sergeant glanced at them carelessly, and ordered them to proceed.

Wagoners and wagons started to go, and, led by the sergeant, passed the three lines of sentinels, and proceeded through the gate, which closed behind them.

"Now," said the sergeant, "do you know the way to the barracks of the chasseurs of Hohenlohe, or shall I go with you?"

"There is no need of that," replied the chief wagoner; "we will take the carts to the Golden Lion now, in order to save trouble during the night, and to-morrow morning we will take the forage to the barracks."

"Very well," returned the sergeant, re-entering the guard-house. "Good-night, comrades."

"Good-night," replied the wagoner.

The Golden Lion was scarcely a hundred feet from the Haguenau gate, by which they had entered. The master wagoner rapped upon the glass; and as it was barely ten o'clock, the landlord came out to the threshold of the door.

"Ah, is it you, Stephan?" he said, glancing at the long line of wagons that extended from his door nearly to the Haguenau gate.

"Yes, Monsieur Bauer, myself," replied the chief wagoner.

"And all goes well?"

"Marvellously well."

"No trouble in entering?"

"Not the least. And here?"

"We are ready."

"The house?"

"A spark will be enough to set fire to it."

"Then we had better bring the carts into the courtyard. Our men must be stifling."

Fortunately the courtyard was very wide, and the twenty carts had no difficulty in entering it. Then the great gate was shut, and the landlord and the wagoners were by themselves. And then, at a signal, — three claps of the hands, given by each wagoner,— a singular thing came to pass.

The bales of straw or hay in each wagon began to move; then from the middle of each of them appeared first two heads, then two bodies, and finally two entire men, dressed in Prussian uniform. Then from each cart they drew forth a uniform like the others, which they threw to the wagoners, who, pulling off their blouses and trousers, dressed themselves in the uniforms which they had just received. And then, to crown the work, each soldier standing in the wagons armed himself with his musket, and a third one was passed out to each wagoner; so that when nine o'clock sounded, Stephan, dressed in a coat with a sergeant's stripes, had under him the sixty resolute, German-speaking men for whom he had asked Pichegru. These then went into a large stable,

and the door was shut on them, after they had been directed to load their muskets, which had been left unloaded in the wagons, for fear of accident. Then Bauer and Stephan went out, arm in arm.

Bauer led Stephan first to a house to which the latter had referred when they met; it was built on the highest site in the city, as far as possible distant from the Haguenau gate, and only a hundred feet from the powder-magazine. The house, which resembled a Swiss châlet, was built entirely of wood. Bauer showed Stephen a room filled with conbustible matter and with resinous wood.

"When shall I set fire to my house?" asked Bauer, as simply as if he had been asking a most trivial question.

"At half-past eleven," replied Stephan. It was then nearly ten o'clock.

"And are you sure that the general will be at his post at half-past eleven?"

"Unquestionably."

"You know," continued Bauer, "that when the Prussians learn that the house on fire is the one near the powder-magazine, they will run to prevent the fire from reaching the powder and the enclosure where the military wagons are. During this time the whole of the Rue de Haguenau will be empty, and this will be the moment to carry the gate and enter the town. The general will get as far as the great square without firing; at the first shot, five hundred patriots will open their windows and begin to fire upon the Prussians."

"Have you men to sound the tocsin?" asked Stephan.

"I have two in each church," replied Bauer.

"Then all is ready," said Stephan. "Let us take a look at the powder-magazine, and then go back."

They returned by the ramparts. As Bauer had said,

the powder-magazine and the enclosure where the wagons were kept were scarcely a hundred and fifty feet from the wooden house, the burning of which was to serve as a signal within and without. At eleven o'clock they re-entered the Golden Lion.

The sixty men were ready; they had each been served with bread, meat, and wine, thanks to Bauer's thoughtfulness. They were full of enthusiasm, and understood that they were intrusted with a great enterprise; they were, in consequence, both happy and proud.

At a quarter-past eleven Bauer shook hands with Stephan, assured himself that he had his tinder-box in his pocket, and that it contained flint, tinder, and matches, and then he went towards the wooden house.

Stephan, who remained with his sixty men, called them together and explained his plan to them; each understood what he had to do, and each swore to do his best.

They waited. Half-past eleven struck. Stephan, at the highest window in the house, was watching for the first gleam of the fire.

Scarcely had the stroke of the half-hour ceased to vibrate in the air, when a reddish light began to color the roofs of the houses in the higher part of the town.

Then arose that dull murmur, consisting of many voices, which in a town announces an accident. Then a bell flung out above the clamor the mournful tones of the tocsin, and was instantly echoed by every clock in the city.

Stephan went downstairs. The time had come.

The men were drawn up in the courtyard, in three platoons of twenty men each. Stephan half opened the street gate; every one was running towards the higher

part of the town. He ordered his men to march in single file, and to proceed towards the Haguenau gate. He himself ran before, crying in German,—

"Fire! in the higher part of the town, comrades! Fire! near the powder-magazine! Fire! save the wagons! Fire! keep the powder from exploding!"

Stephan ran to the guard of twenty-four men who had charge of the gate; the sentinel, who was walking up and down before them, did not dream of stopping him, taking him for the sergeant of the post. He ran towards the guard, crying,—

"Every one of you go to the higher part of the town, to save the wagons and the powder-magazine. To the fire! To the fire!"

Of the twenty-four men, not one remained. The sentinel alone, chained by his orders, remained. But his curiosity got the better of his discipline, and addressing the pretended sergeant, he asked him what had happened.

The pretended sergeant, full of good will towards his inferiors, told him how, through the carelessness of a servant, the wooden house belonging to the landlord of the Golden Lion had taken fire. In the mean time the patrol was approaching from behind.

"What is that?" asked the sentinel.

"Oh, nothing," replied Stephan; "a patrol." And so saying, he slipped a gag into the sentinel's mouth and pushed him towards the first two men of the patrol, who had cords ready, with which they firmly bound him in a second.

Then they carried him into the guard-house; they shut him up in the room of the officer in command of the post, and, locking the door, took the key. One of Stephan's men undertook the sentinel's duty; but it was

necessary to know the countersign, so Stephan took it upon himself to find it out.

He held the key of the room in one hand, and in the other a sharp dagger, which he drew from his breast, and entered the room. No one knew what arguments he used; but in spite of his gag, the sentinel had spoken, when Stephan came out. The words for the day were "Stettin" and "Strasburg," and these were told to the sentinel.

Then they seized the gate-keeper, bound and gagged him, and shut him up in a cellar, and Stephan took away the keys.

Then he put fifty-five of his men in the gate-keeper's lodge, with four hundred rounds of ammunition, and told them to hold the gate at all hazards, as long as one of them was alive.

Finally he went out, with his five men, to relieve the outside sentinels.

At the end of ten minutes, two of them were dead, and the third was a prisoner. Their places were taken by three of his five men.

Then, with the two others, he went in the direction of Enashausen; but he had not gone a hundred and fifty yards when he came suddenly upon a dark and compact mass, which was Pichegru's three thousand men. He soon found himself face to face with the general.

"Well?" asked the latter.

"Not an instant to lose, General; we must hurry."

"The Haguenau gate?"

"Is ours."

"Come, boys," said Pichegru, who understood that there was no time for long explanations just then; "forward, march!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TOAST.

THEY obeyed with the joyful eagerness which is born of hope.

They took with them as they went along the sentinels which had been stationed without the walls. Just as they reached the third, Pichegru and Stephan, who were in front, heard a succession of shots from the gate where Stephan had left his men.

"Hasten, General!" said Stephan. "Our men are attacked."

The column went forward at a quick pace. As they approached, the portcullis rose, and the gate opened; the Republicans, although attacked by a force three times as great as their own, had held their ground: the gate was still theirs. The column dashed through, with cries of "Long live the Republic!" Stephan's men, who, in consequence of their Prussian uniform, were targets for all the Republicans who had not known of Pichegru's *ruse*, kept close to the wall, or took refuge in the guard-house. Like the wild boar, who goes headlong and overturns everything before him, the column dashed along the street, carrying all before it.

While they were marching along, with levelled bayonets, and the small Prussian force which had attacked the gate was fleeing before them, but expecting to be supported, and while orderlies were sent to give the alarm that the French were masters of the Haguenau gate,

shots were heard from different directions in the town. This was due to Bauer and his men, who were firing from the windows.

When he arrived at the principal square, Pichegru was better able to appreciate the panic into which the Prussians had fallen. They were running here and there, not knowing which way to turn. He immediately arranged his column in order of battle, and fired upon the fugitives, while a thousand men were hurriedly sent to the higher part of the town, where most of the Prussians were.

Instantly the fight raged in twenty different directions at once; the Prussians, taken by surprise, did not attempt to rally to a common centre, the attack had been so sudden, and the conflagration, the ringing of the tocsin, and the firing from the windows had thrown them into such confusion. Although the force under Pichegru and Macdonald was no larger than was the Prussian garrison, the struggle was not so prolonged as it would have been if all the advantages had not been with the French.

At midnight the Prussians had withdrawn from the town, which was then lighted by the dying flames of Bauer's house.

It was not until two o'clock in the morning that Pichegru was assured of the final retreat of the enemy. He left sentinels everywhere, caused the gates to be guarded with the greatest vigilance, and ordered the soldiers to bivouac in the streets. As it was a *fête* for the whole town, each townsman contributed in some way to the comfort of the liberators. Some brought straw, others hay; this one bread, that one wine. Every one kept open house. Fires were lighted, and meat was cooked upon the spit in those immense fireplaces so

much in vogue at the end of the last century, but of which we see now only occasional specimens.

Then a procession was arranged, like that which is seen in every northern city at the approach of carnival; the Prussian uniforms which had been used by Pichegru's soldiers when they surprised the Haguenau gate were given up to the people, to be used for effigies. Then the whole town was illuminated; from top to bottom, each house had its lamps, lanterns, and candles. Besides all the rest, the wine-merchants and restaurant-keepers set tables in the streets, and each citizen took a soldier by the arm and invited him to the fraternal banquet.

Pichegru took care not to oppose this patriotic demonstration. As a man of the people, he upheld everything which could make of the people and the army a single soul in a double body. He knew well, for his intelligence was exceptionally acute, that the whole strength of France lay there. Only, fearing that the enemy might profit by some imprudence, he gave orders for the sentinels to be doubled; and to permit each to share in the *fête*, he reduced the time of duty to one hour, instead of two.

There were about twenty aristocrats at Woerth, who had illuminated their houses like all the rest, and even more splendidly than most, — doubtless fearing that they would be accused of coldness towards the Government, and that, since the day of reprisals had arrived, they might suffer either in their property or their persons. Their fears, however, were groundless; all they had to endure was to see an *auto da fé* before their door, in which were burning effigies dressed in Prussian uniforms. It was before these very houses that the joy was most demonstrative, if not most sincere; the same fear which had constrained their inhabitants to make a brilliant

illumination, caused them to make a more complete demonstration. Around the *auto da fé* tables were set, and these the aristocrats, who were only too glad to get off so easily, covered with good cheer.

Pichegru had remained upon the public square, sword in hand, with about a thousand men, ready to give assistance where it should be needed; but as no serious resistance had been made, he remained where he was, listening to reports and giving instructions. When he saw that the order to bivouac in the streets had served as a pretext for a popular demonstration, he encouraged it, as we have said; and leaving Macdonald to command in his place, he went with Stephan towards the higher part of the town, where most of the fighting had been.

Just as Pichegru arrived opposite Bauer's house, which had served for the signal of attack, the top beam fell in; and when it touched the crater of the volcano, it burned so fiercely and clearly that from where they stood they could see the two branches of the Soubach, and upon the raised amphitheatre of hills around they could discern the Prussian army watching, ashamed and confused, the spectacle of the *fêtes* and illuminations.

About three o'clock in the morning Pichegru went back to the inn. Bauer had asked as a favor that the general should lodge with him, and he had promised to do so. The finest apartments in the inn had been prepared; and while Pichegru had been walking about the town, the staircase had been decorated with flags, wreaths, and ornamental pieces; the windows of the dining-room had been filled with green trees and flowers; and in the room a table with twenty-five covers had been set for the general and his staff.

Pichegru, as we have seen at Arbois, was perfectly indifferent to all triumphal manifestations. But this

time it was very different, and he looked upon it as a Republican love-feast.

The general brought with him the dignitaries of the town, who had been the first to yield to him; and they induced the inhabitants to look upon them as brothers. At the door, as Stephan, who had served as his guide, was preparing to slip away unperceived, the general caught him by the arm.

"Stephan," he said, "I have always believed in the proverb that short reckonings make long friends. Now, I have a double reckoning to settle with you."

"Oh, that can be easily done, General," said Stephan. "Will you grant two requests?"

"With pleasure."

"First, I ask for an invitation to supper."

"For yourself?"

"Oh, General, you know very well that I am only a spy."

"In the eyes of the world, yes, but in mine —"

"I am myself in your eyes, and that is enough for me; to others I will remain what I appear to be. I do not care what the world thinks of me; I care for nothing but vengeance."

"Very well; and the second request —"

"Is that you will give a toast."

"To whom?"

"You will see when you give it."

"But in order to make it —"

"Here it is, all written out."

Pichegru was about to read it, but Stephan stopped him.

"Read it when you give the toast," he said.

Pichegru put the paper in his pocket. "And whom shall I invite?"

"A great citizen,— Prosper Bauer."

"The keeper of this inn?"

"Yes."

"What has he done that is so great?"

"You will see when you read the toast."

"You insist upon being mysterious, then?"

"My strength lies in mystery."

"You know that we attack the enemy to-morrow."

"Do you need any information as to their position?"

"You must be tired."

"I am never tired."

"Do what you will. Anything that you do will be well, except to allow yourself to be taken."

"At what time may I make my report?"

"At any time. You are never tired, and, for my part, I never sleep."

"*Au revoir*, General."

"*Au revoir*."

Then, turning to the group which had stood on one side while he was talking with Stephan, and looking vainly in it for the landlord of the Golden Lion, Pichegru said,—

"Charles, have the goodness to find our host, Citizen Prosper Bauer, and to ask him, from me, to take supper with us. You will listen to no refusal, and allow no excuse."

Charles bowed, and went in search of Prosper Bauer.

Pichegru went upstairs, and the rest of the staff followed him. He placed the mayor on his right, the deputy-mayor of Wolts on his left, and left a vacant seat opposite him, which was for the landlord of the Golden Lion.

At length the innkeeper came in, timid and embarrassed, almost dragged by Charles.

"General," he said, "I come, not at your invitation, of which I am not worthy, but at your command."

"Very well, Citizen," said Pichegru, pointing to the empty chair; "sit down there now, and after supper we will settle that."

The supper was a joyous one, and victory and deliverance were drunk together. There is strong hatred between our brave Alsatians and the Prussians, and during the two months since the Prussians had forced the lines of Weissembourg, the Alsatians had had great occasion to hate them still more. This time they hoped that they were rid of them forever.

Twenty-five years later they were destined again to see the insatiable black eagle, which, after having devoured a third of the white eagle of Poland, and the lion of Hanover, was to tear away one of the heads of the Austrian eagle.

The supper was splendid, washed down, as it was, with the best wines of France and Germany. At last the champagne was reached, — that sparkling wine, in which toasts are usually drunk. Then the general remembered his promise to Stephan.

He rose, took his glass in one hand, and unfolded the paper with the other. Everybody rose, following his example, and in the midst of a profound silence he read: —

"To the great patriot and citizen, Prosper Bauer, who alone conceived the plan which would restore the town of Woerth to France; who risked his life by receiving and sheltering in his own house the sixty brave men, who, in Prussian uniform, carried the Haguenau gate; who was the first to give to five hundred other patriots the signal for firing, by shooting from a window at the enemy; and who, finally, in order to keep the Prussians

in the higher part of the town, and create a diversion from the attack on the Haguenau gate, set fire to his house with his own hand, — to the man who, in a single day, risked his life and sacrificed his fortune."

Just then Pichegru was forced to stop, the applause was so great. But as he made a sign that he had more to say, silence was restored, and he continued, in a thrilling voice: —

"It is by this light, kindled by the purest patriotism and the most filial devotion, that France and the foreigner read upon our victorious flags, 'Hatred to tyrants! Nationality of the people! Liberty of the world!' All honor to the great patriot and citizen, Prosper Bauer!" And in the midst of shouts and applause, Pichegru went to him and embraced him in the name of France.

Three days later, the capture of Woerth was announced in the "Moniteur," and Pichegru's toast was reported in full. It was the sole reward which the brave Bauer would consent to receive.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

HOWEVER much we may desire not to lose ourselves in stories of sieges and battles, we are now obliged to follow Hoche and Pichegru in their triumphal course. A chapter or two, however, will suffice to finish this first part, which will bring us to the time when the enemy was driven beyond the frontiers of France, — at least, as far as regards Alsace and Lorraine. Moreover, as will be seen, after the three victories of Dawendorff, Froeschwiller, and Woerth, the enemy made no further attempt, but withdrew from French soil.

At four o'clock in the morning Stephan went to tell Pichegru that the Prussians, amazed at the manner in which they had been driven from Woerth, had abandoned their positions, and were beating a retreat across the passes of the Vosges, in two columns, one going towards Drakenbroenn, and the other towards Lembach.

As soon as the town was in the power of the Republicans an *aide de camp* had been sent by Pichegru to Hoche to announce the successful result of the undertaking, and to inform him that on the next day, or rather on that very day, at five o'clock in the morning, he intended to form his army in three columns and attack the enemy in front; at the same time he directed Hoche to leave his intrenchments, and, marching on Goersdorff, to attack them in the rear. The retreat of the Prussians rendered this manœuvre unnecessary; Doumerc was

accordingly awakened, and, leaping upon his horse, he hastened to direct Hoche immediately to pursue the enemy, while Pichegru would fall back upon Haguenau and occupy the town.

But when Pichegru, at the head of his column, reached the heights of Spachbach, he met a messenger despatched to him by the mayor of Haguenau, who informed him that on learning of the triple victory which he had just won, and which completely cut off the town from the army corps of Hodge and Wurmser, the garrison of Haguenau had evacuated the place during the night, had marched through the wood to Souffelnheim, and had crossed the Rhine as high up as Fort Vauban. Pichegru detached a thousand men, under the command of Liéber, and sent them to occupy Haguenau; then, retracing his steps, he passed through Woerth, took the road to Pruschdorff, and slept that same night at Lobsam.

Stephan was directed to inform Hoche of this unexpected return, and to ask him to join with Pichegru in making still greater efforts to retake the lines of Weissembourg.

The route which the troops followed reminded one of the time of the invasion of the Huns, Vandals, or Burgundians, when hugh masses of men passed from one land to another. The Austrians, obliged to abandon the line of the Moder, fell back on the line of Weissembourg itself, before the Lauter, where they intended giving battle; they were under the command of Marshal Wurmser.

The Prussians fell back on the line of the Sauerbach, under the command of Hodge; they crossed the river at Lembach, and effected a junction with the Austrians at Weissembourg.

But what was strange in this rapid retreat was that the army was followed by a crowd of *émigrés*, consisting of Alsatian nobles, who, together with their families, accompanied the troops, and who now shared their flight. The roads were filled with carriages, wagons, and horses, all mingled in confusion, through the midst of which the Republican soldiers opened a passage, without seeming to perceive that they were marching through a hostile population, which, when it had been left behind, seemed to be following the very army from which it was in reality flying.

The two French generals effected a junction at Roth; and as they met, cries were heard of "Long live the Republic!" The ranks opened, and the two representatives, Saint-Just and Lebas, appeared. It had occurred to them that as the enemy might be in great force at the lines of Weissembourg, their presence might encourage the soldiers.

The two representatives, with their suite, joined the generals and their *aides de camp*, and complimented them in no measured terms upon the three successful battles which had so completely and promptly cleared the road.

Charles was one of the first to recognize the deputy from the department of the Aisne, and cried,—

"Ah, there is Citizen Saint-Just!"

Pichegru leaned towards him, and said, laughing,—

"Do not tell him of the foraging-cap."

"No fear!" said Charles; "ever since he told me that he had had his best friend shot, I have distrusted him."

"You are right to do so."

Saint-Just went up to Pichegru, and congratulated him in a few brief and trenchant words. Then, recognizing Charles, he said,—

"Ah, it seems that, between the toga and arms, you have certainly chosen arms. — Do not let him be killed, Citizen Pichegru; he is a good boy, and he bids fair to be a good man, — a rare thing." Then, taking Pichegru on one side, he said: "My police tell me — but I do not believe it — that you had an interview at Dawendorff with a messenger from the Prince de Condé; I do not believe a word of it."

"But it is true, nevertheless."

"And what did he have to say?"

"He brought treasonable propositions."

"What were they?"

"I know nothing about them; my pipe had gone out, during our conversation, and I lighted it with the prince's letter, without having taken the trouble to read it."

"And you had the messenger shot?"

"By no means."

"Why not?"

"If he had been dead, he could not have told the prince what I did with his proposals."

"Pichegru, you do not conceal some other motive beneath this clemency?"

"Yes, that of beating the enemy at Froeschwiller on the next day, of taking Woerth on the day following, and of forcing the lines to-day."

"Then you and Hoche are ready to march upon the enemy?"

"We are always ready, Citizen Representative, particularly when we are honored with your company."

"Then forward!" said Saint-Just; and he sent Lebas to direct Hoche to attack on his side. The drums and trumpets sounded all along the line, and the army moved forward.

As chance would have it, on this same day, the 26th

of December, the Austrians and Prussians had resolved to resume the offensive; and when the French army reached the top of a small eminence, they saw the enemy drawn up in line of battle, from Weissembourg to the Rhine.

The position was a good one for offence, but not for defence; in the latter case the Lauter formed an abyss into which there was much danger of being cast.

When Pichegru and Hoche marched against them, they found that the enemy's advance-guard was also on the march.

Supposing that the fiercest struggle would be in the centre, the two generals massed thirty-five thousand men there, while three divisions of the Army of the Moselle threatened the right wing of the allies by the passes of the Vosges, and two divisions, commanded by one of General Broglie's *aides de camp*, advanced to attack by way of Lauterbourg. The young *aide de camp*, whose name was Antoine Desaix, was scarcely twenty-seven years old.

Suddenly Saint-Just and Lebas, who were marching in front of the columns of Pichegru and Hoche respectively, called out, "Halt!"

They were not more than a cannon-shot from the enemy, and it was evident that before another half-hour the two armies would meet.

"Citizen Pichegru," said Saint-Just, while Lebas said the same to Hoche, "call all your officers: I have a communication to make to them before the battle begins."

Pichegru gave the necessary order, which was repeated all along the line by brigadier-generals, colonels, *aides de camp*, and captains.

At once all the officers of every grade, even to the sub-lieutenants, left the ranks and formed an immense circle

around Saint-Just and Pichegru on the right, and Hoche and Lebas on the left.

This occupied about ten minutes, during which time the officers alone moved; the soldiers remained motionless.

The Prussians and Austrians advanced nearer, and the Republicans began to hear their drums and trumpets beating and sounding for the charge.

Saint-Just drew a printed sheet from his pocket; it was the "Moniteur."

"Citizens," he said, in his harsh tones, which were so powerful that they could be heard five hundred feet away, "before you attack, I should like to tell you a piece of good news."

"What is it? What is it?" cried all the officers at once.

Just then one of the enemy's batteries opened fire, and the projectiles found their victims in the French ranks. An officer, whose head was carried away by a cannon-ball, fell at the feet of Saint-Just, who did not seem to see him, and who, in the same voice, continued: —

"The English are driven from Toulon, the infamous city! The tricolored flag floats over its ramparts. Here is the 'Moniteur,' which contains not only the official announcement, but also the details, which I would read to you if we were not under the enemy's fire."

"Read them," said Pichegru.

"Read them, Citizen Representative; read!" cried all the officers.

The soldiers, in whose ranks the first discharge had ploughed several furrows, looked impatiently at the circle of officers. A second discharge was heard, and a second hurricane of fire passed whistling by. Other furrows were opened.

"Close the ranks!" cried Pichegru to the soldiers.

"Close the ranks!" repeated the officers.

And the empty spaces disappeared.

In the middle of the circle a horse was lying dead beneath his rider. The officer disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and drew nearer to Saint-Just in order to hear better.

Saint-Just read: —

28TH FRIMAIRE, IN THE YEAR II. OF THE REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE.

Eleven o'clock at night.

Citizen Dugommier to the National Convention:

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES, — Toulon is ours!

Yesterday we took Fort Mulgrave and Little Gibraltar.

This morning the English evacuated the forts, and burned the French fleet and the arsenal. The building where the masts are stored is on fire; twenty war-ships are burned, eleven of which are ships of the line, and six are frigates; fifteen are captured, and thirty-eight saved.

At ten o'clock this evening Colonel Cervoni entered the town.

To-morrow I will write more fully.

Long live the Republic!

"Long live the Republic!" cried the officers also.

"Long live the Republic!" was repeated from the ranks.

A third cannonade was heard, and more than one shout of "Long live the Republic!" was begun and never finished.

"Now," continued Saint-Just, "here is a letter from our colleague Barras, who is charged with the punishment of Toulon; it is addressed to the National Convention:

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES, — The greater part of the infamous inhabitants of Toulon have embarked on the ships of Hood and Sidney Smith, and consequently national justice

cannot be administered as it should be; but, fortunately, they have not been able to take their houses with them: the city remains, to disappear beneath the vengeance of the Republic, like those accursed cities of antiquity for which the eye searches in vain. At first it was thought best to destroy the city by blowing it up; but it would not do to risk burning the powder-magazines and the arsenal. It has therefore been decided that all the masons from the six neighboring departments shall be required to come, with their tools, for a general and prompt demolition. With an army of twelve thousand masons, the work will speedily be completed, and Toulon should within a fortnight be levelled with the ground.

To-morrow the shooting of traitors will begin, and will continue until there are no more traitors to be shot.

We salute you fraternally.

Long live the Republic!"

The enemy continued to advance; the rolling of the drums, the trumpet's call, and from time to time, when the wind was favorable, the harmonious tones of military music might be heard in the distance. But every other sound was soon lost in the roaring of the cannon; a storm of shot, thick as hail, fell upon the French ranks, the body of officers especially being singled out.

Pichegru stood up in his stirrups, and seeing a slight movement among the soldiers, he cried,—

"To your ranks!"

"To your ranks!" repeated the officers.

The lines grew straight again.

"Ground arms!" cried Pichegru.

And with admirable precision ten thousand muskets touched the earth at the same moment.

"Now," continued Saint-Just, without the slightest change in his tones, "here is a communication from the Minister of War; it is addressed to me, to be transmitted to Generals Hoche and Pichegru:—

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES, — I have received this letter from Citizen Dutheil the younger: —

'Toulon is in the hands of the Republic; the cowardice and perfidy of its enemies are complete. The artillery has been splendidly served; we owe the victory to it alone. There is not a soldier who has not been a hero; the officers set the men the example. I cannot find words in which sufficiently to praise Colonel Bonaparte. Great knowledge of military science, keen intelligence, too great a tendency to expose himself, — these form a feeble summary of the virtues of this rare officer. It is for you, O Minister, to retain him for the glory of the Republic.'

I have appointed Colonel Bonaparte a brigadier-general, and beg you to direct Generals Hoche and Pichegru to put his name on the order of the day of the Army of the Rhine. The like honor will be shown by me to the first brave man whose name they send me, and who shall have been the first to cross the lines of Weissembourg."

"You hear, Citizens," said Pichegru, "Colonel Bonaparte's name is on the order of the day. Let each one return to his post, and repeat this name to the soldiers. Now that the English are beaten, down with the Prussians and Austrians! Forward! Long live the Republic!"

The name of Bonaparte, which had sprung so gloriously forth to the light, ran from rank to rank; an immense shout of "Long live the Republic!" uttered by forty thousand voices, succeeded it; the drums beat the charge, the trumpets sounded, the music played the "Marseillaise," and the whole army, so long restrained, dashed upon the enemy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SUBJECT OF WHICH IS IDENTICAL WITH THE FOLLOWING CHAPTER.

THE object of the campaign, which was to reconquer the lines of Weissembourg, was accomplished; in the space of ten days, in the south and in the north, at Toulon and at Landau, the enemy had been driven out of France. The soldiers were therefore able to enjoy a much-needed rest; besides this, there had been found at Kaiserlautern, at Guermesheim, and at Landau, stores of cloth, shoes, food, and forage; in a single store at Kaiserlautern had been found a thousand woollen comforters. The time had therefore come for Pichegru to keep his promises.

Estève's accounts had been rendered, and the twenty-five thousand francs apportioned to the battalion of the Indre had been deposited with the general, and had been increased by the twelve thousand francs, the price of the two cannons captured by the battalion of the Indre. This sum of twenty-six thousand two hundred francs was enormous, for it was all in gold; the louis d'or at this time was worth seven hundred and twelve francs in paper money.

The general sent for Faraud and the two soldiers who had accompanied him each time that he had come as ambassador from the battalion.

The three arrived, Faraud with his sergeant-major's stripes, and one of the two soldiers with corporal's stripes,

which he had earned since his first interview with the general.

"Here I am, General," said Faraud, "and here are my two comrades, — Corporal Groseiller and Comrade Vincent."

"You are all welcome."

"You are very good, General," replied Faraud, with the movement of the neck which was peculiar to him.

"You know that a sum of twenty-five thousand francs has been set aside for the widows and orphans of the dead belonging to the battalion of the Indre."

"Yes, General," replied Faraud.

"To which sum the battalion has added another of twelve hundred francs."

"Yes, General; and by the same token it was an idiot named Faraud who was carrying it in his handkerchief, and who let it fall, for joy at hearing he was to be sergeant-major."

"Will you give me your word for him that he will not do it again?"

"On the word of a sergeant-major, not even though you should make him a colonel."

"We have not got so far as that yet."

"So much the worse, General."

"But I am going to promote you."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Again?"

"I am going to make you paymaster."

"In the Citizen Estève's place?" said Faraud, with another twist of his neck. "Thanks, General; it is a good place."

"No, not quite," said Pichegru, smiling at the fami-

liarity, which makes the strength of an army, and which the Revolution introduced into that of the Republic.

"The more 's the pity," said Faraud.

"I appoint you paymaster in the department of the Indre to the extent of the sum of twenty-six thousand two hundred francs. In other words, I charge you and your two comrades, as a reward for the satisfaction which your conduct has given me, to divide the sum among the families whose names you will find here." And the general gave Faraud a list.

"Ah, General," said Faraud, "that is indeed a reward. What a pity that they have done away with the good God!"

"Why so?"

"Because the prayers of all these brave men would have taken us straight to Paradise."

"Well," said Pichegru, "perhaps by the time you are ready to go there, there will be a restoration. And now, how will you go?"

"Where, General?"

"To the Indre; there are not a few departments to cross before you will get there."

"Shall we go on foot, General? It will take time, that is all."

"I wanted to hear you say that, brave hearts that you are! Here, here is money for your expenses; there are nine hundred francs, — three hundred apiece."

"We can go to the end of the world with that."

"You must not stop at every place for a drink."

"We shall stop nowhere."

"Nowhere?"

"Nowhere; I shall take the Goddess of Reason with me."

"Then you will need three hundred francs more for

the Goddess of Reason; here, here is an order on the Citizen Estève."

"Thanks, General; and when shall we start?"

"As soon as possible."

"To-day?"

"Well, go, my brave fellows; but at the first shot —"

"You will find us at our posts, General."

"Good! Go now, and tell them to send me Citizen Falou."

"He will be here in five minutes."

The three messengers saluted and went out.

Five minutes afterwards Citizen Falou presented himself, wearing with great dignity the general's sword at his side.

Since the general had last seen him, there had been a change in the appearance of his face. A gash, which began at the ear and ended at his upper lip, had cut open his right cheek; the flesh was held in place by a strip of plaster.

"Ah," said Pichegru, "it looks as if your defence had come rather late."

"That was not the trouble, General," replied Falou. "There were three after me; and before I had time to finish two of them, the third gave me that cut. But it is nothing. If there had been a wind, it would have dried up already; but, unfortunately, the weather is very damp."

"Well, upon my honor I am not sorry that this has happened to you."

"Thanks, General; a fine scar like that does not harm a chasseur's face."

"I did not mean that."

"What then?"

"It will give me an excuse to send you away."

"To send me away?"

"Yes."

"Come, General, no joking; I hope you are not going to sent me away for good."

"No, for fifteen days."

"What for?"

"To go and see Mother Falou."

"Oh, yes, the poor old woman; that's so."

"Have you not your back pay to carry her?"

"Ah, General, you have no idea of the quantity of brandy compresses that I have to put upon this wound; it is like a mouth, and it drinks and drinks, you have no idea how much."

"In other words, your pay is partly gone?"

"Worse than my sword was when you were good enough to give me another."

"Then I will do for your pay what I did for your sword."

"Will you give me another?"

"Oh, the Prince de Condé pays the piper."

"Gold! Oh, what a pity that the old mother cannot see it again; it would make her think of the times when there was gold in plenty."

"She will see enough of it to sew on your coat the quartermaster's stripes which the Prussians have already sewed on your face."

"Quartermaster, General? Am I a quartermaster?"

"That is the rank which they have put on your leave of absence."

"Upon my word, yes," said Falou; "there it is, every letter of it."

"Get ready to start."

"To-day?"

"To-day."

"On foot, or on horseback?"

"In a carriage."

"What, in a carriage? Shall I get into a carriage?"

"A postchaise."

"Like the king's dogs when they go to the hunt! And may I know why I am to have this honor?"

"My secretary, Charles, who is going to Besançon, will take you with him, and bring you back again."

"General," said Falou, bringing his heels together and saluting, "it only remains for me to thank you."

Pichegru acknowledged the salute with a wave of his hand and a movement of his head. Falou turned upon his heel and went out.

"Charles, Charles," called Pichegru.

A door opened, and Charles, who had been in the next room, came quickly in.

"Here I am, General," he said.

"Do you know where Abatucci is?"

"With us, General. He is doing the account that you asked for."

"Will it be ready soon?"

"It is finished, General," said Abatucci, coming in with a paper in his hand.

Charles was about to go away, but the general held him by the hand.

"Wait," he said; "I want to speak to you."

Then to Abatucci he said: "How many flags?"

"Five, General."

"Guns?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Prisoners?"

"Three thousand."

"How many of the enemy killed?"

"Fully seven thousand."

"How many have we lost?"

"Scarcely twenty-five hundred."

"You will go to Paris with the rank of colonel, which I shall solicit for you from the Government; you will present the five flags to the Convention, in General Hoche's name and mine, and you will take with you the report that General Hoche is preparing. Estève will give you a thousand francs to cover your expenses. My choice of you as the one to carry to the Convention the flags taken from the enemy, as well as the rank which I ask of the administration for you, proves my esteem for your ability and courage. If you see your cousin Bonaparte, recall to him the fact that I was his tutor at Brienne."

Abatucci pressed the hand which the general held out to him, saluted, and retired.

"And now we are by ourselves, little Charles," said Pichegru.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH ABATUCCI FULFILS THE MISSION WHICH HE RECEIVED FROM HIS GENERAL, AND CHARLES FULFILS THAT WHICH HE RECEIVED FROM GOD.

Pichegru glanced around the room, to make sure that they were indeed alone; and then, looking at Charles and taking both his hands, he said, —

"Charles, my dear boy, you have made in the sight of Heaven a sacred promise, which you must keep. If there is in this world a promise which above all others should be held inviolate, it is that which has been made to a dying man. I have told you that I would give you the means of fulfilling it. I now keep my word to you. You still have the count's foraging-cap?"

Charles unbuttoned his coat, and showed the cap to the general.

"Good. I shall send you with Falou to Besançon. You will go with him to the village of Boussières, and you will give to the burgomaster the money intended for his mother; and as I do not wish any one to think that this money comes from pillage, which would not fail to be said if her son gave it into her own hand, the burgomaster shall give it to her. A letter from me will moreover remain in the commune, bearing witness to the courage of our new quartermaster. I give you and Falou eight days' leave from the day when you reach Besançon; you will doubtless want to show your new uniform."

"And will you give me nothing for my father?"

"A letter when you are ready to start."

Just then Leblanc announced that dinner was ready.

On entering the dining-room, the general cast an anxious glance at the table; it was full, and more than full, the general having invited Dessaix to dine with him. The latter had brought with him one of his friends who was in Pichegru's army, and whom he had made his aide-de-camp, René Savary, — the same who had written Faraud's certificate upon his corporal's stripes. The dinner was as lively as usual, all the members of the staff being present; only two or three having been wounded, and these very slightly. After dinner they mounted their horses, and the general, with his whole staff, visited the outposts.

When they returned to the town the general dismounted, and told Charles to do the same; and giving the two horses to the chasseur in attendance, he led the way to the street which contained the shops.

"Charles, my boy," he said, "in addition to the official and secret missions with which you are charged, I should like to give you a special one: will you accept it?"

"Gladly, General," replied Charles, clinging to Pichegru's arm. "What is it?"

"I do not know yet. I have a friend at Besançon named Rose; she lives in the Rue du Colombier, No. 7."

"Ah," said Charles, "I know her; she is our family seamstress. She is a kind-hearted woman, about thirty years old, who limps a little."

"Exactly," said Pichegru, smiling. "She sent me the other day six fine linen shirts made by herself. I should like to send her something in return."

"Ah, that is a good idea, General."

"But what shall I send? I do not know what would please her."

"Take the advice that the weather itself gives you, — buy her a good umbrella; we will use it on the way home. I will tell her that you have used it, and it will be all the more precious to her."

"You are right; it will be very useful to her when she goes out. Poor Rose, she has no carriage. Let us go in here."

They were exactly opposite an umbrella-shop. They went in, and Pichegru opened and shut ten or twelve umbrellas, finally selecting a magnificent sky-blue one. He paid thirty-eight francs in paper money for it. This was the gift which the first general of the Republic sent to his best friend. It will be readily understood that I should not have related this incident if it had not been historic.

When they returned at night, Pichegru busied himself with his correspondence, telling Charles, who was to start at dawn next day, to sleep well.

It was on this evening that the curious occurrence took place which I am about to relate, and which was told to me by little Charles himself after he had grown to be a man forty-five years of age, and had become a learned writer, with a great library, as he had wished to be, so many years before.

Charles, obeying the command of Saint-Just, threw himself upon his bed ready dressed. Like all who wore the uniform, he usually had a black cravat tied close around his neck. It was like the one worn by Pichegru himself, and all the staff had adopted it, — in the first place, in imitation of the general, and afterwards to protest against the voluminous cravats of Saint-Just. Charles, in order to copy the general still more closely, tied his in a little knot on the left side, — a fashion which he continued to follow until his death.

At the end of about half an hour Pichegru, who was working, heard Charles moan. At first he paid no attention to it, thinking that the boy perhaps had the nightmare; but as the groans became more distinct, and then changed to a rattling in the throat, Pichegru arose, went to the boy, and finding him lying face down, slipped his hand under his neck, and raising his head, untied the knot which was strangling him.

The boy awoke; and recognizing Pichegru, who was bending over him, he said, —

"Is it you, General? Do you need me?"

"No," replied the general, laughing, "it is you, on the contrary, who needed me. You were uneasy and groaning; and when I came to look at you, I had no difficulty in seeing what was the matter with you. Any one who wears a tight cravat, like us, must take care to loosen it a little before going to sleep. I will explain to you some other time how neglect of this precaution might result in apoplexy and sudden death. It is one method of suicide."

And we shall see that it was the one which Pichegru employed later.

On the following day Abatucci started for Paris, Faraud and his two companions for Châteauroux, and Charles and Falou for Besançon. A fortnight later, news came from Faraud that distribution had been made throughout the department of the Indre.

Ten days later still, the general received a letter from Abatucci which told how, with a shout of "Long live the Republic!" uttered by all the members of the Convention and the spectators, the five flags had been presented to the President, who thereupon publicly confirmed his rank.

After all this, on the fourth day following Charles's departure, and before he had heard from any one else, Pichegru, on the 14th Nivose (3d of January) received this letter: —

My dear General, — The new calendar made me forget one thing, namely, that by reaching Besançon on the 31st of December I should arrive just in time to wish my family a happy New Year on the following day.

You, however, did not forget it, and my father feels grateful for your kindness, and thanks you heartily.

On the 1st of January (old style), after we had wished one another a happy New Year, and had embraced one another, Falou and I set out for the village of Boussières. There, as you directed, we stopped the carriage at the house of the burgomaster to whom your letter had been sent; he forthwith summoned the village drummer, who announces all important news to the people. He directed him to read your letter over three times, so that no mistake should be made, and then he sent him to beat his drum before the door of old Mother Falou, who at the first tap came to the threshold, leaning on her stick. Falou and I were only a few steps away.

As soon as the roll ceased, the proclamation began. When she heard her son's name, the poor old woman, who had not understood very well, began to cry, asking, —

"Is he dead? Is he dead?"

An oath big enough to crack the sky, which assured her that her son still lived, made her turn around, and, dimly seeing a uniform, she called out, —

"There he is! there he is!"

And then she fell into her son's arms, and he embraced her, amidst the applause of the whole village. Thereupon, as the proclamation, the reading of which had been interrupted by this little scene, had not been well understood, the drummer began over again. As he read the last words, the burgomaster, who wished to make his little sensation, appeared with a crown of laurel in one hand, and the purse in the other. He put the laurel-wreath on Falou's head, and the purse into his mother's

hands. I could not stay any longer ; but I heard later that the village of Boussières had a holiday that day, with illuminations, a ball, and fireworks, and that Falou went about among his fellow-citizens until two o'clock in the morning, with his laurel-wreath on his head like Cæsar.

As for me, General, I returned to Besançon to carry out the sad duty which you know about, and full details of which I will tell you on my return.

Until then, I had not had time to attend to your commission ; but after that I hastened to the Rue du Colombier, stopped at No. 7, and went up to the third floor. Rose recognized me, and received me as a little friend ; but when she knew that I came from her great friend, oh, then, I tell you, General, poor Rose could not say enough ; she took me in her arms, and kissed me and wept over me.

"What, did he really think of me ?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle Rose."

"Of his own accord ?"

"I assure you it is as you say."

"And did he himself choose this beautiful umbrella for me ?"

"He himself chose it for you."

"And he used it when he returned to the hôtel ?"

"Well, we both used it, but he held it."

And without saying more, she looked at the handle, and then kissed it and wept over it. I did not try to check her tears, but wept with her : they were tears of joy, and it would have pained her if I had said, "Stop !" Then I told her how satisfied you were with the shirts she had sent you, and that you would wear no others. That made her all the worse. Then how we did talk about you ! She is going to write to thank you, but she charged me, nevertheless, to say all sorts of kind things to you.

I must also say, in regard to my father, that you must have told him some pretty stories about his son, for while he was reading your letter he looked at me queerly, and I noticed that his eyes were wet. Like Mademoiselle Rose, he will write to you.

I fear I have taken more of your time than I deserve ; but you have made an important personage of me, by trusting me with three commissions; and so I hope you will pardon this chatter from your little friend

CHARLES NODIER.

THE THIRTEENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

CHAPTER I.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

NEARLY two years have elapsed since the events recorded in our last chapter. In order that our readers may clearly understand those which are to follow, we must take a rapid bird's-eye view of the two terrible, though inevitable, years of 1794 and 1795.

As Vergniaud, and, after him, Pichegru, had prophesied, the Revolution had devoured her own children. Let us watch this terrible mother at her work.

On the 5th of April, 1795, the Cordeliers were executed. Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Bazire, Chabot, Lacroix, Hérault de Séchelles, and the poor poet-martyr, Fabre d'Eglantine, author of the most popular of our popular songs, "Il pleut, il pleut, bergère," died together on the same scaffold, whither Robespierre, Saint-Just, Merlin (of Douai), Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Fouché (of Nantes), and Vadier sent them.

Then came the Jacobins' turn. Vadier, Tallien, Billaud, and Fréron accused Robespierre of having usurped the dictatorship; and Robespierre, his jaw shattered by a pistol-ball, Saint-Just, with lofty countenance, Couthon, both of whose legs had been crushed, Lebas, — in short, their friends to the number of twenty-two, — were executed on the day following the tumultuous one which is known in history as the fatal day of the 9th Thermidor.

On the 10th Thermidor the Revolution was still alive, because the Revolution was immortal, and no rise or fall

of parties could kill it. The Revolution still lived, though the Republic was dead. With Robespierre and Saint-Just the Republic was beheaded. On the evening of their execution, boys shouted at the doors of the theatres, "Carriage? Who wants a carriage? Want a carriage, *bourgeois?*" On the next day and the day after that, eighty-two Jacobins followed Robespierre, Saint-Just, and their friends to the Place de la Révolution.

Pichegru, who was then commander-in-chief of the Army of the North, heard of this bloody reaction. He saw that the hour for blood had passed, and that the hour for filth had come, with Vadier, Tallien, Billaud, and Fréron. He sent privately to Mulheim, and Fauche-Borel, the prince's messenger, hastened to him.

Pichegru divined accurately that the ascending period of the Revolution had passed. The reactionary, or descending, period had arrived: blood was still to be shed, but it was the blood of reprisals.

On the 17th of May, 1795, a decree finally closed the hall of the Jacobins, — the cradle of the Revolution, the strength of the Republic. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, the colleague of the executioner's knife, who was no more guilty than it, since he merely obeyed the orders of the revolutionary tribunal as the knife obeyed his own, — Fouquier-Tinville was guillotined, together with fifteen judges of the revolutionary tribunal. In order to make the reaction complete, the execution took place on the Place de Grève. M. Guillotin's ingenious invention took its former position; but the gallows had disappeared, — equality in death was ordained.

On the 1st Prairial, Paris discovered that it was starving. Famine drove the dwellers in the faubourgs to the Convention. Haggard, in tatters, and famished, they invaded the chamber, and the deputy Féraud was killed

in trying to defend the president, Boissy d'Anglas. Seeing the confusion which this event brought about in the assembly, Boissy d'Anglas put on his hat. Féraud's head, on the end of a pike, was shown to him ; whereupon he devoutly took off his hat, bowed, and put it on again. But during the salute, Boissy d'Anglas, who till then had sympathized largely with the Revolution, nearly became a royalist.

On the 16th of the same month, Louis-Charles of France, Duke of Normandy, pretender to the throne under the name of Louis XVII., he of whom the Duke of Orléans said at a supper, "The son of Coigny will not be my king!" died of scrofula at the Temple, at the age of ten years, two months, and twelve days. But even in republican times the old axiom of the French monarchy survived: "The king is dead, long live the king!" and at once Louis, Duke of Provence, proclaimed himself, on his own private authority, king of France and Navarre, under the title of Louis XVIII.

Then came the terrible day of Quiberon, during which, according to Pitt, "English blood did not flow," but, according to Sheridan, "English honor streamed from every pore."

Meantime, the victories of Hoche and Pichegru had borne fruit. In consequence of the recovery of the lines of Weissembourg, at which our readers were present, and when the tricolored flag was seen triumphantly crossing the frontier in the hands of Saint-Just, and floating victoriously over Bavaria, Frederic William, who had been the first to invade our frontiers, recognized the French Republic, and made peace with it. Having captured no territory from each other, the two powers had nothing to restore. But eighty thousand Prussians slept in the plains of Champagne and Alsace, and the terrible strife had begun which neither Jena nor Leipzic was to terminate.

Meantime, also, the army of the Eastern Pyrenees had invaded Biscay, Vittoria, and Bilboa. Already masters of that part of the frontier to which access was most difficult the French, whom their last victories had brought to the neighborhood of Pampeluna, were in a position to take the capital of Navarre, and open an easy route to the invasion of the two Castiles and of Arragon. Whereupon the king of Spain made proposals of peace.

This was the second crowned head which had recognized the existence of the French Republic; and in recognizing it, the king tacitly condoned what he doubtless regarded as the murder of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette.

Peace was signed. Before the necessities of war, family ties ceased to be considered. France abandoned her conquests beyond the Pyrenees, and Spain ceded to France her possessions in the island of St. Domingo. But, as we have just said, it is not from the standpoint of its material advantages that the question of peace with Spain must be considered. No, the question was a moral one. The reader will already have grasped the situation. This defection of Charles IV. from the royal cause was an immense step, and one that was far more important than that of Frederic William. Frederic William was not bound in any way to the Bourbons of France, while Charles IV. in signing the peace with the Convention on the 4th of August, ratified all the decrees of that Convention.

Meantime the Army of the North, which was engaged with the Austrians, took Ypres and Charleroi, won the battle of Fleurus, recaptured Landrecies, occupied Namur and Trèves, reconquered Valenciennes, and took Crève-Cœur, Ulrick, Gorcomm, Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, and the Hague. At last an unheard-of thing happened, — something which had never before been seen, and

which until then had been absent from the picturesque annals of French warfare: the Dutch men-of-war, frozen into the ice, were captured by a charge of hussars. This strange feat of arms, which seemed to be a caprice of Providence in behalf of the French, led to the capitulation of Zealand.

CHAPTER II.

A GLANCE AT PARIS: THE INCROYABLES.

ALL these victories of our arms had their echo in Paris,—Paris, that short-sighted city which has ever had a limited horizon, except when some great national excitement has driven her beyond her material interests. Paris, weary of bloodshed, eagerly sought after pleasure, and was only too glad to turn her eyes towards the theatre of war, so glorious was the drama which was there enacting.

Most of the players of the Comédie-Française and the Théâtre Feydeau who had been imprisoned as royalists were liberated from prison after the 9th Thermidor. Larive, Saint-Prix, Molé, Dazincourt, Mademoiselle Contat, Mademoiselle Devienne, Saint-Phar, and Elleviou had been received with frantic applause at the Comédie-Française and the Feydeau. Everybody rushed to the theatre, where the "Marseillaise" was beginning to give place to the "Réveil du Peuple." At last the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron began to appear.

Every day we utter these words, "Fréron" and "jeunesse dorée," without having a clear idea what they mean. Let us see.

There have been two Frérons in France: the one was an honorable man, an upright and severe critic, who may perhaps have been mistaken, but who at least erred in good faith. This was Fréron the father,—Élie-Catherine Fréron. The other was a man who knew

neither faith nor law, whose only religion was hate, whose only motive was vengeance, and whose only god was self-interest. This was Fréron the son, — Louis-Stanislas Fréron.

The father saw the whole of the eighteenth century pass before him. He was opposed to every innovation in art, and in the name of Racine and Boileau he attacked all innovations in literature. He was opposed to all political innovations, and in the name of religion and loyalty attacked them. He recoiled before none of the giants of modern philosophism.[1]

He attacked Diderot, who had come from his little town of Langres in sabots and jacket, half abbé, half philosopher. He attacked Jean-Jacques, who came from Geneva without a coat and penniless. He attacked D'Alembert, a foundling discovered on the steps of a church, who for a long time was called Jean Lerond, from the name of the church on whose steps the waif was found. He attacked the *grands seigneurs* called Montesquieu and Monsieur Buffon. Finally, surviving even the anger of Voltaire, who had tried to injure him by his epigrams, to kill him by his satire of "The Poor Devil," and to annihilate him by his comedy of the "Scotchwoman," he stood up and cried out to him in the midst of his triumph, "Remember that you are mortal!"

He died before his two great antagonists, Voltaire and Rousseau. In 1776 he succumbed to an attack of gout caused by the suppression of his journal, "The Literary Year." This was his weapon; and when it was broken, he no longer cared to live.

The son, whose godfather was King Stanislas, and

[1] We do not believe that "philosophisme" is good French from the standpoint of the Academician, but the word conveys our meaning better than "philosophie" does.

who had Robespierre for a schoolfellow, drank the dregs of the draught which had been poured by public opinion into the paternal cup. The injuries which had accumulated for thirty years upon the father's head fell like an avalanche of shame upon the son; and as his heart held neither faith nor fidelity, he could not bear up under them. The belief in a duty nobly fulfilled, had made the father invincible. The son, having no counterpoise to the scorn which overwhelmed him, became ferocious; wrongfully held in contempt, since he was not responsible for his father's acts, he resolved to make himself hated on his own account. The laurels which Marat culled in editing "L'Ami du Peuple" destroyed Fréron's rest. He founded "The Orator of the People."

Naturally timid, Fréron could not restrain his cruelty, being too weak and fearful. When sent to Marseilles, he became the terror of the city. While Carlier drowned his prisoners at Nantes, and Collot d'Herbois shot his at Lyons with musketry, at Marseilles Fréron did better, — he used grapeshot.

One day, when he suspected, after a discharge of artillery, that some of the condemned had fallen unharmed with those who were struck, and were counterfeiting death, he would not take time to search for the survivors, but called out, —

"Let those who are not dead stand up, and they will be pardoned."

The unfortunates who were unhurt trusted in his word, and stood up.

"Fire!" said Fréron.

And the gunners began again, this time doing their work more accurately, for no one stood up afterwards.

When he returned to Paris, Paris had made a step on the road to mercy: the friend of Robespierre had become

his enemy; the Jacobin took a step backward, and found himself a Cordelier. He scented the 9th Thermidor. He made himself a Thermidorian with Tallien and Barras, denounced Fouquier-Tinville, and sowed, like Cadmus, the teeth of that dragon which was called the Revolution; and they sprang up at once, amid the blood of the old *régime* and the filth of the new, in the shape of that *jeunesse dorée* which took his name, and whose chief he was.

This *jeunesse dorée* — as distinguished from the *sans-culottes*, who wore short hair, round jackets, trousers, and the red cap — wore either long tresses of hair, — a fashion revived from the time of Louis XIII., and called "cadenettes" (from the name of its inventor, Cadenet, a cadet of Luynes), — or hair falling over the shoulders, called "dog's-ears." They also revived the use of powder, and wore it plentifully upon their hair, which was turned back with a comb. Their morning costume consisted of a very short frock-coat, with small-clothes of black or green velvet. When in full dress they wore, instead of this frock-coat, a coat of a light color, cut square, and buttoning over the stomach, with tails coming down to the calves of the legs. The muslin cravat was high, and had enormous ends. The waistcoat was of piqué or white dimity, with broad facings and trimmings; two watch-chains hung over small-clothes of pearl gray or apple-green satin, which came down halfway over the calves of the legs, where they were buttoned with three buttons, and were finished with a knot of ribbon. Silk stockings striped with yellow, red, or blue, with pumps which were the more elegant the thinner they were, an opera-hat under the arm, and an enormous cane in the hand, completed the costume of an *incoyable*.

Now, why did those scoffers who seize upon every

novelty call the individuals who composed the gilded youth of Paris the "Incoyables"? We are about to tell you.

It was not enough that his mode of dress should be changed that a man might not be mistaken for a revolutionist, his mode of speech also must be altered. For the rude dialect of 1793 and the democratic "thou," a honeyed method of speech was substituted; consequently, instead of rolling their *r*'s, as pupils of the Conservatory do nowadays, they suppressed them altogether, and the letter *r* came very nearly being lost entirely, like the Greek dative. Its bones were taken out of the language, together with its strength, and instead, as formerly, of giving one another their *parrole d'honneurr*, with a strong emphasis on the consonant, they contented themselves with giving their *paole d'honneu.*

According to circumstances, they had a *gande paole d'honneu*, or a *petit paole d'honneu;* but whichever of these *paoles* of honor was used to support something either difficult or impossible to believe, the listener, too polite to contradict the person with whom he was conversing, contented himself with saying, —

"It is *incoyable* [incredible]."

Whereupon the other would reply, —

"I give you my solemn word of honor."

And then, of course, no doubt remained.

Thence the designation "Incroyable," changed to "Incoyable," given to the *jeunesse dorée.*

CHAPTER III.

THE MERVEILLEUSES.

THE *incoyable*, that hybrid of the reaction, had his feminine counterpart, like him born of the same epoch. She was called the *meiveilleuse*.

She borrowed her toilet, not from a new fashion, like the *incoyables*, but from the Greek and Corinthian draperies of the Phrynes and Aspasias. Tunic, mantle, and peplum, all were cut after the fashion of the antique. The less a woman had on to conceal her nakedness, the more elegant she was. The true *meiveilleuses*, or *merveilleuses*, — for that, of course, was the real word, — had bare arms and legs. Often the tunic, which was cut after the pattern of that of Diana the huntress, was separated at the side, with nothing more than a cameo to catch together the two parts just above the knee.

But this was not all. The ladies took advantage of the warmth of summer to appear at balls and public promenades in filmy garments scarcely thicker than the cloud which enveloped Venus when she led her son to Dido. Æneas did not recognize his mother until she emerged from the cloud. *Incessu patuit dea*, says Virgil: "by her step the goddess was known." These ladies, however, did not need to emerge from their cloud in order to be recognized, for they could be seen perfectly well through it, and those who took them for goddesses must have done so only by courtesy. This airy tissue, of which Juvenal speaks, became all the fashion.

Besides private parties, there were public balls. People met either at the Lycée-Bal or the Hôtel Thélusson to mingle their tears and their projects of vengeance with their dancing. While these assemblies were called the "balls of the victims," no one was admitted to them who had not had a relative guillotined by Robespierre, drowned by Carlier, shot by Collot d'Herbois, or blown to pieces by Fréron.

Horace Vernet, who designed costumes for a living, has left a portfolio of fashions of the period, drawn from life with the charming wit which he received from Heaven. Nothing could be more amusing than this grotesque collection, and it is difficult to understand how an *incoyable* and a *mieveilleuse* could have met without laughing in each other's faces.

But some of the costumes adopted by the fops at these balls were terrible in their character. Old General Piré has told me more than once that he met at these balls *incoyables* who wore waistcoats and trousers of *human skin.* Those who mourned only some distant relative, like an aunt or an uncle, contented themselves with dipping their little finger in a blood-colored liquid; when they did this, they cut off the finger of their glove, and to renew the decoration they carried to the ball their little pot of blood, as ladies carry their rouge-pots.

While dancing they conspired against the Republic. This was the easier because the Convention, which had its national police, had no Parisian police. It is a singular fact that public murder seemed to have destroyed private murder; and never were there fewer crimes committed in France than during the years '93, '94, and '95. Passions had other outlets.

The moment was approaching, however, when the Convention, that terrible Convention, which on the 21st of

September, 1792, when it entered upon its functions, abolished royalty to the sound of the guns at Valmy, and proclaimed the Republic, — the moment was approaching when the Convention was to give up its power. It had been a cruel mother. It had devoured the Girondins, the Cordeliers, and the Jacobins, — the most eloquent, energetic, and intelligent of its children.

But it had been a devoted daughter. It had successfully fought with enemies without and within. It had raised fourteen armies. To be sure, they had been badly cared for, badly clothed, badly shod, and still more poorly paid. But what did it matter? These fourteen armies not only drove the enemy everywhere from the frontier, but they took the duchy of Nice and Savoy, marched into Spain, and laid hands on Holland.

It created the "Grand Livre" of the national debt, the Institute, the Polytechnic School, the Normal School, the Museum of the Louvre, and the Conservatory of Arts and Sciences.

It promulgated eight thousand three hundred and seventy decrees, most of them revolutionary.

It gave a tremendous character to men and things. Grandeur was gigantic, courage was temerity, and stoicism impassibility. Never was colder disdain expressed for the executioner; never was blood shed with less remorse.

During the two years from '93 to '95, do you know how many parties there were in France? There were thirty-three. Would you like to know their names?

Ministerial; Partisans of civil life; Knights of the Dagger; Men of the 10th of August; Men of September; Girondins; Brissotins; Federalists; Men of the State; Men of the 31st of May; Moderates; Suspects; Men of the Plain; Toads of the Marsh; Montagnards.

All these were in 1793 alone; now we pass to 1794 and 1795:—

Alarmists; Men of Pity; Sleepers; Emissaries of Pitt and Coburg; Muscadins; Hébertists; Sans-Culottes; Counter-Revolutionaries; Inhabitants of the Ridge; Terrorists; Maratists; Cut-throats; Drinkers of Blood; Thermidorians; Patriots of 1789; Companions of Jehu; Chouans.

Let us add the *Jeunesse dorée* of Fréron, and we come to the 22d of August, 1795, — the day when the new Constitution, that of the year III., after having been debated article by article, was adopted by the Convention. The louis d'or then was worth twelve hundred francs in assignats.

It was during this period that André Chénier, the brother of Marie-Joseph Chénier, was beheaded. His execution took place on the 25th of July, 1794, at eight o'clock in the morning; that is to say, on the 7th Thermidor, two days before the death of Robespierre. His companions in the cart were MM. de Montalembert, de Créquy, de Montmorency, de Loiserolles, — that sublime old man who took his son's place, and joyfully died in his stead, — and, finally, Roucher, the author of "The Months," who did not know that he was to die in company with André Chénier until he saw him in the cart, when he uttered an exclamation of joy, and went and seated himself near him, reciting these beautiful lines of Racine: —

"Yes, since I find so faithful a friend by my side once more, my fortune assumes a brighter face, and indeed its wrath must be appeased, as it has taken the trouble to reunite us here."

A friend of Roucher and of André Chénier, who dared, at the risk of his life, to follow the cart in order to prolong their final adieu, neared the two poets, as they went along, speaking of poetry, love, and the future. On the

way, André Chénier recited to Roucher his last verses, which he was in the act of writing when summoned by the executioner. He had them with him, written in pencil; and after having read them to Roucher, he gave them to the third friend, who did not leave him until he reached the scaffold. They were thus preserved; and Latouche, to whom we owe the only edition in existence of André Chénier's poems, was thus able to include them in the volume which we all know by heart: —

"As a last sunbeam, a last soft breeze, give life to the close of a lovely day, so, even at the foot of the scaffold, do I still touch the strings of my lyre!

"Perhaps it will soon be my turn! Perhaps before the hour has made with its vigilant sonorous foot the circuit of the bright enamel face, to the sixty steps of which its course is limited, my eyelids will have closed in the slumber of the tomb; perhaps before this verse which I am beginning has reached its latter half, the messenger of death, ill-omened, recruiting officer of the army of spirits, escorted by infamous troops, will cause these frightened walls, these long dark corridors, to resound with my name."

As he mounted the scaffold, André put his hand to his forehead, and said with a sigh, —

"But there *was* something here!"

André Chénier, for whose sake we have wandered from our subject, and whose memory has drawn these few words from us, was the first to plant the standard of a new poetry. No one before him had written verses like his. Nay, more: no one will probably write like verses after him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECTIONS.

When the Convention proclaimed the Constitution of the year III., every one said, "The Convention has signed its death-warrant."

In fact it was believed that, as in the case of the members of the Constituent Assembly, it would, by a self-sacrifice little understood, forbid to its retiring members election to the Assembly which was to succeed them. It did nothing of the kind. The Convention knew very well that the last breath of republicanism was within its own body. With a people so volatile as the French, who in a moment of enthusiasm had overturned a monarchy which had endured for eight centuries, the Republic could not in three years of revolution have become so rooted in their habits and customs as safely to be left to follow the natural course of events. The Revolution could be adequately guarded only by those who originated it, and who were interested in perpetuating it. But who were these?

Who, indeed, save the members of the Convention which had abolished the feudal Constitution on the 14th of July and the 4th of August, 1789; which had overturned the throne on the 10th of August, 1792; which on the 21st of January, 1793, had beheaded the king; and which, from the 21st of January to the time of which we are writing, had fought the whole of Europe, had compelled Prussia

and Spain to beg for peace, and had driven Austria beyond the frontiers.

Therefore, on the 5th Fructidor (August 22), the Convention decreed that the new legislative body should be composed of two councils, — the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of the Ancients; that the first should be composed of five hundred members, on whom should devolve the duty of originating bills, and the second of two hundred and fifty, whose sanction should be necessary to make them law; that these two bodies should include two-thirds of the present Convention, and that one-third only should, therefore, be new members.

It remained to be seen who should have the responsibility of the choice. Would the Convention itself name those of its members who were to become part of the new body, or would the electoral colleges be charged with the duty?

On the 13th Fructidor (August 30), after a very stormy session, it was decided that the choice should be left to the electoral colleges. The determinations arrived at on these two days were called the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor.

Perhaps we are dwelling a little longer than is necessary on this purely historical portion of our work; but we are rapidly approaching the terrible day of the 13th Vendémiaire, — the first on which Parisians heard the sound of cannon in the streets of Paris; and we wish to fasten the crime upon its real authors.

Paris then as now, although in a lesser degree, since its centralization had lasted only four or five years,— Paris then was the brain of France. What Paris accepted, France sanctioned. This was clear enough when the Girondins unsuccessfully attempted to unite the provinces.

Now, Paris was divided into forty-eight sections. These sections were not royalist; on the contrary, they protested their attachment to the Republic; and, except two or three, whose reactionary opinions were well known, none would have fallen into the absurd contradiction of shedding so much blood and sacrificing so many, and among them so great, citizens on account of a principle, and of rejecting this principle before it had borne its fruits. But Paris, frightened at finding herself knee-deep in blood, stopped short three-quarters of the way, and roused herself to fight the Terrorists, who wanted the executions to continue, while Paris was desirous that they should cease. So that, without deserting the flag of the Revolution, she showed herself ready to follow that flag only so far as the Girondins and the Cordeliers had carried it.

This flag would then become her own as soon as it should be seen that it would shelter the remnants of these two parties; it would thenceforth be that of the moderate Republic, and would have for a motto: "Death to the Jacobins!"

But the precautions of the Convention were designed to save these few Jacobins who had escaped the 9th Thermidor, and in whose hands alone the Convention wished to place the holy ark of the Republic.

Without suspecting it, however, the sections, inspired by fear of the return of the Reign of Terror, served the royalists better than their most devoted friends could have done.

Never had so many strangers been seen in Paris. The hotels were filled from top to bottom. The Faubourg Saint-Germain, which had been deserted for six months, was crowded with returned *émigrés*, Chouans, refractory priests, men who had been employed on the military train, and divorced women.

There was a rumor that Tallien and Hoche had gone over to the royalists. The truth was that the latter had converted Rovère and Saladin, and that there was no occasion for them to hold out inducements to Lanjuinais, Boissy d'Anglas, Henry de Larivière, and Lesage, who had always been royalists, even when they wore republican masks.

It was reported that extraordinary offers had been made by the royalists to Pichegru; that although they had been refused at first, he had at last yielded to them; and that for the sake of a million francs in ready money, two hundred thousand francs from the funds, the château of Chambord, the duchy of Artois, and the government of Alsace, the matter had been arranged.

Much astonishment was manifested at the number of returned *émigrés* that were noticed, some with false passports and under assumed names, others giving their real names, and demanding that these should be erased from the list of the proscribed, others with false certificates of residence, which proved that they had never left France. Vainly decrees were issued that all returning *émigrés* should repair to their own commune, and there await the decision of the Committee of Public Safety; the *émigrés* found means to elude the decrees and to remain in Paris. It was felt, not without some uneasiness, that it was not accident alone which brought so many men of the same opinion to the same place. It was generally thought that some malign influence was at work, and that at a given moment the earth would open beneath the feet of one of the parties which crowded the streets of Paris.

A great many gray coats with black and green collars were seen, and every one turned to look at them. These were the colors of the Chouans. Whenever these young men, who wore the royal livery, were seen, brawls were

almost sure to occur, which, thus far, had passed for mere private quarrels.

Dussault and Marchenna, the most famous pamphleteers of the day, covered the walls with posters calling the Parisians to insurrection. Old La Harpe, the pretended pupil of Voltaire, who began by vowing him a most servile adoration, and ended by rejecting him, — old La Harpe, after having been a furious demagogue, became, during an imprisonment of several months, a violent reactionary, and insulted the Convention which had honored him. A man named Lemaistre kept in Paris a house where the royalist propaganda was openly carried on; in communication with it were several country branches. He hoped, by increasing the number of these, to make of France a La Vendée. There was at Mantes an important branch, which of course received its orders from Paris. Now, Lemaistre, as was well known, had given a splendid dinner to the electors of Mantes, at the end of which the host, in imitation of the supper of the guards at Versailles, had had a dish of white cockades served. Each guest took one and fastened it to his hat.

Not a day passed without news being received of the clubbing to death of some patriot. The murderer was always either an *incoyable* or a young man in a gray coat. These attempts took place usually either in the *cafés*, in the Rue de la Loi, formerly the Rue de Richelieu, at the *restaurateur* Garchi's house, at the Théâtre Feydeau, or on the Boulevard des Italiens. It was evident that the cause of these disturbances was the opposition made by the sections to the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor, which declared that the Council of Five Hundred should be composed of two-thirds of the members of the Convention. It is true, as we have already said, that these two-thirds were to be named, not by the Convention itself, as the

sections had at first feared, but by the primary assemblies. Still, they had hoped for better results; they had hoped for a complete change, and for that purpose for an entirely reactionary Chamber.

At first a president was talked of; but the monarchical tendency of that was so evident that when the proposition was made to the Convention, Louvet, one of the Girondins who had escaped being murdered, cried out:

"Yes, so that in a day or two a Bourbon may be appointed!"

On this hint, which showed that a presidency would inevitably lead to royalty, the Council were led to propose an executive directory composed of five members, a majority of whom should govern, each member retiring by rotation, and appointing responsible ministers.

These propositions were voted upon in the following manner (for never, even in the most progressive days of the Revolution, had elections been upon such a broad basis as now). Votes were cast at two stages. All citizens of the age of twenty-one met at the primary assembly on the 1st Prairial, and elected the electoral colleges. These electoral colleges met on the 20th Prairial to appoint the two councils. The two councils, in their turn, appointed the Directory.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SECTION LE PELETIER.

As the election could not take place on the 1st Prairial, since that date was already past, the 20th Fructidor was appointed for the election.

It was hoped that the first act of the French, reunited after such terrible occurrences, would have been, like that of the Federation at the Field of Mars, an act of fraternity, and that a hymn would be sung advocating forgiveness of wrongs. On the contrary, it was a sacrifice to vengeance. All pure, disinterested, and energetic patriots were driven from the sections, which began to organize insurrection. The defeated patriots hurried to the Convention, related what had happened, put the Convention on its guard against the sections, and demanded the restoration of their arms, declaring that they would use them in defence of the Republic.

The next day and the days following, the Council comprehended the full danger of the situation, when they saw that out of the forty-eight sections composing the population of Paris, forty-seven had accepted the Constitution, but rejected the decrees. The section of the Quinze-Vingts alone had adopted both decrees and Constitution.

On the other hand, our armies, two of which were reduced to inaction by the peace with Prussia and with Spain, voted without reserve, and with cries of enthusiasm.

The Army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, the only one which was still actively engaged, had conquered at Wattignies, raised the siege of Maubeuge, triumphed at Fleurus, given Belgium to France, crossed the Rhine at Düsseldorf, besieged Mayence, and succeeded, by the victories of the Ourthe and the Roër, in securing the Rhine for France. This army paused upon the battle-field where it had just won a victory, and over the bodies of Frenchmen who had died for liberty swore fidelity to the new Constitution, which, while it put an end to the Terror, maintained the Republic and continued the Revolution.

The day which brought the news of this enthusiastic vote of the armies was a joyful one for the Convention and for all true patriots in France. On the 1st Vendémiaire in the year IV. (23d September, 1795), the result of the voting was announced. The Constitution was unanimously accepted. The decrees were passed by an immense majority. In some places votes had even been cast for a king, — which showed how great a degree of freedom had been reached two months after the 9th Thermidor.

This news produced the greatest excitement in Paris, — an excitement which was twofold, and varied in character. There was joy among the patriots, who sided with the Convention, and fury among the royalist sections.

Then it was that the section Le Peletier, known during the Revolution under the name of the section of the Filles de Saint-Thomas, the most reactionary of all the sections, and the one whose grenadiers, on the 10th of August, in the courtyard of the Tuileries, had resisted the men from Marseilles, set up this principle: "The power of every constituted body ceases before that of the assembled people."

This principle, favorably voted on by the section, was converted into a resolution, and sent to the forty-seven

other sections, who received it with favor. It was a simple method of proclaiming the dissolution of the Assembly.

The Convention was not intimidated; it replied by a declaration and by a decree. It declared that if its power was threatened, it would retire to one of the provincial towns, where it would continue to perform its functions. It decreed that all territory conquered on the French side of the Rhine, as well as Belgium, Liège, and Luxembourg, should thereafter belong to France. Thus it replied to the threat of its overthrow by the proclamation of its grandeur.

The section Le Peletier, treating with the Convention as power with power, then sent its president, at the head of six members, to notify the Convention of what it called an act of safeguard; namely, a decree issued by the section, declaring that before the will of the assembled people the powers of all constitutent bodies should cease. The president was a young man twenty-four or five years old; and although he was dressed quietly, a supreme elegance, which was due more to his bearing than to his garments, was manifest in his whole person. Following the fashion, but without exaggeration, he wore a frock-coat of dark-red velvet, with jet buttons, and button-holes worked with black silk. A cravat of white foulard, with floating ends swathed his neck. A waistcoat of white piqué, with bright blue flowers, trousers of pearl-gray tricot, white silk stockings, pumps, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat with low and pointed crown, completed his attire. He had the fair complexion and blond hair of a man of the North or East, eyes at once piercing and earnest, and fine white teeth behind full red lips. A tricolored sash, folded in such a way that very little of it was visible except the white, girdled his waist, which was

admirably shaped ; from this sash a sword hung, and two pistols were stuck into it.

He advanced alone to the bar of the Convention, leaving his two companions behind him, and with an air of lofty insolence which had not yet descended to the *bourgeoisie*, or to which the *bourgeoisie* had not yet attained, said in a loud voice, addressing Boissy d'Anglas, president of the Convention : —

" Citizen Representatives, in the name of the mother section, of which I have the honor to be president, and in the name of forty-seven other sections (the section of the Quinze-Vingts alone excepted), I come to announce to you that you are deprived of your powers, and that your reign is over. We approve of the Constitution, but we reject the decrees ; you have no right to nominate yourselves. It is for you to deserve our choice, not to command it."

" The Convention recognizes no power in either the mother section or any other," replied Boissy d'Anglas ; " and it will treat as rebels all who refuse to obey its decrees."

" And we," returned the young man, " shall treat as an oppressor any power which tries to impose an illegal will upon us."

" Take care, Citizen ! " said Boissy d'Anglas, in a calm voice, which was nevertheless full of menace. " No one here has a right to raise his voice above that of the president of this assembly."

" Except me," returned the young president, " except me ; for I am above him."

" Who, then, are you ? "

" I am the sovereign people."

" And who, then, are we, whom the people have elected ? "

"From the moment the people reassembled and deprived you of the powers which they intrusted you with, you ceased to be of importance. Appointed three years ago, you are weakened, wearied, worn out by three years of struggle. You represent the needs of an epoch which is past, and which has disappeared. Could any one three years ago have foreseen the events which have taken place? I, appointed only three days ago, represent the will of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. You were elected by the people,— admitted; but by the people of '92, whose work it was to destroy royalty, to establish the rights of men, to drive the foreigner from France, to erect scaffolds, to bring down heads which were too high, and to divide property. But your work is done; well or ill done, matters not, it is done, and the 9th Thermidor has given you your dismissal. To-day, men of the storm, you wish to perpetuate your power when all the causes which made you necessary have ceased to exist; when royalty is dead, the enemy is driven out, scaffolds are useless, and even property is divided. You wish, for your own private interests, for your personal ambition, to perpetuate your power, to control our choice, to force yourselves upon the people! The people do not want you. A pure epoch requires pure hands. The Chamber must be purged of the Terrorists, whose names are inscribed in history as the Men of September and the Men of the Guillotine. It must be; it is the logic of the situation, the expression of the conscience of the people, and the will of forty-seven sections of Paris, — to wit, the people of Paris."

This speech, which was listened to in astonished silence, was scarcely ended voluntarily by the orator when a terrible uproar burst forth in the Chamber and in the tribunes. The young president of the section Le

Peletier had just said aloud that which for the last fortnight the royalist committee, the *émigrés*, and the Chouans had been saying under their breath at every street-corner in the city. For the first time the question was clearly presented between the monarchists and the republicans.

The president of the Convention rang his bell violently; and then, seeing that no attention was paid to it, he put on his hat. Meantime the orator of the section Le Peletier, with one hand resting on his pistol, was waiting with the greatest calmness until the uproar should sufficiently subside to enable the president of the Convention to reply to him.

Silence was long waited for, but it came at last. Boissy d'Anglas made a sign that he was about to speak. He was the very man to reply to such a speaker. The overbearing arrogance of the one was met by the disdainful pride of the other. The monarchical aristocrat had spoken, and the liberal aristocrat was about to reply. Although there was a frown upon his brow, and though his eyes were dark and threatening, his voice was calm.

"You who have listened to the orator who has just spoken," he said, "may judge the strength of the Convention from its patience. If any man had dared, a few months ago, to use here the language that the citizen-president of the section Le Peletier has just used, the rebellious utterance would not have been heard to the end. The arrest of the orator would have been immediately decreed, and on the following day his head would have fallen on the scaffold. And wherefore? Because in days of carnage we are in doubt about everything, even our rights, and we therefore destroy the object of our doubt, in order to cease doubting. In days of calm and strength, our course is different, because we are sure

of our rights, and because, though attacked by the sections, we are supported by the whole of France and by our invincible armies. We have listened to you without impatience, therefore we can reply without anger. Go back to those who sent you ; tell them that we give them three days in which to return to their allegiance, and that if in three days they do not voluntarily obey the decrees, we shall compel them to do so."

"And you," replied the young man, with equal firmness, "if in three days you have not resigned your commission, if you have not withdrawn the decrees, if you have not proclaimed the freedom of the elections, we declare to you that all Paris will march against the Convention, and that it will feel the anger of the people."

"Very good," said Boissy d'Anglas; "it is now the 10th Vendémiaire — "

The young man did not allow him to finish.

"On the 13th Vendémiaire, then," he replied. "That will be one more bloody date, I give you my word, to add to your history."

And, rejoining his companions, he went out with them, threatening the entire Assembly with a gesture. No one knew his name, for he had, through Lemaistre's recommendation, been appointed president of the section Le Peletier only three days before.

But every one said, —

"He is neither a man of the people nor a *bourgeois;* he must be an aristocrat."

CHAPTER VI.

THREE LEADERS.

THAT same evening the section Le Peletier met in its committee-rooms and secured the co-operation of the sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Luxembourg, Théâtre-Français, Rue Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple. Then it filled the streets of Paris with groups of *muscadins* (*muscadin* is synonymous with *incroyable*, only with a wider meaning), who went about shouting, —

"Down with the two-thirds men!"

The Convention, on the other hand, mustered all the troops it was able at the camp at Sablons, about five or six thousand men, and placed them under the command of General Menou, who in 1792 had been in command of the second camp formed near Paris, and afterwards sent to La Vendée, where he had been defeated. In consequence of this, on the 2d Prairial he had been appointed general of the interior, and had saved the Convention. Some groups of young men, shouting, "Down with the two-thirds men!" met Menou's patrols, and instead of dispersing when summoned to do so, they answered the summons by pistol-shots; the soldiers responded to the pistol-shots by gun-shots, and blood was shed.

In the mean time, — that is to say, on this evening of the 10th Vendémiaire, — the young president of the section Le Peletier, which was then in session at the convent of the Filles de Saint-Thomas (which was situated

on the spot where the Bourse now stands), gave up the chair to the vice-president, and leaping into a carriage which he found at the corner of the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, was driven to a large house in the Rue des Postes, belonging to the Jesuits. All the windows of the house were shut, and not a ray of light escaped through them.

The young man stopped the carriage at the gate, and paid the driver; then, when the carriage had turned the corner of the Rue du Puits-qui-parle, and the sound of the wheels had died away, he went on a few steps farther, passed by the front of the house, and making sure that the street was empty, knocked in a peculiar manner at a little garden gate, which was opened so quickly that it was evident some one was behind it who was charged with the duty of attending to visitors.

"Moses," said the person who had opened the gate.

"Manou," replied the new arrival.

As a consequence of the reply of the Hindoo to the Hebrew lawgiver, the gate closed, and the way was open for the young president of the section Le Peletier, and he went round the corner of the house. The windows which overlooked the garden were as carefully shut as those that overlooked the street; the front door, however, was open, although a guard stood by it. This time it was the new arrival who said, —

"Moses!"

And the other replied by the name, "Manou."

Thereupon the doorkeeper drew back to allow the young president to pass; and he, encountering no further obstacle, went straight to a third door, which he opened, and which admitted him to a room where he found those of whom he was in search. They were the presidents of the sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Luxem-

bourg, Rue Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple, who had come to announce that they were ready to follow the fortunes of the mother section, and to join in the rebellion.

The new-comer had hardly opened the door when a man about forty-five years of age, in general's uniform, came to him and held out his hand. This was Citizen Auguste Danican, who had just been appointed general-in-chief of the sections. He had served in La Vendée against the Vendéeans; but, suspected of connivance with Georges Cadoudal, he had been recalled, had escaped the guillotine only by a miracle, thanks to the 9th Thermidor, and had just taken his place in the ranks of the counter-revolution.

The sections had at first intended to appoint the young president of the section Le Peletier, who was strongly recommended by the royalist agency of Lemaistre, and who had come from Besançon only three or four days before. But the president, having learned that overtures had already been made to Danican, and that if he were deprived of the command the sections would probably feel his enmity, declared that he would be satisfied with the second or even the third place, on condition that he should have an equal opportunity to take as active a part as possible in the inevitable battle.

When Danican drew near to the new arrival to speak to him, he quitted a man of low stature, with a twisted mouth and a sinister eye. This was Fréron, — Fréron, repudiated by the Mountain, who abandoned him to the sharp stings of Moïse Bayle; Fréron, at first a bigoted republican, but who had been repudiated with disgust by the Girondins, who abandoned him to the withering curses of Isnard; Fréron, who, stripped of his false patriotism, naked, though covered with the leprosy of crime, feeling

the need of sheltering himself behind the banner of some party, had joined the royalist faction, which, like all parties who are on the losing side, was not too particular as to whom it admitted within its ranks.

We Frenchmen have passed through many revolutions, but not one of us can explain certain antipathies which, in times of trouble, seem to attach to certain political characters; and it appears quite as difficult to give grounds for certain alliances equally illogical. Fréron was nothing and had in no way distinguished himself; he had neither mind, character, nor political consideration; as a journalist he was a mere hack, selling to the first-comer what was left of his father's honor and reputation. Sent into the provinces as a representative of the people, he returned from Marseilles and Toulon covered with royalist blood.

Explain that who can.

Fréron now suddenly found himself at the head of a powerful party, in which youth, energy, and vengeance were conspicuous, a party which burned with the passions of the times,— passions which, since law was in abeyance, led to everything except public confidence.

Fréron had just been relating with much emphasis to the members what the young men who, as we have said, were exchanging shots with Menou's troopers, had done.

The young president, on the other hand, told with much simplicity what had taken place in the Convention, and declared that there could now be no question of retreat. War between the representatives and the members of the sections was declared; victory would unquestionably remain with those who should be first ready for battle.

But however pressing the situation, Danican declared that nothing could be done until Lemaistre and the person who was with him should have returned to the meeting. Scarcely, however, had he finished speaking, when the

chief of the royalist agency re-entered the room, followed by a man of about twenty-five years old, with an open, frank face, curly light hair which almost entirely covered the forehead, prominent blue eyes, a short neck, broad chest, and limbs that would have become a Hercules. He was dressed in the costume of the rich peasants of Morbihan, with the exception that a gold braid about the width of one's finger bordered the collar and button-holes of his coat, as well as the brim of his hat.

As the young president advanced to meet him, the Chouan held out his hand. It was evident that the two conspirators knew that they were to meet, and that although they had never met before, their recognition was mutual.

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL ROUNDHEAD AND THE CHIEF OF THE COMPANY OF JEHU.

LEMAISTRE presented them to each other.

"General Roundhead," he said, designating the Chouan. "Citizen Morgan, leader of the Companions of Jehu," he added, bowing to the president of the section Le Peletier.

The two young men shook hands.

"Although fate determined that our birthplaces should be at the two extremes of France," said Morgan, "one conviction unites us. But though we are of the same age, you, General, have already won renown, while I am still unknown, or known only through the misfortunes of my house. It is to those misfortunes, and to my desire to avenge them, that I owe the recommendation of the royalist committee of the Jura, and the position which the section Le Peletier has given me in making me its president, on Monsieur Lemaistre's introduction."

"Count," said the royalist general, bowing, "I have not the honor to belong, like you, to the nobility of France. I am simply a child of the stubble and the plough. When men are called, as we are, to risk their heads on the same scaffold, it is well to know one another: one does not care to die in company with men with whom one would not associate in life."

"Do all the children of the stubble and the plough, General, in your country express themselves as well as

you do? If so, you need not regret having been born without the pale of that nobility to which by accident I belong."

"I may say, Count," replied the young general, "that my education has not been precisely that of a Breton peasant. The eldest of ten children, I was sent at an early age to the college at Vannes, where I received a good education."

"And I have heard," smilingly added he whom the Chouan had called count, "that a prediction was made concerning you, that you were predestined to great things."

"I do not know whether I ought to boast of that prediction, though it has already been partly fulfilled. I was in my mother's arms, and she was sitting upon the threshold of our house, when a beggar, passing by, stopped and leaned upon his stick, looking at us. My mother, as was her custom, cut a piece of bread for him and gave him a sou. The beggar shook his head, and touching my forehead with his skinny finger, said, 'There is a child who will bring about great changes in his family, and who will cause great trouble to the State.' Then, looking at me sadly, he added, 'He will die young, but he will have accomplished more than most old men;' and he continued on his way. Last year the prophecy was fulfilled, as far as it referred to my family. I took part, as you know, in the Vendéean insurrection of '93 and '94."

"And gloriously," interrupted Morgan.

"I did my best. Last year, while I was organizing the Morbihan, the gendarmes and soldiers entered Kerliano in the night, and surrounded our house. Father, mother, uncle, and children were all taken to the prison at Brest. It was then that the prediction which had been made

concerning me when I was an infant recurred to my mother's mind. The poor woman reproached me with tears for being the cause of the misfortunes of the family. I tried to console and strengthen her by telling her that she was suffering for God and her king. But women do not appreciate the value of those two words. My mother continued to weep, and died in prison in giving birth to another child. A month later, my uncle died in the same prison. On his death-bed he told me the name of one of his friends to whom he had lent the sum of nine thousand francs; this friend had promised to return the sum whenever he should ask for it. When my uncle died, my one thought was to escape from prison, obtain the money, and apply it to the cause of the insurrection. I succeeded. My uncle's friend lived at Rennes. I went to his house, only to find that he was in Paris. I learned his address, and followed him here. I have just seen him, and, faithful and loyal Breton that he is, he has returned the money to me in gold, just as he borrowed it. I have it here in my belt," continued the young man, putting his hand to his hip. "Nine thousand francs in gold are worth two hundred thousand to-day. Do you throw Paris into confusion, and in a fortnight all the Morbihan will be on fire."

The two young men had unconsciously drawn aside from the group, and now found themselves alone in the recess of a window. The president of the section Le Peletier looked about him, and seeing that there was no one near enough to hear what he was about to say, put his hand upon the general's arm.

"You have told me of yourself and your family, General; I owe you information in return concerning my family and myself. Morgan is my *nom de guerre*. My true name is Édouard Sainte-Hermine. My brother,

Comte Prosper de Sainte-Hermine, was guillotined; my mother died of grief, my brother, Léon de Sainte-Hermine, was shot. In the same way that my father bequeathed his vengeance to my eldest brother, so my brother bequeathed to me that of my father and his own. A boy belonging to our district, who was present at his execution, brought me his foraging-cap, — the last fraternal gift that he could send me. It meant, 'It is now your turn.' I began work at once. Not being able to arouse the Jura and Alsace, which are firmly patriotic, I have, with my friends, young noblemen in the vicinity of Lyons, organized bands for the purpose of seizing government money and sending it to you and your friends in the Morbihan and La Vendée. That is why I wanted to see you. We are destined to clasp hands across the whole of France."

"Only," said the general, laughing, "I hold mine out empty, while you give me yours full."

"That is of slight consequence compared with the glory which you gain every day, and which we are ever wanting. Well, it cannot be helped; every man must do God's work on the spot where God has placed him. That is why I have hastened here to do something worth doing while opportunity serves me. What will be the result of what is about to take place here? No one can guess. If we have only Menou to oppose us, the Convention is lost, and on the day following its dissolution the monarchy will be proclaimed, and Louis XVIII. will ascend the throne."

"What, Louis XVIII.?" said the Chouan.

"Yes. Although Louis XVII. died in prison, from the royalist point of view he nevertheless reigned. You know the cry of the French monarchy: 'The king is dead; long live the king!' King Louis XVI. is dead;

long live King Louis XVII.! King Louis XVII. dies; long live King Louis XVIII.! The regent succeeds his nephew, not his brother."

"A queer sort of reign, that of the poor boy," said the Chouan, shrugging his shoulders, — "a reign during which they guillotined his father, mother, and aunt, during which he was a prisoner in the Temple, with a cobbler for a tutor! I will admit to you, my dear Count, that the party to which I have given myself heart and soul is subject to certain peculiar aberrations which frighten me. Thus, suppose — which God forbid! — that His Majesty Louis XVIII. should not ascend the throne for twelve or fifteen years, would he still be regarded as having reigned over France during those twelve or fifteen years, no matter in what corner of the earth he may have been hidden away?"

"Certainly!"

"How absurd! But I beg your pardon; I am only a peasant, and am not expected to understand everything. Royalty is my second religion, and for that, as for my first, I have faith."

"You are a brave man, General," said Morgan, "and whether or not we meet again, I should like to have your friendship. If we do not meet again, it will be because I am dead, — shot or guillotined. In that case, just as my elder brother inherited vengeance from my father, just as I inherit it from him, so will my younger brother inherit it from me. If royalty, thanks to the sacrifices which we have made for it, is saved, we shall be heroes. If in spite of those sacrifices it is lost, then we shall be martyrs. You see that in either case we shall have nothing to regret."

The Chouan was silent for a moment. Then, looking earnestly into the young nobleman's eyes, he said, —

"Count, when men like you and me meet, and are fortunate enough to serve the same cause, they should swear to each other, — I will not say an eternal friendship, for perhaps the nobleman would hesitate to condescend to the peasant, — but an unalterable esteem. Count, I beg you to receive the assurance of mine."

"General," said Morgan, with tears in his eyes, "I accept the esteem, and offer you more than friendship, I offer you fraternity."

Whereupon each threw himself into the arms of the other, and in that close embrace it seemed as if they had sworn an eternal friendship.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN IN THE GREEN COAT.

THOSE present at this scene had looked on and listened from a distant part of the room, without interrupting the two leaders, realizing that they were in the presence of two powerful personalities. The principal of the royalist agency was the first to break the silence.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it is always a source of gain when two leaders of the same party, even though about to separate, the one to do battle in the east, the other in the west of France, and though they may never meet again, — it is always gain, I say, when they exchange fraternal pledges, as knights used to do in the Middle Ages. You are all witnesses of the oath which has just been taken by these two leaders of the same cause, which is also our own. They are men who do more than they promise. One, however, must return to the Morbihan, to unite the movement there with our own here. The other must prepare, follow up, and direct our movement here. Let us take leave, therefore, of the general, who has completed his work in Paris, and let us attend to our own, which has begun well."

"Gentleman," said the Chouan, "I would gladly offer to remain here and fight with you to-morrow or the day after, or whenever the need may be; but I confess in all humility that I know little about street-war. The war that I am used to is carried on in ravines, ditches, bushes, and thick forests. Here I should be but one soldier the

more, — there, a chieftain would be wanting; and since Quiberon of mournful memory, there are only two of us, — Mercier and I."

"Go, my dear General," said Morgan; "you are fortunate in being able to fight in the open, and with no fear lest a chimney should fall on your head. God bring me to you, or you to me!"

The Chouan officer took leave of every one, and more particularly, perhaps, of his new friend than of his former acquaintances. Then noiselessly and on foot, as if he were the least of the royalist officers, he reached the Orléans barrier, while General Danican, Lemaistre, and the young president of the section Le Peletier laid their plans for the following day. As he departed, the remark went round, —

"He is a formidable fellow, that Cadoudal!"

About the same time that he whose incognito we have just betrayed was taking leave of Citizen Morgan and making his way to the Orléans barrier, a group of those young men of whom we have already spoken in a former chapter passed from the Rue de la Loi to the Rue Feydeau, shouting, —

"Down with the Convention! Down with the two-thirds men! Long live the sections!"

At the corner of the Rue Feydeau they found themselves face to face with a patrol of patriot soldiers, on whom the last orders of the Convention enjoined the greatest severity against nocturnal brawlers.

The group was in number at least equal to the patrol, and the three summonses required by law were received with jeers and hootings; the only reply which was made to the third being a pistol-shot which wounded one of the soldiers.

The latter retaliated by a volley, which killed one of

the young men, and wounded two others. The guns being discharged, the two parties were nearly on an equality in regard to weapons. Thanks to their enormous canes, which, in hands that were accustomed to their use, became veritable clubs, the men of the sections could turn aside bayonets as they would have parried the point of a sword in a duel, striking blows which, even though they did not pierce the chest, were none the less dangerous, and which, when they were aimed at the head, would, if they were not avoided, fell a man as a butcher fells an ox.

As usual this brawl, which, moreover, on account of the number of persons engaged in it, assumed frightful proportions, set the whole neighborhood in a tumult. The uproar and disturbance were all the greater because there chanced to be a first representation that night at the Théâtre Feydeau, the aristocratic theatre of the period. They were playing "Toberne; or, the Swedish Fisherman," the words by Patras, the music by Bruni, and "The Good Son," the words by Louis Hennequin, the music by Lebrun. Consequently the Place Feydeau was thronged with carriages, and the Passage Feydeau with play-goers on foot, in a line.

At the cries of "Down with the Convention! Down with the two-thirds men!" at the sound of the firing, and at the shouts which followed it, the carriages started away like so many arrows, some running into one another; while the spectators on foot, fearing to be shot or arrested, or stifled in the narrow passages, broke the barriers. At last, windows opened, and imprecations in men's voices rained upon the soldiers, while the softer tones of women could be heard encouraging the party of the sections, which was composed, as we have said, of the handsomest, best-dressed, and wealthiest men in Paris.

The scene was lighted up by the lanterns that were suspended from the arcades

Suddenly a voice cried out distinctly in a tone of anguish, —

"Citizen in the green coat, take care!"

The citizen in the green coat, who was face to face with two soldiers, at once understood that he was threatened from behind. He leaped to one side, striking haphazard with his stick, but to such good purpose that he broke the arm of the soldier who was threatening him with his bayonet, and he thrust his iron-shod stick into the face of a man who had already raised the stock of his gun to strike him on the head. Then he looked up to the window whence the warning had come, threw a kiss to a graceful form which was leaning over the railing of a balcony, and turned in time to parry a bayonet which grazed his chest.

But just then help arrived for the soldiers of the Convention. A dozen men from the guard-house came running up, crying out, —

"Death to the *muscadins!*"

The young man in the green coat was at once surrounded; but, thanks, to a vigorous whirling of his stick, which he described round his head like an aureole, he succeeded in keeping his assailants at a distance, while he beat a retreat in the direction of the arcades. This retreat, not less skilful, but certainly more difficult of execution, than that of Xenophon, had as its goal a door with iron panels, artistically wrought, which had just become darkened, the *concierge* having extinguished the lantern which had lighted it. But before the lantern was extinguished, the young man, with the rapid glance of a military leader, had noticed that the door was not fastened, but only pushed to. If he could only reach this door, he could spring

through it, shut it after him against his assailants, and be in safety, — unless, indeed, the doorkeeper was enough of a patriot to refuse a louis d'or, which at that time was worth more than twelve hundred francs in paper money: a patriotism which could hardly be counted on.

But as if his enemies divined his purpose, the nearer he approached the door, the more vigorous became the attack; and although the young man was remarkably strong and skilful, the fight had already lasted more than a quarter of an hour, and it had reduced his skill and exhausted his strength. Still, as he was only two steps distant from his refuge, he made a last demand upon his energies, felled one of his adversaries by a blow on the head, struck another on the chest with his fist, and reached the door, only to receive a blow on the forehead from a gun-stock (fortunately it was the flat side) just as he pushed it open.

The blow was a violent one; sparks danced before the young man's eyes, while his blood coursed furiously through his veins. But, blinded though he was, his presence of mind did not desert him; he bounded back, propped himself against the door, which he shut violently behind him, threw, as he had intended, a louis to the porter, who had been attracted by the noise to the door of his lodge, and seeing a staircase lighted by a lantern, our friend rushed to it, seized the railing, and tottered up a dozen steps. Then it seemed to him that the walls of the house were shaking, and that the stairs were trembling beneath his feet; then the staircase seemed to give way, and he to be rolling down a precipice.

Fortunately, he had only fainted, and in doing so had slipped gently down the stairs.

CHAPTER IX.

AN INCROYABLE AND A MERVEILLEUSE.

A SENSATION of coolness brought him to. His glance, at first vague and undecided, gradually became fixed on his surroundings. There was nothing disquieting about them. The place where he found himself was a boudoir, which was also used as a dressing-room, and was hung with pearl-gray satin, over which roses were scattered. He was lying upon a sofa covered with the same material as the hangings.

A woman behind him was supporting his head with a pillow; another, on her knees beside him, was bathing his forehead with a perfumed sponge. This was what had caused the gentle sensation of coolness which had brought him to. The woman, or rather young girl, who was bathing his forehead was pretty and elegantly dressed; but it was the elegance and the prettiness of a waiting-maid. The young man's eyes did not rest long upon her, therefore, but were raised towards the other woman, who could be none other than the mistress of the first. He uttered an exclamation of joy, for he recognized the same person who had warned him from the window, and he made a movement as though he would rise towards her; but two white hands pressed upon his shoulders and held him down upon the sofa.

"Not so fast, Citizen Coster de Saint-Victor," said the young lady. "First, we must dress your wound; and after

that we will see how far your gratitude may be allowed to carry you."

"Ah, then thou knowest me, Citizeness," said the young man, with a smile which disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness, and with a glance which few women could withstand.

"In the first place, I want you to see," replied the young lady, "that for a man who follows fashion with as much care as you do, it is beginning to be bad taste to say 'thou,' especially to ladies."

"Why, no," said the young man, "it is only when one has to do with them that the old-fashioned mode of address has anything to recommend it. 'Thou,' coarse and ridiculous when used in saluting a man, is delightful when addressed to a lady; and I have always said what a loss it is to the English that they never use 'thou.' But I am too grateful, Madame, not to obey you; only allow me again to ask my question, though I change its form. You know me, then, Madame?"

"Who does not know the handsome Coster de Saint-Victor, who would be the king of elegance and fashion, if the title of king were not abolished?"

Coster de Saint-Victor made a sudden turn, and looked the young lady in the face.

"Obtain the restoration of the title of king, Madame," he said, "and I will hail the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour as queen."

"Ah, then you know me, Citizen Coster?" said the young lady in her turn, laughing.

"Who does not know the modern Aspasia? This is the first time that I have had the honor of seeing you, except at a distance, Madame, and —"

"And — What were you going to say?"

"I was about to say that Paris had no need to envy Athens, nor Barras, Pericles."

"Come, come; the blow on your head is not so dangerous as I at first thought it."

"And why so?"

"Because I see that it has taken away none of your wit."

"No," said Coster, taking the hand of the beautiful courtesan and kissing it, "but it may have taken away my reason."

Just then the bell rang in a peculiar manner, and the hand which Coster was holding trembled. Aurélie's waiting-woman stood up, and looking at her mistress uneasily, said, —

"Madame, it is the citizen-general!"

"Yes," replied the other, "I recognized his ring."

"What will he say?" asked the maid.

"Nothing."

"What, nothing?"

"No; I shall not open the door.

The courtesan shook her head petulantly.

"You will not admit Citizen-General Barras!" exclaimed the terrified maid.

"What," cried Coster de Saint-Victor, bursting out laughing, "is it Citizen Barras?"

"It is he; and you see," added Mademoiselle de Saint-Amour, "that he is as impatient as any common mortal."

"But, Madame," persisted the maid.

"I am mistress in my own house," said the capricious young lady. "It affords me pleasure to receive Monsieur Coster de Saint-Victor, and it does not afford me pleasure to receive Monsieur Barras. I open my door to the former, and I shut it, or rather I do not open it, to the latter; that is all."

"Your pardon, my generous hostess," said Coster de Saint-Victor, "but I cannot permit you to make such a

sacrifice. Allow your maid to admit the general, I beg of you; while he is in the *salon*, I will withdraw."

"And if I admit him only on condition that you do not withdraw?"

"Oh, then I will remain," replied Coster; "and very willingly too, I assure you."

The bell rang for the third time.

"Go and open the door, Suzette," said Aurélie.

Suzette hastened to the door. Aurélie bolted the door of the boudoir behind her, extinguished the two candles which were burning on the dressing-table, sought for Coster de Saint-Victor in the darkness, and pressing her lips to his forehead, said, —

"Wait for me."

Then she entered the *salon* from the boudoir just as Citizen-General Barras was entering it from the dining-room.

"And what is this I hear, my beautiful one?" said Barras, advancing to Aurélie. "Have throats been cut under your window?"

"Yes, my dear General, and my foolish Suzette did not dare to open the door for you. I had to tell her three times before she would obey me, she was so fearful lest one of the combatants had come to demand shelter. In vain I said to her, 'But it is the general's ring; do you not recognize it?' I thought I should be obliged to go and open the door myself. But to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit this evening?"

"A first representation is being given this evening at the Feydeau; and I will take you, if you will go with me."

"No, thank you. All this firing and these shouts and cries have upset my nerves; I am not well, and prefer to stay at home."

"Very well; but as soon as the play is over, I shall come and ask you for some supper."

"But you did not tell me in time; I have absolutely nothing to offer you."

"Do not concern yourself about that, my dear; I shall pass Garchi's, and I will leave an order for them to send a bisque, a bechamel, a cold pheasant, some shrimps, some ice-cream and fruit, — a mere trifle, you perceive."

"My dear friend, you had much better let me go to bed; I warn you that I shall be abominably cross."

"I shall not prevent you from going to bed. You can take supper in bed, and be cross as comfortably as possible."

"You insist upon it?"

"In other words, I implore you. You know, Madame, that you are sole mistress here, and that I am only the first of your servants."

"How can any one refuse a man who talks like that? Go to the Feydeau, Monseigneur, and your humble servant will stay here for you."

"My dear Aurélie, you are simply adorable; and I do not know why I do not put bars to your windows, like those of Rosina."

"What would be the good of it? You are Count Almaviva."

"There is no Cherubino hidden in your boudoir?"

"I shall not say, 'Here is the key,' but, 'It is in the door.'"

"Well, see how magnanimous I am. If he is there, I am going to give him time to escape. *Au revoir*, then, my beautiful goddess of love; expect me in an hour."

"Very well; and when you return, you shall tell me about the play. I shall like that better than if I had seen it myself."

"Very well; only I shall not promise to sing it to you."

"When I want to hear singing, my good friend, I shall send for Garat."

"And, by the way, my dear Aurélie, it seems to me you send for him very often."

"Oh, do not be uneasy; Madame de Krüdner looks after your rights. She keeps as close to him as his shadow."

"Between them they are getting up a pretty romance.

"Yes, in action."

"Are n't you just a little malicious?"

"No, indeed; that does not pay. I leave that sort of thing to virtuous women who are ugly and rich."

"Once more, won't you come with me to the Feydeau?"

"Thank you, no."

"Well, *au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*."

Aurélie led the general to the door of the *salon*, and Suzette went with him to the outer door, which she trebly locked after him. When the beautiful courtesan turned round, Coster de Saint-Victor was waiting for her on the threshold of the boudoir. She uttered a sigh, for he was exceedingly handsome!

CHAPTER X.

TWO PORTRAITS.

Coster de Saint-Victor had not resumed the use of powder. He wore his hair in flowing curls, without comb or queue; these were jet-black, as were his eyebrows and eyelashes, which shadowed large eyes of sapphire blue, which, according to the expression he chose to give them, were sometimes gentle, sometimes full of power. His complexion, which was now rather pale, in consequence of loss of blood, was of a creamy white; his well-cut, straight nose was irreproachable; his firm red lips disclosed magnificent teeth; and the rest of his body, thanks to the fashion then in vogue, which was calculated to display it to the best advantage, seemed modelled on that of Antinoüs.

The two young people looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"Did you hear?" asked Aurélie.

"Alas, yes!" replied Coster.

"He is to sup with me, and you are to blame for it."

"Why?"

"You made me admit him."

"And are you vexed that he is to sup with you?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"I swear it! I am not in the humor to-night to be amiable to people whom I do not love."

"But to him whom you do love?"

"Ah, for him I should be charming," said Aurélie.

"Look here," said Coster, "suppose I should find a way of preventing him from supping with you?"

"Well?"

"Who would take supper in his place?"

"That is a pretty question! The one who prevented him from supping here himself, of course."

"And in that case you would not be cross?"

"Oh, no."

"Give me a pledge."

The beautiful girl held up her cheek to him, and he pressed his lips to it. Just then the bell rang again.

"Ah, I give you fair warning this time," said Coster de Saint-Victor, "that if he has taken it into his stupid head to return, I shall not go away."

Suzette appeared.

"Shall I open the door, Madame?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, certainly; open it."

Suzette opened it. A man carrying a large flat basket on his head came in, saying, —

"Supper for Citizen Barras."

"You hear?" said Aurélie.

"Yes," replied the *incroyable;* "but, upon the word of Coster de Saint-Victor, he shall not eat it."

"Shall I set the table all the same?" asked Suzette, laughing.

"Yes," replied the young man, hastening from the room; "for if he does not eat it, some one else will."

Aurélie followed him with her eyes as far as the door. Then, when the door had closed behind him, turning to her maid, she said, —

"My toilet, Suzette; and make me look more beautiful than you ever did before."

"And for which of the two does Madame want to look beautiful?"

"I do not know; but in the mean time make me beautiful — for myself."

Suzette set about her work at once.

We have already described the costume of the fashionable ladies of the period, and Aurélie was one of them. A member of a good family of Provence, and playing the part that we have indicated, we have thought it best to leave to her the name which she at the time of which we write bore, and by which she appears in the archives of the police-office. Her story was that of nearly all the women of her class, to whom the Thermidorian reaction was a triumph. A young girl without fortune, led astray in 1790 by a young nobleman who induced her to leave her home, took her to Paris, then emigrated, enlisted in Condé's army, and was killed in 1793, she remained alone, without other means of support than her beauty and her youth. Picked up by one of the farmers of the public revenues, she soon regained more luxury than she had lost. But the time came when the office of farmer of the public revenues was suppressed. The beautiful Aurélie's protector was one of twenty-seven persons who were executed with Lavoisier on the 8th of May, 1794. At his death he left her a large sum of money, of which she had hitherto used only the interest; so that without being wealthy, the beautiful Aurélie was beyond the reach of want.

Barras heard of her beauty and refinement, called on her, and, after a suitable time of probation, was accepted as her lover. He was then a handsome man of forty, belonging to a noble family of Provence, — nobility, however, that was questioned; but those who remembered the saying, "Old as the rocks of Provence, and noble

as the Barras," had no doubt as to the justness of its claim.

At the age of eighteen, Barras had been a subaltern in the regiment of Languedoc, but left it to rejoin his uncle, who was governor of the Île de France. He was nearly lost in a shipwreck off the coast of Coromandel; but managing by good luck to seize the helm at the right moment, and showing great courage and presence of mind, he succeeded in reaching an island inhabited by savages, where he and his companions remained a month. They were finally rescued, and taken to Pondicherry. He returned to France in 1788, where a great future awaited him.

At the time of the assembling of the States-General, Barras, following Mirabeau's example, showed no hesitation; he presented himself as a candidate to the *tiers états*, and was elected. On the 14th of July, he was noticed among the crowd which captured the Bastile. As a member of the Convention he voted for the death of the king, and was sent to Toulon as a deputy at the time it was retaken from the English. His despatch to the Convention has been often cited. He proposed simply to demolish Toulon.

When Barras returned to the Convention, he took an active part on all great occasions when the interest of the Revolution was at stake, and he was particularly notorious on the 9th Thermidor; so that when the new Constitution was proposed, he seemed destined to be one of the five directors.

We have told what his age was, and testified to his personal charm. He was a man about five feet six, with a fine head of hair, which he powdered to conceal its premature grayness; he had remarkably fine eyes, a straight nose, and full lips, which set off a sympathetic mouth.

Without adopting the exaggerated fashions of the *jeunesse dorée*, he followed them in a degree of elegance suited to his years.

As for the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour, she had just completed her twenty-first year, entering at the same time upon her majority and upon the true period of beauty for a woman, which is, in our opinion, from her twenty-first to her thirty-fifth year. She had a disposition at once extremely refined, extremely sensual, and extremely impressionable. She had within her the attributes of flower, fruit, and woman, — perfume, savor, and pleasure.

She was tall, which at first sight made her seem slender; but thanks to the style of dress which was then in fashion, it was easy to see that she was slender after the manner of Jean Goujon's Diana. She was fair, with those deep-brown reflections which are found in the hair of Titian's Magdalen. When she wore her hair in the Greek style, with fillets of blue velvet, she was superb; but when, towards the end of dinner, she loosened her hair, letting it fall about her shoulders, shaking her head to make it form an aureole, and when her cheeks, which had the freshness of the camellia or the peach, set off their oval outline against the dark-brown hair which formed such a striking contrast to her black eyebrows, blue eyes, red lips, and pearly teeth, and when a spray of brilliant diamonds hung from each rosy ear, — then she was dazzling.

Now, this luxuriant beauty had developed only within the last two years. To her first lover — the only man whom she had ever loved — she had given the young girl full of hesitations, who yields, but does not surrender herself. Then all at once she felt the sap of life mounting and growing in her: her eyes were open, her nostrils distended; she breathed in at every pore that love of the

second youth which succeeds adolescence, which turns its gaze upon itself, which smiles at its own daily increasing beauty, and which seeks for an object on which to bestow the heaped-up wealth of treasure within. It was then that necessity compelled her to sell, rather than give herself; but even then she looked forward to a time when she should be rich, and free to enter into that liberty of heart and person which is the dignity of woman.

Two or three times, at evening parties at the Hôtel de Thélusson, at the Opéra, or at the Comédie Française, she had noticed Coster de Saint-Victor as he paid his court to the most beautiful and distinguished ladies of the period; and each time her heart seemed to leap in her bosom and fly to him. She felt within herself that some day, if she were to make advances, this man would belong to her, or rather she to him. And so thoroughly was she convinced of this that (thanks to that voice which, at times, gives us hints of what the future will bring forth) she was content to wait without much impatience, certain that one day the object of her dreams would pass near enough to her, or she to him, to join them each to the other, by the irresistible law that joins the steel to the magnet.

At last, on this evening when she opened her window to watch the street brawl, she recognized in the thick of the fight the handsome figure which had haunted her solitary nights; and in spite of herself she cried out, "Citizen in the green coat, take care!"

CHAPTER XI.

ASPASIA'S TOILET.

Aurélie de Saint-Amour might very well have called Coster de Saint-Victor by his name, since she had found it out; but that handsome young man had many rivals, consequently many enemies; and to utter his name might have been to utter the signal for his death.

Coster, on his part, when he regained his senses, recognized her; for, celebrated as she had been for some time on account of her beauty, she was already beginning to be noted still more for her charm of manner and intelligence, — that indispensable complement to all beauty that desires to be called queen. And now the opportunity came to Aurélie; and, as the beautiful courtesan had promised herself, she did not fail to take advantage of it. Coster found her marvellously beautiful; but he could vie with Barras neither in magnificence nor generosity. Charm and beauty stood in the place of fortune for him; he often succeeded with tender words where the most powerful men of the day scarcely succeeded by more material means. And Coster was acquainted, too, with all the shameful mysteries of Parisian life, and was incapable of sacrificing a woman's position to a moment of egotism and a mere spark of pleasure.

Perhaps the beautiful Aspasia, who was now her own mistress, thanks to a fortune which was sufficient to gratify her desires, and which, with the notoriety that

she had acquired, was sure continually to increase, would have preferred in the young man a little less delicacy and a little more passion. But, in any case, she wished to appear beautiful, so that upon his return he should love her the more if he remained, and regret the more if he were obliged to go away. Whatever was her motive, Suzette obeyed her to the letter, joining all the mysteries of her art to the marvels of nature, and "making her beautiful," to use her mistress's own words in that same boudoir into which we introduced the reader in a preceding chapter.

The modern Aspasia, about to assume the dress of the ancient Aspasia, was lying on the same sofa upon which they had placed Coster de Saint-Victor; but its position had been changed. It now stood between a little mantelpiece covered with figurines in old Sèvres, and a psyche in a round frame forming an immense wreath of roses in Dresden china. Enveloped in a cloud of transparent muslin, Aurélie had given up her head to Suzette, who was arranging a Greek coiffure about it; this was the fashion introduced by political reminiscences, and particularly by the pictures of David, who was then at the height of his fame. A narrow ribbon of blue velvet, covered with diamond stars, was tied above the forehead and encircled the chignon, from the end of which fell little curls so light that the slightest breath was sufficient to set them waving.

Thanks to the flower of youth that bloomed in her complexion, and the peach-like velvet of her transparent skin, the beautiful Aurélie could dispense with all the powders and cosmetics with which women, in that day as well as this, plastered their faces.

She would, indeed, have lost by them; for the skin of her throat and breast had reflections like mother-of-pearl and silver, whose rosy freshness would have been de-

stroyed by even the smallest amount of cosmetic. Her arms, which seemed moulded in alabaster slightly tinted by the rays of dawning day, harmonized marvellously with her bust. Each detail of her body, in fact, seemed like a defiance to the most beautiful models of antiquity and of the Renaissance ; only that Nature, that wonderful sculptor, appeared to have mingled the severity of antique art with the grace and delicacy of modern.

This beauty was so genuine that its possessor seemed herself not to be quite accustomed to it ; and every time that Suzette took off an article of clothing, uncovering a part of her mistress's person, Aurélie smiled at herself complacently, but without pride. She would sometimes remain hours in the warm atmosphere of her boudoir, lying upon her sofa like the Hermaphrodite of Farnese, or the Venus of Titian. This contemplation of herself — which was usually shared by Suzette, who could not help looking at her mistress with the ardent eyes of a young page — was this time shortened by the vibrating tones of the clock, as well as by Suzette, who drew near with a chemise of that transparent material which is woven only in the East.

"Come, mistress," said Suzette, "I know that you are very beautiful, and no one knows it better than I ; but it has struck half-past nine. Never mind ; when your hair is done, a very little will finish you."

Aurélie shook her shoulders like a statue which throws aside a veil, and murmured these two questions addressed to the supreme power which is called Love : —

"What is he doing now ? Will he succeed ?"

What Coster de Saint-Victor was doing — for we will not wrong the beautiful Aurélie by thinking that she meant Barras — we are about to inform you.

As we have already said, at the Feydeau, the first

representation was being given of "Toberne; or, the Swedish Fisherman," preceded by "The Good Son," a little opera in one act. Barras, when he left Mademoiselle de Saint-Amour, had only to cross the Rue des Colonnes. He arrived when the short piece was about half finished; and as he was well known as one of the members of the Convention who had most energetically supported the Constitution, and as he was likely to be one of the future Directors, his entrance was greeted with a murmur, followed by cries of —

"Down with the decrees! Down with the two-thirds! Long live the sections!"

The Feydeau was *par excellence* the theatre of reactionary Paris. However, those who had come to see the play overcame those who wished to disturb it. Cries of "Down with interrupters!" rose above the others, and quiet was restored.

The short piece, then, was got through quietly enough; but the curtain had hardly fallen when a young man mounted upon an arm-chair in the orchestra, and, pointing to the bust of Marat, which was opposite the bust of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, exclaimed, —

"Citizens, why do we suffer the bust of this monster with a human face who is called Marat to pollute this spot, when, in the place which it usurps and defiles, we might see that of the citizen of Geneva, the illustrious author of 'Émile,' 'The Social Contract,' and the 'New Héloïse'?"

Scarcely had the speaker finished this address, when from balconies, galleries, boxes, stalls, and pit a thousand voices exclaimed, —

"It is he, it is he; it is Coster de Saint-Victor! Bravo, Coster! bravo!"

And thirty or more young men, what was left of the

group that had been dispersed by the patrol, rose, waving their hats and brandishing their canes.

Coster drew himself up still higher, and placing one foot on the back of one of the stalls, he continued : —

"Down with the Terrorists! Down with Marat, that bloodthirsty monster who demanded three hundred thousand heads! Long live the author of 'Émile,' 'The Social Contract,' and the 'New Héloïse'!"

Suddenly a voice cried out, —

"Here is a bust of Jean-Jacques Rousseau!"

And two hands raised a bust above the pit. How did the bust of Rousseau come there just when it was wanted? No one knew; but its appearance was greeted none the less with cries of enthusiasm : —

"Down with the bust of Marat! Long live Charlotte Corday! Down with the Terrorist! Down with the assassin! Long live Rousseau!"

CHAPTER XII.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

THIS was the manifestation that Coster de Saint-Victor anticipated; he clung to the limbs of the caryatides which supported the front of the boxes, and, pushed, helped, raised by twenty persons, he succeeded in reaching the one occupied by Barras. Barras, who did not know what Coster wanted of him, and who, although he was aware of nothing that had passed in Aurélie's apartments, could not count the young man as one of his best friends, pushed back his chair. Coster saw the movement.

"Excuse me, Citizen-General Barras," he said, laughing, "my business is not with you; but I am, like you, a deputy, commissioned to throw from its pedestal this bust."

And standing upon the railing of the box, he struck at Marat's bust with his cane; it tottered, fell to the floor, and was broken in a thousand pieces, amidst the almost unanimous applause of the audience.

At the same time similar execution was done on the unoffending bust of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, who was killed on the 20th of January by the guard of Paris. The same acclamations greeted its fall and destruction. Then two hands lifted a bust above the orchestra, saying:

"Behold, a bust of Voltaire!"

The words were scarcely spoken, when the bust flew from hand to hand, and by a sort of Jacob's ladder

reached the empty niche. Rousseau's bust followed its example on the other side, and the two were installed upon their pedestals amid applause, shouts, and bravos from all present.

But Coster de Saint-Victor, standing upon the railing of the box occupied by Barras, waited until silence was restored. He might have had to wait a long time if he had not motioned that he wished to speak. The cries of "Long live the author of 'Émile,' of the 'Social Contract,' of the 'New Héloïse,'" and those of "Long live the author of 'Zaïre,' of 'Mahomet,' and of the 'Henriade,'" at last ceased, and were succeeded by shouts of, "Coster wants to speak! Speak, Coster! we are listening! Hush! hush! silence!" Coster made another sign, and judging that his voice could at length be heard, he said, —

"Citizens, thank Citizen Barras, who is here in this box."

All eyes were turned towards Barras.

"The illustrious general," continued Coster, "has been good enough to remind me that the same sacrilege which we have repaired here exists in the chamber of the Convention. In truth, the two commemorative pictures, representing the death of Marat and that of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, from the pencil of the Terrorist David, are hanging upon its walls."

A cry burst from every mouth : —

"To the Convention, friends! to the Convention!"

"The citizen, the excellent Citizen Barras will see that the doors are opened for us. Long live Citizen Barras!"

And the whole audience, who had hooted Barras when he entered, cried, —

"Long live Barras!"

As for Barras himself, bewildered by the part which

Coster de Saint-Victor had given him in the comedy, — a part in which, it is needless to say, he was a nonentity, — he rose, seized his overcoat, cane, and hat, and hastening from his box, ran down the stairs in search of his carriage. But rapidly as he had made his exit from the theatre, Coster, leaping from the balcony to the stage, disappeared behind the curtain, crying, "To the Convention, friends!" and, hurrying down by the stage exit, rang Aurélie's bell before Barras had succeeded in calling his carriage.

Suzette hurried to the door, although she had not recognized the general's ring; perhaps she hurried the more on that account. Coster slipped rapidly through the half-open door.

"Hide me in the boudoir, Suzette," he said. "Citizen Barras is coming himself to tell your mistress that I am to eat his supper."

Scarcely had he uttered the words when they heard a carriage stop before the house.

"Here! quick! quick!" said Suzette, opening the door of the boudoir. Coster de Saint-Victor darted in. A hurried step sounded upon the stairs.

"Ah, there you are, Citizen-General," said Suzette. "I guessed that it was you, and, as you see, I was holding the door open for you. My mistress is waiting impatiently for you."

"To the Convention! to the Convention!" shouted a troop of young men who were passing along the street, striking the pillars with their sticks.

"Oh, what is the matter?" asked Aurélie, appearing at the door, her color heightened with impatience and uneasiness.

"As you see, dear friend," said Barras, "a riot has occurred, which deprives me of the pleasure of supping

with you. I have come to tell you of it myself, so that you may not doubt my regret."

"Ah, how unfortunate!" exclaimed Aurélie. "Such a beautiful supper!"

"And such a sweet *tête-à-tête!*" added Barras, trying to utter a melancholy sigh. "But my duty as a statesman before all."

"To the Convention!" howled the mob.

"*Au revoir*, my dear friend," said Barras, kissing Aurélie's hand respectfully. "I have not a moment to lose if I am to get there before them."

And faithful to his duty, as he had said, the future Director stopped only long enough to reward Suzette's fidelity by thrusting a handful of assignats into her hand, after which he rapidly descended the stairs.

Suzette shut the door behind him; and as she bolted and locked it, her mistress called out, —

"What are you doing?"

"As you see, Madame, I am fastening the door."

"And Coster, you wretched girl?"

"Look behind you, Madame," said Suzette.

Aurélie uttered a cry of surprise and joy. Coster, who had left the boudoir on tiptoe, was standing behind her, bowing, with his arm held out to her.

"Citizeness," he said, "will you do me the honor to accept my arm and allow me to conduct you to the dining-room?"

"But how have you done it? What did you do? What did you devise?"

"I will tell you," replied Coster de Saint-Victor, "while we eat the supper of Citizen Barras."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ELEVENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

ONE of the resolutions passed at the royalist agency in the Rue des Postes, after Cadoudal's departure, on the occasion which we have referred to, was that a meeting should be held on the next evening at the Théâtre Français.

During the evening, as we have seen, a crowd of men, led by about fifty of the members of the *jeunesse dorée*, had repaired to the hall of the Convention; but their chief, Coster de Saint-Victor, having disappeared as completely as if he had sunk through a trap-door, the crowd and the *muscadins* beat in vain against the doors of the Convention, whose members had been forewarned by Barras of the attack that was about to be made upon them.

From an artistic point of view, it would have been a great loss if the two pictures against which the crowd was so incensed had been destroyed. In particular, the Death of Marat was one of David's masterpieces.

But the Convention, seeing the dangers to which it was exposed, and knowing that a fresh crater in the volcano of Paris might burst out at any moment, declared itself in permanent session. The three representatives, Gillet, Aubry, and Delmas, who since the 4th Prairial had been in command of the forces, were given authority to take all necessary measures for the safety of the Convention.

This was done all the more thoroughly when it was learned, through those who had been present at the preparations for the following day, that a meeting of armed citizens was to be held at the Théâtre Français, and anxiety grew intense.

The next day, the 3d of October (11th Vendémiaire), had been set apart by the Convention for a funeral celebration which was to have taken place in the hall of sessions itself, in memory of the Girondins. Several members proposed that the celebration should be postponed to another day; but Tallien rose, and declared that it was unworthy of the Assembly, even in the midst of danger, not to attend to its duties just as in times of quiet.

In permanent session, the Convention issued a decree ordering all illegal meetings of electors to disperse. The night passed in the midst of uproars of all descriptions in the remote parts of the city. Shots were fired, and people knocked down. Whenever the party of the sections and that of the Convention met, blows were immediately exchanged.

The sections, on their side, in virtue of the rights of sovereignty which they had assumed, issued their own decrees. It was because of a decree of the section Le Peletier that the meeting at the Odéon had been fixed for the 11th Vendémiaire.

Every moment brought most disastrous news from the towns around Paris in which the royalist agency had committees. Risings had occurred at Orléans, Dreux, Verneuil, and Nonancourt. At Chartres, Tellier, the representative, had tried to prevent an insurrection; and when he found that he was unsuccessful, he blew out his brains. The Chouans had everywhere cut down trees planted in honor of the 14th of July, — those glorious symbols of the people's triumph; they had hurled the statue

of Liberty into the mud; and in the provinces as well as in Paris, patriots had been knocked down in the streets.

While the Convention was deliberating against the conspirators, the latter in their turn were acting against the Convention. About eleven o'clock in the morning the more adventurous of the electors might have been seen making their way to the Odéon theatre; though if they had been counted, their number would scarcely have reached a thousand. In the midst of them a number of young men made a great commotion, and with shouts passed to and fro, their swords scraping the railings and overturning the seats. But the number of chasseurs and grenadiers sent by the sections did not exceed four hundred. More than ten thousand people, however, surrounding the monument, the place of rendezvous, blocked up the entrances to the hall, and filled the neighboring streets.

If on that day the Convention, which was kept fully informed, had only acted with vigor, it could have suppressed the insurrection; but once more it attempted to use conciliatory measures. It issued a decree which declared the meeting illegal, one of its articles specifying that all who should at once disperse would be exempt from punishment. As soon as this decree was issued, some officers of the police, escorted by six dragoons, started from the Tuileries, where the Convention was in session, to command the mob to disperse.

But the streets were crowded with spectators. They wanted to know what the police and the dragoons were going to do; and they surrounded and impeded them so successfully that although the latter left the palace at three o'clock, it was almost seven before, surrounded by cries, hoots, and provocation of all kinds, they reached the Odéon. From a distance they had been seen on their

horses coming through the Rue de l'Égalité, which is opposite the monument; they looked like ships raised above the crowd and tossing on a stormy ocean.

They finally reached the square. The dragoons drew up before the steps of the theatre; the police officers entrusted with the proclamation went up under the portico, and there, surrounded by torch-bearers, they read the proclamation.

But at the first words the doors of the theatre suddenly flew open, and the "sovereigns," as the men of the sections were called, came out quickly, followed by the electoral guards; then the police were hurled from top to bottom of the steps, while the electoral guards marched against the dragoons with fixed bayonets. Amid the hootings of the populace the police disappeared, swallowed up in the crowd, the dragoons dispersed, the torches were extinguished, and from the midst of the chaos came cries of "Long live the sections! Death to the Convention!"

These cries, caught up from street to street, finally reached the ears of the Convention itself. And while the victorious men of the sections re-entered the Odéon, and, enthusiastic, as men always are after a first success, took an oath never to lay down their arms until the Tuileries should be destroyed, the patriots, even those who complained of the Convention, no longer doubting the danger which existed for that liberty of which the Convention was the last tabernacle, hastened in a body to offer their services and demand weapons. Some came from prisons, while others had just been ejected from the sections; a large number of them were officers whose names had been struck off by the chairman of the war committee. Aubry joined them. The Convention hesitated to accept their services; but Louvet, the indefatigable patriot who had survived the ruin of all parties, and who for some time

had been desirous of arming the faubourgs and reopening the Jacobin club, insisted so strenuously that he carried the vote.

Then not a minute was lost. They assembled all the unemployed officers, and gave them the command of the soldiers, putting them all under the orders of brave General Berruyer.

This was done on the evening of the 11th, just as news arrived of the rout of the police and the dragoons; and it was decided that the Odéon would have to be cleared by an armed force.

By virtue of this order, General Menou directed a column of troops and two pieces of artillery to be sent from the camp at Sablons. But when, at eleven o'clock at night, they reached the Place de l'Odéon, they found both the square and the theatre empty and deserted.

The whole night was spent in arming the patriots and in receiving defiance after defiance from the sections Le Peletier, Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Comédie-Française, Luxembourg, Rue Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TWELFTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

On the morning of the 12th Vendémiaire the walls were covered with posters enjoining all the national guards to report at their several sections, which were threatened by the Terrorists, or, in other words, the Convention.

At nine o'clock the section Le Peletier declared its session permanent, and proclaimed revolt by beating to arms in all the quarters of Paris. The Convention, exasperated, did likewise. Messengers were sent through the streets to reassure the citizens and to vouch for the patriotism of those to whom arms had been given. The air was filled with those strange shiverings which betray the fever of great cities, and which are the symptoms of grave events. It was recognized that as far as the sections were concerned, the rebellion had gained such strength that it was no longer a question of convincing and reclaiming them, but of crushing them. None of the Revolutionary days had yet dawned with such terrible presages, — not the 14th of July, nor the 10th of August, nor even the 2d of September.

About eleven o'clock in the morning the Convention felt that the moment for action had arrived. Seeing that the section Le Peletier was the rebel headquarters, it was resolved to disarm it, and General Menou was ordered to march against it with a sufficient body of troops and artillery.

The general came from Sablons, and crossed Paris. But when he reached the city he saw something that he had not suspected; to wit, that he was opposing the nobility and the richer citizens,— the class which represents public opinion. It was not the faubourgs, as he had supposed, which were to be swept with shot and shell, it was the Place Vendôme, the Rue Saint-Honoré, the Boulevards, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

The man of the 1st Prairial hesitated on the 13th Vendémiaire. He went on, however, but so slowly and reluctantly that the Convention was obliged to send Representative Laporte to him to urge him on. Nevertheless, all Paris was watching the result of this great duel. Unfortunately, the section Le Peletier had for a president the man whom we already know from his visit to the Convention and his conference with the Chouan general; and he was as rapid in his decisions as Menou was feeble and hesitating.

It was, therefore, already eight o'clock in the evening when General Verdières received from General Menou the order to take sixty grenadiers of the Convention, a hundred men of the battalion of the Oise, and twenty horsemen, to form a column on the left, and march against the section Le Peletier. He was instructed to take the left side of the Rue des Filles-Saint-Thomas, and there to await orders.

Scarcely, however, had he appeared at the entrance of the Rue Vivienne, when Morgan appeared at the door of the Convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, where the section Le Peletier was in session, and ordered out a hundred grenadiers of the sectional party, commanding them to shoulder arms. Morgan's grenadiers obeyed without hesitation. Verdières gave the same order to his troops, but murmurs of dissent were heard.

"Friends," cried Morgan to the soldiers of the Convention, "we shall not be the first to fire; but when the fighting has once begun, you need expect no quarter from us. If the Convention wants war, it shall have it."

Verdières' grenadiers wished to reply, but Verdières called out, —

"Silence in the ranks!"

Whereupon silence followed. Then he ordered the cavalry to draw their sabres, and the infantry to ground arms, — commands which were immediately obeyed. In the mean time the centre column arrived by way of the Rue Vivienne, and the right by the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

The entire assembly was immediately converted into an armed force; a thousand men issued from the convent and formed before the portico. Morgan, sword in hand, placed himself a few paces in advance of the rest.

"Citizens," he said, addressing the sectional party under his orders, "you are for the most part married men and fathers of families, I am therefore responsible for more lives than yours; and much as I should like to return death for death to those human tigers who have guillotined my father and shot my brother, I command you, in the name of your wives and children, not to fire first. But if our enemies fire a single shot — As you see, I am ten feet in front of you; and the first who fires from their ranks perishes by my hand."

These words were uttered amid the most profound silence; for before speaking, Morgan had raised his sword in token that he had something to say, and neither his own men nor the patriots had lost a syllable of his harangue.

Nothing would have been easier than to reply to these words, which in that case would have been mere bravado,

by a triple volley, — the first from the right, the second from the left, and the third from the Rue Vivienne. Exposed like a target to the bullets, Morgan would necessarily have fallen.

The astonishment was therefore great when, instead of the word "Fire!" which everybody expected to hear, followed by the triple discharge, Laporte was seen, after consulting with General Menou, advancing towards Morgan, while the general directed his men to ground arms. The order was punctually obeyed.

But the astonishment was still greater when, after exchanging a few words with Laporte, Morgan said, —

"I am here only to fight, and because I thought there was to be fighting. When it comes to compliments and concessions, it is the vice-president's affair; I will retire."

And, putting his sword into its scabbard, he returned to the sectionists, and was soon lost in the crowd. The vice-president advanced in his place. After a conference which lasted about ten minutes, a part of the sectional troops began to march, turning the corner of the convent to regain the Rue Montmarte, and the republican troops retired to the Palais Royal.

But scarcely had the troops of the Convention disappeared, before the sectional troops, led by Morgan, returned, crying as with one voice: —

"Down with the two-thirds! down with the Convention!"

This cry, starting at the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, spread like wildfire all over Paris. Two or three churches which still preserved their bells began to ring the tocsin. This sinister sound, which had not been heard for three or four years, produced an effect more terrible than the booming of cannon. Religious and political reaction had arrived, — had come as though on the wings of the wind.

It was eleven o'clock at night when the unaccustomed sound, together with the news of Menou's advance and its result, reached the hall where the Convention was assembled. All the deputies thronged into the room, questioning each other, and unable to believe that the positive order to surround and disarm the section Le Peletier had been disobeyed, and transformed into a friendly conversation, at the end of which each party had gone its own way.

But when tidings came that instead of dispersing, the sectional party had retraced their steps, and that from their convent as from a fortress they defied and insulted the Convention, Chénier sprang to the tribune. Embittered by the cruel accusation which followed him as long as he lived, and even beyond the grave, of having, through jealousy, allowed his brother André to be executed, Marie-Joseph Chénier was always in favor of the harshest and most expeditious measures.

"Citizens," he cried, "I cannot believe what we have just been told. A retreat before an enemy is a misfortune; but a retreat before rebels is treason. Before descending from this tribune I want to know whether the majority of the French people are and will be respected, or whether we are to bow before the authority of the sections, we who express the will of the nation. I demand that the government be called to account before the Assembly for what has just taken place in Paris."

Shouts of approbation responded to this energetic appeal, and Chénier's motion was unanimously agreed to.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NIGHT OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

DELAUNAY (d'Angers), a member of the government, mounted the tribune to reply in its name.

"Citizens," he said, "I have just been told that the section Le Peletier is hemmed in on all sides."

Cheers greeted the words; but in the midst of the applause a voice which sounded above them said, —

"That is not true!"

"And I tell you," said Delaunay, "that the section is surrounded."

"That is not true," repeated the same voice, with even greater firmness. "I have just come from the section. Our troops have retreated, and the sectionists are masters of Paris."

Just then a loud noise was heard in the corridors, caused by steps, cries, and oaths. A flood of people swept into the hall, terrible as a strong, resistless tide. The tribunes were invaded; the wave flowed round them. A hundred voices in the crowd cried, —

"To arms! to arms! We are betrayed! To prison with General Menou!"

"I demand," said Chénier, from his place, standing upon his seat, "I demand that General Menou be arrested, that he be tried on the spot, and that if he is found guilty, he be shot in the courtyard."

Cries of "Arrest General Menou!" redoubled. Chénier continued: —

"I demand that arms and cartridges be distributed anew to all patriots who shall ask for them. I demand that there be formed a battalion of patriots, which shall take the title of the 'Holy Battalion of '89,' and which shall swear to die upon the steps of the hall of the Assembly rather than yield it."

Then, as if they had only been waiting for this motion, three or four hundred patriots invaded the hall, demanding arms. These were the veterans of the Revolution, — the living history of the past six years; these were the men who fought under the walls of the Bastile, who attacked on the 10th of August the same château which they were to-day called upon to defend; these were officers covered with scars, the heroes of Jemmapes and Valmy, proscribed because their daring deeds were attached to obscure names, and because they had conquered the Prussians without method, and beaten the Austrians without knowing mathematics or even how to spell. They all accused the aristocratic faction of driving them out of the army. It was the reactionary Aubry who had torn the swords from their hands and the epaulets from their shoulders.

They kissed the guns and swords which were distributed to them, and pressed them to their hearts, exclaiming:

"We are free, since we are about to die for our country!"

Just then an usher entered, to announce a deputation from the section Le Peletier.

"You see," said Delaunay, "I knew what I was talking about. They have come to accept the conditions imposed upon them by Menou and Laporte."

The usher went out, to return again in a few minutes.

"The chief of the deputation," he said, "asks if there is safety for himself and his companions while he makes a communication to the Convention."

Boissy d'Anglas raised his hand.

"On the honor of the nation," he said, "those who enter here shall go forth again as safe and sound as when they came in."

The usher then retired with the reply. There was deep silence in the Assembly. The members still hoped, thanks to this new occurrence, to escape from their difficulty by means of conciliatory measures. The silence was broken by the sound of approaching steps, all eyes turned toward the door, and a shiver ran through the Assembly.

The head of the deputation was the same young man who on the previous night addressed the Convention so haughtily. It could be easily seen from his bearing that he had come to make no submission.

"Citizen President," said Boissy d'Anglas, "you have asked to be heard, and we shall listen to you: you have asked for a pledge of safety, and it has been accorded you. Speak!"

"Citizens," said the young man, "it is my hope that you will refuse the last offers that the sections shall make you, for it is my desire that we fight. The happiest hour of my life will be that in which I shall enter these precincts over my ankles in blood, and steel and fire in my hand."

A threatening murmur was heard from the benches of the Convention; a thrill of astonishment passed over the tribunes and the groups of patriots who were crowded into the corners of the room.

"Continue," said Boissy d'Anglas; "swell your threats to insolence. You know that you have nothing to fear, and that we have guaranteed you your life and liberty."

"For that reason," replied the young man, "I will tell you in a few words what brings me here. It is the sacrifice of my personal vengeance to the general good, including even your own. I thought I had no right to send by another this final summons which I bring to you, which is this: if to-morrow, by daybreak, the walls of Paris are not covered with notices in which you announce that the Convention is dissolved in a body, and that Paris and the rest of France are free to choose their representatives, without any conditions whatever, then we shall regard war as declared, and we shall march against you. You have five thousand men, and we sixty thousand, besides having right on our side." He drew out a watch enriched with brilliants. "It wants a quarter of an hour to midnight," he continued. "If by to-morrow at noon, twelve hours from now, Paris has not received full satisfaction, the hall which shelters you at this moment shall be torn down stone by stone, and fire shall be set to the four corners of the Tuileries, that the royal dwelling may be purified of your sojourn in it. I have spoken."

A cry of vengeance and menace rose from every breast; the patriots, who had just received their weapons, wanted to throw themselves upon the insolent orator; but Boissy d'Anglas stretched forth his hand.

"I have pledged your word as well as my own, Citizens," he said. "The president of the section Le Peletier must retire as he came, safe and sound. That is the way we keep our word; we shall see how he will keep his."

"Then it is war!" said Morgan, with a cry of joy.

"Yes, Citizen, and civil war, which is the worst of all wars," replied Boissy d'Anglas. "Go, and never appear again before us; for I could not again answer for your safety."

Morgan withdrew, with a smile on his lips. He took with him that which he had come to seek, namely, the certainty of a battle which nothing could prevent on the following day.

He had, however, hardly left when a frightful tumult arose in the hall.

Midnight struck. The 13th Vendémiaire had begun.

Let us leave the Convention at odds with the sections, since we have still six or eight hours before war shall blaze forth, and let us enter one of those mixed salons which were frequented by men of both parties, and where, consequently, more definite news arrived than at the Convention or at the gathering of the sections.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SALON OF MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAËL, SWEDISH AMBASSADRESS.

About two-thirds of the way along the Rue du Bac, between the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue de la Planche, rises a massive building which can be recognized to-day by the four Ionic columns which support, two by two, a heavy stone balcony. This was the mansion of the Swedish embassy, and the celebrated Madame de Staël, daughter of Monsieur de Necker and wife of the Baron de Staël-Holstein, resided in it.

Madame de Staël is so well known that it would perhaps be superfluous to draw her portrait, physical, intellectual, and moral. We will, however, say a few words concerning her. Born in 1766, Madame de Staël was at this period in the zenith of her genius, — we will not say beauty, since she was never beautiful. A passionate admirer of her father, who was only a mediocre man, whatever else may be said for him, she had followed his fortunes and emigrated with him, although the position of her husband as ambassador assured her safety.

But she soon returned to Paris, drew up a plan of escape for King Louis XVI., and in 1793 addressed the Revolutionary government in defence of the queen when the latter was brought to trial. Gustavus IV.'s declaration of war with Russia and France was followed by the recall to Stockholm of the ambassador, who was absent

from Paris from the day of the queen's death to that of the death of Robespierre. After the 9th Thermidor Monsieur de Staël returned to France, still as Swedish ambassador; and Madame de Staël, who could not live out of sight of her "gutter of a Rue du Bac," which she preferred to Lake Leman, returned with him.

Scarcely had they returned when she opened her salon, and naturally received there all men of distinction, whether they were Frenchmen or foreigners. But although she was one of the first to espouse the ideas of 1789, whether by reason of the march of events, or because the voice of her heart had modified her own ideas, she urged so vigorously the return of the *émigrés*, and so frequently asked that their names might be erased from the lists of the proscribed, particularly the name of Monsieur de Narbonne, that the famous butcher Legendre denounced her from the tribune. Her salon and that of Madame Tallien divided Paris; only, Madame de Staël's was in favor of a constitutional monarchy, — it was a shade between Cordeliers and Girondins.

On this particular evening, during the night of the 12th and 13th Vendémiaire, between eleven and twelve o'clock, which was the time when the greatest confusion reigned in the Convention, Madame de Staël's salon was crowded with company. The gathering was very brilliant, and no one, looking at the dresses of the women and the easy carriage of the men, would have imagined that people were about to cut one another's throats in the streets of Paris. And yet, amid all this gayety and wit, which is never so eager and keen in France as in hours of danger, there might have been seen sudden clouds, such as in summer cast deep shadows over fields and harvests.

Every one who entered was welcomed with exclamations of curiosity and with eager questions, which showed the

extent of the interest that each one took in the situation. And then for a moment the two or three ladies who shared the honors with Madame de Staël, either by reason of their beauty or their wit, were left to themselves.

Every one ran to the new comer, drew from him whatever he knew, and then returned to his own circle, where what had just been heard was eagerly discussed. By a sort of tacit agreement, each lady, who, as we have said, was by reason of beauty or wit admitted to the salon, held a separate little court of her own in the reception-rooms of the Hôtel de Suède ; so that on this particular evening, besides the salon held by Madame de Staël, there was one held by Madame de Krüdner and one by Madame Récamier.

Madame de Krüdner was three years younger than Madame de Staël ; she was a Courlandaise, born at Riga. The daughter of Baron de Wiftinghof, a rich landowner, she married, at the age of fourteen, Baron de Krüdner, whom she had accompanied to Copenhagen and to Venice, where he filled the position of Russian ambassador. Separated from her husband in 1791, she had regained the liberty which had been for a time impaired by her marriage. She was very charming and very witty, speaking and writing French extremely well. The only thing with which she could be reproached in that very unsentimental epoch was a strong tendency to solitude and revery. Her melancholy, which was born of the North, and which made her look like one of the heroines of an ancient Scandinavian saga, gave her, in the midst of her careless and joyous surroundings, a peculiar character which tended towards mysticism.

Her friends were sometimes tempted to show anger at the sort of ecstasy which occasionally seized upon her in the midst of a brilliant party. But when they drew near

to her at such moments of enthusiasm, and saw her beautiful eyes raised to heaven, they forgot Saint Thérèse for Madame de Krüdner, and the woman of the world in the inspired being. Moreover, it was commonly believed that those beautiful eyes, so often raised to heaven, would deign to regard earthly things as soon as the handsome singer Garat entered the salon where she was. A romance which she was then writing, and which bore the title of "Valérie; or, Letters from Gustave de Linard to Ernest de G.," was nothing more than the history of their love.

She was a woman of twenty-five or six years of age, with that light hair peculiar to natives of high latitudes. In her moments of ecstasy her face assumed a marble-like rigidity, and her skin, as white as satin, gave the appearance of truth to the illusion. Her friends — and she had many, although as yet she had no disciples — said that, in those moments when her soul communicated with loftier beings, disconnected words escaped her, which, nevertheless, like those of the ancient pythonesses, had a meaning of their own. In short, Madame de Krüdner was a forerunner of modern spiritism. In our day she would have been called a "medium." The word was not then invented, wherefore men contented themselves with calling her inspired.

Madame Récamier, the youngest of all the fashionable women of the period, was born at Lyons in 1777, and was named Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde Bernard. She married, in 1793, Jacques-Rose Récamier, who was twenty-six years older than she. His fortune came from an immense hat manufactory founded at Lyons by his father. When he was still quite young he travelled for the house, after having received a classical education which enabled him to quote when necessary either Horace or Virgil. He spoke Spanish, for his business had taken

him more particularly into Spain. He was handsome, tall, of light complexion, strongly built, easily moved, generous, and light-hearted; only slightly attached to his friends, although he never refused to lend them money. One of his best friends, whom he had obliged many times, died; he merely said, with a sigh, —

"Another money drawer closed!"

Married during the Reign of Terror, he was present at executions even on his wedding-day, just as he had been present on the previous day, and as he would be on the day following. He saw the king and the queen die, Lavoisier and the twenty-seven farmers-general, Laborde, his intimate friend, and, in short, almost all those with whom he had had either business or social relations; and when he was asked why he displayed such assiduity in attending the sad spectacle, he replied, —

"I wish to familiarize myself with the scaffold."

And, in fact, it was almost by a miracle that he escaped the guillotine himself; he did, however, escape it, and the kind of supernumerary time which he spent with death was of no value to him.

Was it because of this daily contemplation of nothingness that he forgot his wife's beauty, so that he loved her with only a paternal affection; or was it in consequence of one of those imperfections, by means of which capricious Nature sometimes makes sterile her most beautiful works? Be that as it may, the fact that she was a wife only in name remains a mystery, but no secret.

And yet, at the age of sixteen, when Mademoiselle Bernard became his wife, her biographer tells us that she had passed from childhood into the splendor of her youth. A supple, elegant figure, shoulders worthy of the goddess Hebe; an exquisitely shaped and perfectly proportioned neck; a small red mouth; teeth like pearls; arms which

were charming, though a little thin; chestnut hair, which curled naturally; a nose which was delicate and regular, although thoroughly French; a complexion of incomparable brilliancy; a face full of candor (though sometimes of mischief), whose kind expression made it irresistibly attractive; a manner which was at once indolent and proud; the best-set head in the world, — with all these graces, it might certainly have been said of her as Saint-Simon said of the Duchess of Burgundy: "Her bearing was that of a goddess enthroned on clouds."

The little courts seemed as independent of each other as if they had been held in separate houses; but the principal one, through which the others were reached, was held by the mistress of the house. This lady, who had just attained her twenty-ninth year, was, as we have said, the celebrated Madame de Staël, already known in politics in consequence of the influence which she had used to secure the appointment of Monsieur de Narbonne as minister of war, and in literature through her enthusiastic letters in regard to Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

She was not beautiful, and yet it was impossible for a person to pass near her without noticing her and being conscious that he had come in contact with one of those powerful organizations which sow words upon the field of thought as a laborer sows his grain in the furrows. She wore this evening a dress of red velvet open at the sides and falling over straw-colored satin; she had on a turban of yellow satin with a bird of paradise plume, and between her thick lips, which disclosed beautiful teeth, she held a twig of flowering heather. Her nose was a little too striking, and the tan on her cheeks a little too marked; but her eyes, eyebrows, and forehead were wonderfully beautiful. Divinity or mere matter, power was there.

Standing with her back to the mantelpiece, on which she rested one hand, while she gesticulated with the other like a man, and still holding the heather, from which she now and then bit off a blossom with her teeth, she said, addressing a handsome young man, her ardent adorer, whose fair curly hair shaded his face and fell almost to his shoulders, —

"No, you are mistaken, I assure you, my dear Constant. No, I am not against the Republic ; on the contrary, those who know me know with what ardor I adopted the principles of '89. But I have a horror of sans-culotteism and vulgar loves. As soon as it became clear that Liberty, instead of being the most beautiful and chastest of women, was a mere courtesan, who passed from Marat's arms to those of Danton, and thence to Robespierre's, my respect for her ceased. Let there be no more princes, no more dukes, no more counts, no more marquises ; I am perfectly willing. The title of 'citizen' is all very well when addressed to Cato ; that of 'citizeness' is noble when applied to Cornelia. But to be on intimate terms with my washerwoman, and to talk familiarly with my coachman? No, I shall never agree to that. Equality is a fine thing, but its meaning should be well understood. If it signifies that all citizens should be educated equally, at the country's expense, very well ; if it means that all men are equal in the sight of the law, — that, too, I agree to. But if it means that all French citizens shall be of the same cut, physically and mentally, that is the law of Procrustes, and not a proclamation of the rights of man. If I had to choose between the constitution of Lycurgus and that of Solon, between Sparta and Athens, I should choose Athens ; and, furthermore, the Athens of Pericles, and not that of Pisistratus."

"Well," smilingly replied the handsome young man

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to whom she addressed this social sally, and who was none other than he who was afterwards known as Benjamin Constant, "you are wrong, my dear Baroness; for you take Athens in her decline, instead of at her rise."

"In her decline, — at Pericles! It seems to me rather that I take her in the zenith of her splendor."

"Yes; but, Madame, nothing begins with splendor. Splendor is the fruit, which is preceded by the buds, the leaves, and the flower. You will have none of Pisistratus? You are wrong. It is he who, when he put himself at the head of the poorer classes, prepared the future destiny of Athens. As for his two sons, Hipparchus and Hippias, I give them up to you. But Aclysthenes, who increased the number of senators to five hundred, as our Convention has just done, — he it was who opened the great period of the Persian wars. Miltiades beat the Persians at Marathon; Pichegru has just conquered the Prussians and the Austrians. Themistocles destroyed the Persian fleet at Salamis; Moreau has just taken the Dutch fleet by a charge of cavalry. That's originality if you like. The liberty of Greece sprang from her war, which it seemed inevitable would destroy her, as ours has come from our war with foreign powers. Then it was that privileges were extended; then it was that archons and magistrates were chosen from all classes. Moreover, you forget that Eschylus was born in this fertile period. Illuminated by the unconscious divination of genius, he created the character of Prometheus; or, in other words, the revolt of man against tyranny, — Eschylus, who was the younger brother of Homer, yet who seems as though he were the elder!"

"Bravo, bravo!" said a voice. "You are strong in literature, upon my word! But all this time they are cutting one another's throats, in the Quartier Feydeau and

at the section Le Peletier. There! don't you hear those bells? They have got back from Rome."

"Ah, is it you, Barbé-Marbois?" said Madame de Staël, addressing a man about forty years old, very handsome, but with the pomposity and vapidity which is often met with in palaces and among diplomats, — an honorable man, nevertheless, son-in-law of William Moore, president and governor of Pennsylvania. "Where do you come from?"

"Straight from the Convention."

"What are they doing there?"

"They are arguing. They have outlawed the sectionists, and they are arming the patriots. As for the sectionists, as you perceive, they have already found the bells, which proves that they are monarchists in disguise. To-morrow they will find their muskets, and then there will be a pretty rumpus."

"Well, what can you expect?" said a man with straight hair, hollow temples, a livid skin, and a crooked mouth, — a man who was ugly with the double ugliness of men and of animals. "I kept telling them at the Convention, 'As long as you do not have an organized ministry of police and a police minister, — one who is not only appointed to the office, but fitted for it, — things will go to the deuce.' Well, I, who have a dozen fellows under me, just for the pleasure of the thing, — I, who am an amateur policeman because I like the business, — I am better informed than the government."

"And what do you know, Monsieur Fouché?" asked Madame de Staël.

"Well, Baroness, I know that the Chouans have been convoked from all parts of the kingdom, and that, the day before yesterday, at Lemaistre's house — You know Lemaistre, Baroness?"

"Is he not agent for the princes?"

"That's the man. Well, the Jura and the Morbihan shook hands there."

"Which means —?" asked Barbé-Marbois.

"Which means that there Cadoudal renewed his oath of fidelity, and the Comte de Sainte-Hermine his oath of vengeance."

The other salons had poured into the first one, and were gathering round the three or four new-comers who had brought the news which we have already heard.

"We know very well what Cadoudal is," replied Madame de Staël: "he is a Chouan who, after fighting in La Vendée, has crossed the Loire; but who is this Comte de Sainte-Hermine?"

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine," replied Fouché, "is a young nobleman belonging to one of the best families of the Jura. He is the second of three sons. His father was guillotined, his mother died of grief, his brother was shot at Auenheim, and he has sworn to avenge his brother and his father. The mysterious president of the section Le Peletier, the famous Morgan, who insulted the Convention in its own hall of assembly, do you know who he is?"

"No."

"Well, it is he."

"Upon my word, Monsieur Fouché," said Benjamin Constant, "you have missed your vocation. You ought to be neither sailor, priest, professor, deputy, nor representative; you ought to be minister of police."

"And if I were," said Fouché, "Paris would be quieter than it is just now. I ask you if it is not perfectly absurd to quail before the sections? Menou ought to be shot!"

"Citizen," said Madame de Krüdner, who affected repub-

lican forms of speech, "here is Citizen Garat; he has just come, and perhaps he can tell us some news. Garat, what do you know?"

And she drew within the circle a man about thirty years of age, dressed in perfect taste.

"He knows that one minim is worth two crochets," said the mocking voice of Benjamin Constant.

Garat raised himself upon tiptoe to discover the author of the joke that had just been uttered. He was strong on minims, a matchless singer, and moreover one of the most perfect *Incroyables* which the witty pencil of Horace Vernet has preserved for us. He was a nephew of the Garat, member of the Convention, who wept as he read Louis XVI.'s death-sentence to him. The son of a distinguished lawyer, his father wished to make a lawyer of him in turn; but Nature intended him to be a singer, since she endowed him with a splendid tenor voice. An Italian named Lamberti, together with François Beck, the director of the theatre at Bordeaux, gave him lessons in music; and these inspired such a passion for music in him that when he was sent to Paris to take a course of law, he took a course in music instead. When his father learned this, he stopped his allowance. The Comte d'Artois then appointed him his private secretary, and had him sing before Marie-Antoinette, who immediately admitted him to her private concerts.

Garat was completely estranged from his father; for nothing will cause estrangement between parents and children quicker than the withdrawal of an allowance. As the Comte d'Artois intended to visit Bordeaux, he proposed that Garat should accompany him. The latter hesitated at first; but the desire to let his father see him in his new position induced him to go. At Bordeaux he found his old teacher, Beck, in the depths of poverty,

and arranged a concert for Beck's benefit. Curiosity to hear a man from their own department who had already made a reputation as a singer, induced the people of Bordeaux to go to the concert. The receipts were enormous, and Garat's success was such that his father, who was present, left his seat and went and threw himself into his son's arms. In consequence of his amends, *coram populo*, Garat forgave him.

Until the Revolution, Garat was only an amateur; but the loss of his fortune made a professional artist of him. In 1793 he started for England; but the vessel in which he sailed was driven by contrary winds, and landed him at Hamburg instead. Seven or eight concerts, given with great success, enabled him to return to France with a thousand louis, each of which was worth seven or eight thousand francs in assignats. Upon his return he met Madame de Krüdner, and became intimate with her.

The Thermidorian reaction adopted Garat, and at the time of which we are speaking there was not a great concert, a grand exhibition, or an elegant gathering where Garat did not figure at the head of the artists, the singers, or the invited guests. This good fortune made Garat very susceptible, as we have said; hence, there is nothing astonishing in the fact that he raised himself on tiptoe to see who it was that had maintained that his musical knowledge was limited by this incontestable musical fact that one minim is worth two crochets. It must also be remembered that it was Benjamin Constant, another *Incroyable*, not less susceptible than Garat himself upon a point of honor, who had spoken.

"You need not look farther, Citizen," he said, holding out his hand. "It is I who advanced the chance opinion. If you happen to know anything else, will you tell it to us?"

Garat sincerely pressed the hand which was offered him.

"All I know," he replied, "is that I have just come from Cléry hall. My carriage could not cross the Pont Neuf, which is guarded, so I was obliged to get here by the Quays, where the drums were making a deuce of a noise; I crossed the Pont Égalité. It is raining in torrents. Mesdames Todi and Mara sang wonderfully two or three things from Gluck and Cimarosa."

"What did I tell you?" said Benjamin Constant.

"Is not that the sound of drums that we hear?" inquired a voice.

"Yes," replied Garat; "but they are relaxed by the rain, and nothing is more disagreeable than the sound of a wet drum."

"Ah, there is Boissy d'Anglas!" exclaimed Madame de Staël; "he has probably come straight from the Convention, unless he has resigned his position as president."

"Yes, Baroness," said Boissy d'Anglas, with his melancholy smile, "I have just come from the Convention; but I wish I could have brought you better news,"

"Oh," said Barbé-Marbois, "is there another Prairial?"

"If that were all!" rejoined Boissy d'Anglas.

"What is it, then?"

"If I am not much mistaken, by to-morrow all Paris will be up in arms. This time it is real civil war. The section Le Peletier replied to our last summons: 'The Convention has five thousand men, and the sections sixty thousand; we will give you until daybreak to vacate the hall of sessions. If it is not done by that time, we will drive you out.'"

"And what do you intend to do, Monsieur?" asked Madame Récamier's sweet and charming voice.

"Madame," replied Boissy d'Anglas, "we intend to do what the Roman senators did when the Gauls took the Capitol: we shall die at our posts."

"I wonder how I could get to see that," said Monsieur Récamier, coolly. "I have seen the Convention massacred in detail, and I should like to see it done *en masse*."

"Come to-morrow between twelve and one o'clock," replied Boissy d'Anglas, with equal coolness; "that is probably the time at which the affair will begin."

"Oh, no, not at all," said a new arrival; "you will not have the glory of martyrdom, for you are all saved."

"Come, no joking, Saint-Victor," said Madame de Staël.

"Madame, I never joke," replied Saint-Victor, bowing to Madame de Staël, the Baronne de Kr dner, Madame Récamier, and the other ladies present.

"But really what news is there? What do you mean by your universal salvation?" asked Benjamin Constant.

"The news, gentlemen and ladies, — I beg pardon, citizens and citizenesses, — is that, in accordance with the proposition of Citizen Merlin, of Douai, the National Convention has just decreed that Brigadier-General Barras is to be appointed commander of the armed force, because of his services in Thermidor. He is tall, and has a strong voice. It is true, he cannot make long speeches, but he excels in improvising energetic and vehement phrases. Do you not see that, since General Barras is to defend the Convention, the Convention is saved? And now that I have done my duty, Baroness, in reassuring you, I am going home to make preparations."

"For what?" asked Madame de Staël.

"To fight against him to-morrow, Madame; and right willingly, too."

"Ah, then you are a royalist, Coster?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "I find that that is the party which contains the most pretty women. And in addition I have other reasons, which are known only to myself."

And bowing for the second time with his accustomed elegance, he went away, leaving everybody to comment upon the news which he had brought, and which, it is needless to say, did not completely reassure them, Coster de Saint-Victor to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as the tocsin rang louder and louder, as the drums did not cease to beat, as the rain did not cease to fall, as there was no further chance to receive news, and as four o'clock had struck from the bronze clock representing Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, they called their carriages, and went away, secretly uneasy, but outwardly confident.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HÔTEL OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

As Coster de Saint-Victor had announced, Barras, about one o'clock in the morning, had been appointed commander of the forces in and about Paris and the interior, and both civil and military authorities were under his orders.

This appointment did not deserve Coster de Saint-Victor's derision; Barras was brave, cool, and devoted to the cause of liberty, and he had given at Toulon irrefutable proofs of his courage and patriotism. He was not deceived in regard to the danger of the situation and the terrible responsibility which rested upon him. Nevertheless, he remained perfectly calm. While he had done all he could to secure his own appointment, he knew of an auxiliary, unknown to all others, upon whom he could rely. He therefore left the Tuileries immediately after his appointment, with a long dark overcoat on, and hesitated a moment whether or not to take a carriage; but thinking that a carriage might attract attention, and possibly be stopped, he contented himself with drawing from his pocket a pair of pistols, which he put into his deputy's sash, and which were hidden under his overcoat. Then he set out by the Echelle wicket, went along the Rue Traversière, passed the Palais-Royal, followed for a few steps the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, and found himself opposite the Rue des Fossés-Montmartre. During this time it poured in torrents.

All was in frightful confusion, and Barras was well aware of it. He knew that the artillery was still in the camp at Sablons, and that it was guarded by only a hundred and fifty men. He knew that there were only eighty thousand cartridges in the magazine, and that there were no provisions and no brandy. He knew that communications with the staff, whose headquarters were in the Boulevard des Capucines, were interrupted by the sectionists of the club Le Peletier, who extended their line of sentinels from the Rue des Filles-Saint-Thomas as far as the Place Vendôme and the Rue Saint-Pierre-Montmartre. He knew how irritated the sectionists were, who, as we have seen, had publicly raised the standard of revolt; he knew of the expedition of the previous night, so poorly conducted by Menou, so vigorously received by Morgan, which had doubled their actual force, and quadrupled their moral strength.

On all sides the report was rife that this section, hemmed in by thirty thousand members of the Convention party, had overawed them by their courage, and by a skilful disposition of their men had forced them to a shameful retreat. Men were everywhere talking of the audacity with which Morgan had placed himself between the two bodies of troops, of his lofty air, and of the haughtiness with which he had addressed General Menou and Representative Laporte. It was rumored that he was a very great personage, who had returned from abroad only three or four days before, and that he had letters of recommendation to the royalist committee of Paris from the royalist committee in London.

The Convention was no longer hated, it was despised. And, in truth, what had the sections to fear from it? They had all, not being interfered with, in consequence of its feebleness, joined in a confederacy on the night of the

11th, and during the night of the 12th they had sent detachments to aid the mother-section. They therefore regarded the National Convention as dead, and were prepared to sing the *De profundis* over its corpse.

Thus, on his way, Barras was constantly meeting some one or other of these detachments which had come to the aid of the mother-section, and which accosted him with:

"Who goes there?"

To which he replied, —

"A sectionist."

Moreover, at every few steps he met a drummer mournfully beating on the relaxed skin of his instrument the recall or the general, the lugubrious and sinister sounds seeming to accompany a funeral procession. Furthermore, men could be seen gliding like shadows through the streets, knocking at doors, calling citizens by their names, and exhorting them to arm themselves and repair to the section to protect their wives and children, whose throats the Terrorists had sworn to cut.

Perhaps all this would have been less imposing in broad daylight; but the mysterious air which deeds done in the night take on, entreaties uttered in a low voice, as if fears were entertained lest assassins should hear them, the mournful and incessant beating of the drums, the ringing of bells, — all this caused anxiety and trepidation throughout the city, and announced that something indefinite, but terrible, was about to happen.

Barras saw and heard it all. He no longer judged of the condition of Paris by means of a report, but he touched it with his finger. Thus, when he left the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, he hastened his steps, and almost ran across the Place des Victoires; then, hurrying into the Rue des Fossés-Montmartre, and gliding along close to the houses, he finally reached the door of the

little hôtel of the "Rights of Man." Having got thus far, he stopped, and took a few steps backward, in order to read, by the doubtful light of a street-lamp, the sign which he sought; after which, approaching the door, he rapped vigorously with the knocker.

A man-servant was in attendance; and as he probably judged, from the manner of knocking, that some one of consequence was there, Barras was not kept waiting. The door opened cautiously.

Barras slipped through the opening, and shut the door behind him. Then, without waiting to inform the servant of the reason for these precautions, he asked, —

"Citizen Bonaparte lodges here, does he not?"

"Yes, Citizen."

"Is he in?"

"He came in scarcely an hour ago."

"Where is his room?"

"On the fourth floor, at the end of the corridor, No. 47."

"Right or left?"

"Left."

"Thank you."

Barras hastened to the staircase, rapidly sprang up the four flights, took the corridor to the left, and stopped before the door of No. 47. Once there, he knocked three times.

"Come in," said a curt voice, which seemed made for command.

Barras turned the handle and entered. He found himself in a room furnished with a curtainless bed, two tables, one large and the other small, four chairs, and a globe. A sword and a pair of pistols hung upon the wall. At the smaller table sat a young man, completely dressed, except for his uniform, who was studying a plan of Paris by the light of a lamp.

At the sound of the opening door, the occupant of the room turned half way round in his chair to see who the unexpected visitor could be who had come at such an hour. As he sat in his chair, the lamp lighted three-quarters of his face, leaving the rest in shadow.

He was about twenty-five years old, with an olive complexion which was a little lighter at the temples and forehead, with straight black hair parted in the middle and falling below the ears. His eagle eye, straight nose, strong chin, and lower jaw, increasing in size as it approached the ears, left no doubt as to what direction his abilities would take. He was a man of war, belonging to a race of conquerors. Seen thus, and lighted in this way, his face looked like a bronze medallion; he was so thin that all the bones of his face were discernible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CITIZEN BONAPARTE.

Barras shut the door, and stepped within the circle of light cast by the lamp. It was not until then that the young man recognized him.

"Ah, is it you, Citizen Barras?" he said, without rising.

Barras shook himself, for he was wet through, and laid his dripping hat upon a chair, while the young man continued attentively to regard him.

"Yes, it is I," he replied, "Citizen Bonaparte."

"What wind brings you at this hour to the cell of a poor unattached soldier? A sirocco, or a mistral?"

"A mistral, my dear Bonaparte; a mistral of the most violent kind."

The young man laughed, with a dry, harsh laugh which showed his small, sharp, white teeth.

"I know something about it," he said. "I took a walk through Paris this evening."

"And your opinion?"

"Is that, as the section Le Peletier intimated to the Convention, the storm will burst to-morrow."

"Meantime, what would you do?"

The young man then rose, and resting the end of his first finger on the table, he said, pointing to a map of Paris, —

"As you see, I was amusing myself by planning, if I were general of the interior in place of that imbecile

Menou, what I would do to put an end to all this nonsense."

"And what would you do?" asked Barras, laughing.

"I would try to get a dozen cannon, which would talk louder than these chatterers do."

"Did you not tell me one day at Toulon that from the terrace by the side of the ornamental water you witnessed the rising of the 20th of June?"

The young man scornfully shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," he said, "I saw your poor King Louis XVI. put on the red cap, which did not prevent his head from falling, and only disgraced it. And I said then to Bourrienne, who was with me, 'However did they let all this mob into the château? If they would only sweep four or five hundred of them out with cannon, the rest would run out of themselves.'"

"Unfortunately," said Barras, "there are five thousand rather than five hundred who would have to be swept out to-day."

The young man smiled carelessly.

"A difference of a cipher, that is all," he replied. "What would that matter, if the result were the same? The rest is a mere matter of detail."

"So you were planning how to defeat the insurgents when I interrupted you?"

"I was."

"And have you formed your plan?"

"Yes."

"And what is it?"

"That depends upon how many men I should have under my command."

"Five or six thousand, including the Holy Battalion of Patriots."

"With that number, it is of no use to think of attack-

ing in the streets forty-five or fifty thousand men, I tell you plainly beforehand."

"Would you evacuate Paris?"

"No; but I would make of the Convention an intrenched camp. I would wait for the sections to make the attack, and I would fire on them from the Rue Saint-Honoré, from the Palais-Royal, from the bridges, and from the quays."

"Well, I adopt your plan," said Barras. "Will you attend to the execution of it?"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"In what capacity."

"As second general of the interior."

"And who is general-in-chief?"

"General-in-chief?"

"Yes."

"Citizen Barras."

"I accept," said the young man, holding out his hand, "but only on one condition."

"Ah, so you make conditions, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Go on."

"If we succeed, if by to-morrow evening order is restored, and if war with Austria is seriously determined upon, I can count on you, can I not?"

"If we succeed to-morrow, in the first place I shall leave to you the whole glory of the day, and I shall ask for you the chief command of the army of the Rhine or of that of the Moselle."

Bonaparte shook his head.

"I will not go either to Holland or Germany," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because there is nothing to do there."

"Where, then, do you want to go?"

"To Italy. It is only in Italy, on the battle-fields of Hannibal, Marius, and Caesar, that there is anything to be done."

"If there is war in Italy, you shall command the army; for that I give you my word of honor."

"Thank you. Our immediate business is in regard to to-morrow; there is no time to lose."

Barras pulled out his watch.

"I should think not," he said; "it is three o'clock in the morning."

"How many guns have you at the Tuileries?"

"Six four-pounders, but no gunners."

"They can easily be found. Bronze is scarcer than flesh. How many rounds can be fired?"

"Oh, eighty thousand, at most."

"Eighty thousand? That is enough to kill eighty men, supposing that one shot out of a thousand does execution. Luckily, there are still three hours of darkness left to us. We must have all the guns brought from the camp at Sablons, in the first place so that the enemy shall not seize them, and in the next because we need them ourselves. We must take enough men from the gendarmerie and from the Battalion of '89 to man the guns, and we must send for at least a million cartridges from Meudon and Marly. Finally, we must find officers upon whom we can depend."

"We have in the Holy Battalion all those who, like us, were deposed by Aubry."

"That will do beautifully. They are not men of much intelligence, but they will do the work, and that is what we need." And the young officer rose, buckled on his sword, buttoned his coat, and blew out his light, murmuring, "O fortune, fortune! are you at last within my grasp?"

The two men went out, and directed their steps towards the Convention. Barras noticed that the young officer did not take the key of his room with him, — a fact which seemed to show that he did not possess much that was worth stealing.

Five hours afterwards, at eight o'clock in the morning, this is what the two officers had accomplished.

They reached the camp at Sablons in time to bring away the guns to Paris; a manufactory of cartridges was established at Meudon; guns were planted at every avenue, and masked batteries were erected, in the event of any of the outlets being carried; a battery consisting of two eight-pounders and two howitzers was erected on the Place du Carrousel to cover the columns and to fire on the windows of houses from which weapons could be turned on the Place.

General Verdier commanded at the Palais National; means of subsistence for the Convention and its five thousand men were thus, in case of blockade, assured for several days. Guns and troops were stationed in and round the buildings occupied by the Convention, — in the *cul-de-sac* of the Dauphin, in the Rues de Rohan and Saint-Nicaise, at the Palais Égalité, at the Pont de la Révolution, in the Place de la Révolution and the Place Vendôme. A small body of cavalry and two thousand infantry were kept in reserve at the Carrousel and in the garden of the Tuileries.

Thus this great National Convention of France, which had overturned a monarchy that had endured for eight centuries; which had made every throne in Europe tremble; which had driven the English from Holland, and the Prussians and the Austrians from Champagne and Alsace; which had driven Spanish troops sixty leagues beyond the Pyrenees, and destroyed two Vendées,

— this great National Convention of France, which had just united Nice, Savoy, Belgium, and the Luxembourg to France, whose armies, passing like a whirlwind over Europe, had leaped the Rhine as though it had been but a brook, and threatened to pursue to Vienna the eagle of the house of Hapsburg, — this National Convention possessed nothing in Paris except the banks of the Seine from the Rue Dauphine to the Rue du Bac, and on the other side of the river only the piece of ground included between the Place de la Révolution and the Place des Victoires; and to defend itself against all Paris it had only five thousand men and a general who was almost unknown.

CHAPTER XIX.

CITIZEN GARAT.

At several points, and particularly on the Pont Neuf, the sentinels of the sections and those of the Convention were so near one another that they could easily talk together. A few unimportant skirmishes occurred during the morning. The section Poissonnière stopped the guns and the men who were on their way to the section of the Quinze-Vingts. The Mont-Blanc section captured a convoy of provisions intended for the Tuileries. A detachment from the section Le Peletier took possession of the Bank. And, finally, Morgan, with a corps of five hundred men, almost all *émigrés* or Chouans, and all wearing collars and green pompons, advanced towards the Pont Neuf, while the Comédie-Française section descended by way of the Rue Dauphine.

About four o'clock in the afternoon nearly fifty thousand men surrounded the Convention. It seemed as if gusts of fierce breath and furious menace could be felt in the air. During the day the Conventional party held several parleys with the sectionists. They were feeling one another's pulse. For example, towards noon, Representative Garat was directed to carry a decree from the Convention to the section de l'Indivisibilité. He took an escort of thirty horsemen, fifteen dragoons, and fifteen chasseurs. The battalions of the Museum and the French

Guards, which had rejoined the Convention, and which were stationed in and about the Louvre, presented arms when he appeared.

As for the Pont Neuf, it was guarded by republicans, commanded by the same General Carteaux who had had Bonaparte under his orders at Toulon, and who was greatly astonished now to find that their positions were reversed. At the Pont au Change, Garat found a battalion of sectionists, who stopped him. But Garat was a man of action; he drew a pistol, and commanded his thirty men to unsheathe their swords. At sight of the pistol and at the sound of the steel the sectionists let them pass.

Garat was charged with the task of winning over the section de l'Indivisibilité to the side of the Convention. But, in spite of his persuasions, it declared its intention to remain neutral. Garat's next duty was to ascertain whether the battalions of Montreuil and Popincourt intended to support the sectionists or the Convention; he therefore made his way towards the faubourg. At the opening to the main street he found the battalion of Montreuil under arms. With one voice, at sight of him, they cried: "Long live the Convention!"

Garat wanted to take the battalion back with him; but they were waiting for Popincourt's force, which had also declared for the Convention. They told him, however, that two hundred men from the battalion of the Quinze-Vingts had remained behind, and were desirous of going to the defence of the Tuileries. Garat learned where they were, went to them, and questioned them.

"March at our head," they said to him, "and we will follow you."

Garat put his fifteen dragoons at their head, and his fifteen chasseurs in their rear, and marched in front of

the little troop, pistol in hand; and the two hundred men, of whom only fifty were armed, started for the Tuileries. They passed in front of the Montreuil battalion; the Popincourts had not yet arrived. The Montreuils wished to march without them; but their commander demanded an order from Barras. Upon his return to the Tuileries, Garat sent him one by an aide-de-camp. The battalion started at once, and arrived in time to take part in the action.

Meantime Carteaux had assumed command of a detachment with which he was to guard the Point Neuf. He had only three hundred and fifty men and two pieces of artillery. He forthwith sent word to Bonaparte that he could not hold the position with so small a force.

For sole reply, he received this single line, written in characters which were almost illegible: —

You will hold out to the last extremity.

BONAPARTE.

This was the first written order ever given by the young general; it is a good example of his concise style.

But about two o'clock in the afternoon a column of ten or twelve hundred well-armed men, composed of the sections of the Unité and of the Fontaine-de-Grenelle, advanced upon that part of the Pont Neuf which is contiguous to the Rue Dauphine. There it was stopped by cavalry outposts. Then one of the sectionists, carrying a magnificent bouquet tied with a tricolored ribbon, came forward from the ranks. Carteaux sent an aide-de-camp to forbid the column to advance, unless its commander should have brought him an order from the Committee of Public Safety or from General-in-chief Barras.

The aide-de-camp returned, accompanied by the major in command from the Unité, who declared, in the name

of the two sections, that he bore the olive-branch, and wished to fraternize with the general and the troops under his orders.

"Go and tell your president," said Carteaux, "that it is not to me, but to the National Convention, that the olive-branch should be offered. Let a deputation of four unarmed citizens be appointed, and I will have them conducted to the Convention, which alone can receive this symbol of peace and fraternity."

This was not the answer that the major expected to receive; he therefore replied that after deliberation they would return again, and meet in a still more fraternal manner. Thereupon the major retired, and the two sections formed in line of battle along the Quai Conti and the Quai Malaquais. This disposal of the force denoted hostile intentions, which were soon confirmed.

About three o'clock Carteaux saw a column of such strength advancing along the Rue de la Monnaie that its front filled the whole street; and although he was standing upon the highest point of the Pont Neuf, he could not see the end of it. A third column arrived at the same time by the Quai de la Ferraille, while a fourth filed behind the others to cut off the Pont Neuf by the Quai de l'École.

Notwithstanding the order which he had received to hold his position to the last extremity, General Carteaux clearly saw that he had not a moment to lose if he was to beat a retreat without betraying his weakness to the enemy. The order was immediately given to the gunners to limber up. Two companies immediately led the way as far as the garden of the Infanta; then the two guns followed.

The remainder of the troop was divided into four companies,— one facing the sectionists, who were advan-

cing by way of the Rue de la Monnaie; another threatening the column on the Quai de la Ferraille; and the others covering the retreat of the artillery. The cavalry remained in the middle of the Point Neuf to arrest the column of the Unité and to mask the manœuvre.

Scarcely had Carteaux taken up his position in the garden of the Infanta, when he recalled the two companies which were facing the Rue de la Monnaie and the Quai de la Ferraille, together with the cavalry. The movement was executed in splendid order, but the abandoned post was immediately occupied by the sectionists.

In the mean time Garat returned with his fifteen dragoons, fifteen chasseurs, and two hundred men of the section Quinze-Vingts, of which only fifty were armed. The Pont Neuf bristled with bayonets. He thought they were those of the republicans whom he had left there; but when he got fairly among them, he recognized, by their collars and green pompons, that he was in the midst, not only of a body of sectionists, but of Chouans.

At the same moment the commander of the force, who was none other than Morgan, advanced towards him, recognizing him from having seen him at the Convention.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Garat," he said, taking off his hat and bowing, "but you seem to be in some difficulty, and I should like to assist you if possible. What do you desire?"

Garat recognized him, and saw through the pleasantry. But preferring to take another tone, he said, cocking a pistol, —

"I want, Monsieur, a passage for myself and my men."

But Morgan continued in the same jesting tone.

"Nothing could be more reasonable," he said, "and, indeed, we owe it to you, if only in return for the civility

of General Carteaux, who has just yielded this post to us without striking a blow. But uncock your pistol; a misfortune occurs so quickly. Suppose it went off by accident; it would be thought that you had fired at me, and my men would cut you to pieces, you and your little troop, which is only half armed already, as you see. This would be very disagreeable to me, because the people would say that we took advantage of our superior numbers."

Garat uncocked his pistol.

"But why are you here, anyway?" he asked.

"As you see," replied Morgan, laughing, "we have come to the help of the Convention."

"Major," said Garat, relaxing in his turn, "you must admit that your way of helping is a singular one."

"Well," said Morgan, "I see that you do not believe me, and that I must tell you the whole truth. Well, then, there are a hundred thousand of us in Paris, and a million in France, — are there not, Coster?"

The young *muscadin* whom he addressed, who was armed to the teeth, contented himself with a nod of the head and the single word, —

"More!"

"You see," continued Morgan, "my friend here, Saint-Victor, who is a man of honor, confirms what I have just said. Well, then, there are more than a hundred thousand of us in Paris, and more than a million in France, who have sworn the extermination of the Conventional party, and the destruction of the building in which the king's death-warrant was signed, and whence so many death-warrants, like flights of ominous birds, have issued. Not only shall the men be punished, but the expiation shall extend to the very stones. To-morrow not a member of the Convention will be alive; not a stone

will remain standing of that palace where the Convention sits. We shall sow with salt the place where it stood, and the ground on which it was built shall be given over to the execration of posterity."

"If you are so sure of the result of the day, Major," said Garat, resuming the jesting tone which Morgan had abandoned, "it ought to make very little difference to you whether you have two hundred men more or less to fight."

"No difference at all," replied Morgan.

"In that case, I ask you, for the second time, to let me pass. I prefer to die with my colleagues, and to have for a tomb that building which you are about to bring down upon their heads."

"Then dismount, give me your arm, and come with me. Gentlemen," continued Morgan, addressing his men with that inflection of the voice which, without indicating an *Incroyable*, betrayed the aristocrat, "let us play fair. Citizen Garat asks to be allowed to go and defend the National Convention with his two hundred men, of whom only fifty are armed. His request seems to me to be so reasonable, and the poor Convention seems to be in such a desperate condition, that I do not think we ought to oppose his kindly sentiments."

Bursts of ironical laughter welcomed the motion, which did not need to be put to vote in order to be adopted. A path was immediately made, and with Morgan and Garat at their head, the little column passed through.

"Pleasant journey!" cried Saint-Victor after them.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OUTPOSTS.

MORGAN pretended not to notice that he had passed his own outposts. Alone of the sectionists, still talking, and walking arm in arm with Garat, he advanced as far as the colonnade. He was one of those rigidly honorable men who have confidence even in their enemies, and who are convinced that, particularly in France, courage is the truest prudence.

When he reached the colonnade of the Louvre, Morgan found himself not more than twenty paces distant from the Conventionals, and only ten paces from where General Carteaux stood, leaning on his sword. Carteaux was magnificently dressed, and wore a hat ornamented with a tricolored plume, which fell so low that the feathers dangled before his eyes, annoying him greatly.

"You have a magnificent drum-major there," said Morgan to Garat; "I congratulate you in regard to him."

Garat smiled. It was not the first time that, voluntarily or involuntarily, the mistake had been made.

"That is not our drum-major," he replied, "it is our commander, General Carteaux."

"Oh, the deuce! Is he the man who should have taken Toulon, but who, instead, allowed it to be taken by a little artillery officer named — what is his name, anyhow? — named Buonaparte, I believe? Ah, introduce me to this worthy citizen; I adore handsome men, and particularly handsome uniforms."

"Willingly," said Garat; and they advanced towards Carteaux.

"General," said Garat to the colossus in uniform, "I have the honor to present to you the citizen-president of the section Le Peletier, who has not only courteously made a way for me through his men, but has also, lest any mishap should befall me, accompanied me thus far himself."

"Citizen," said Carteaux, drawing himself up to his full height, in order not to lose an inch of it, "I join with Citizen-Conventional Garat in thanking you."

"There is no necessity, General," replied Morgan, with his accustomed courtesy. "I saw you from a distance, and wished to make your acquaintance. Besides, I wished to ask you whether you do not think it would be well for you to yield us this post, as you did the other, without loss of blood."

"Is that a jest, or a serious proposition?" asked Carteaux, his coarse voice growing still coarser.

"It is a proposition," replied Morgan, "and a very serious one."

"It seems to me that you are too much of a soldier, Citizen," replied Carteaux, "not to understand the difference between this position and the other. The other can be attacked on four sides, while this can be reached only on two. Now, as you see, Citizen, here are two guns ready to receive those who may come by way of the quays, and two others ready to welcome those who may approach through the Rue Saint-Honoré."

"But why do you not open fire, General?" asked the president, carelessly. "There is a fine range for cannon from the Infanta gardens to the Pont Neuf,— scarcely a hundred feet."

"The general, wishing to put all responsibility of

bloodshed upon the sectionists, has positively forbidden us to open fire."

"What general, — Barras?"

"No, General Bonaparte."

"Well, well, well! Your little officer of Toulon. So he has made his way up until he is a general like you?"

"More of a general than I am," replied Carteaux, "since I am under his orders."

"That must be very unpleasant to you, Citizen. And how unjust, — you, who are nearly six feet high, to have to obey a young man of twenty-four, who is, they say, only five feet and one inch in height!"

"Do you not know him?" asked Carteaux.

"No; I have not that honor."

"Well, open fire, and this evening —"

"This evening?"

"This evening you will have made his acquaintance. I will say no more."

At that moment drums were heard beating a salute, and through the gate of the Louvre a group of elegant staff officers were seen to emerge, among whom were Barras, noticeable by the gorgeousness of his uniform, and Bonaparte, remarkable by the extreme simplicity of his.

The latter general was, as we have said, thin and short; and as, from the spot where Morgan stood, the fine lines of his face could not be distinguished, he looked insignificant, riding, as he did, behind Barras.

"Ah," said Morgan, "here is something fresh!"

"Yes," said Garat. "See! That is General Barras, and there is General Bonaparte; they are going to visit the outposts"

"And which of the two is General Buonaparte?" asked Morgan.

"The one on the black horse."

"But he is a mere boy, who has not done growing," said Morgan, shrugging his shoulders.

"Never fear," said Carteaux, laying his hand on Morgan's shoulder; "he will grow."

Barras, Bonaparte, and the rest of the staff were now approaching Carteaux.

"I will stay," said Morgan to Garat; "I want to get a nearer view of this Buonaparte."

"Then hide behind me," said Garat; "or, rather, behind Carteaux, for then you will have more room."

Morgan drew back, and the cavalcade approached the general.

Barras stopped opposite General Carteaux; but Bonaparte rode forward a few steps farther, and remained alone in the middle of the quay. Since he was only half a musket-shot from the enemy, several muskets were aimed at him from the sectionists' ranks; whereupon Morgan sprang forward, and with one bound stood in front of Bonaparte's horse. Then, waving his hat, he caused the muskets to be lowered.

Bonaparte rose in his stirrups, without seeming to notice what had just happened. The Pont Neuf, the Rue de la Monnaie, the Quai de la Vallée, the Rue de Thionville, and the Qui Conti as far as the Institute, were thronged with armed men; as far as the eye could reach, on the Quai de l'École, the Quai de la Mégisserie, and the Quai de Morfondus, nothing could be seen but gun-barrels shining in the sun, thick as ears in a wheat-field.

"How many men do you estimate there are before you, Citizen Carteaux?" asked Bonaparte.

"I cannot tell exactly, General," replied Carteaux. "In the open country I could guess within a thousand

men; but here, in these streets, quays, and squares, I cannot make even an approximate guess."

"General, if you want the exact number," said Garat, laughing, "ask the citizen who has just prevented those men from firing on you. He can tell you exactly."

Bonaparte looked down at the young man as if he had seen him for the first time, and said, bowing slightly, —

"Citizen, will you be kind enough to give me the information I desire?"

"I think you asked, Monsieur," replied Morgan, taking care to address the republican general in the manner customary before the foundation of the republic, "the number of the men opposed to you."

"Yes," replied Bonaparte, fixing a penetrating eye on his interlocutor.

"Before you, Monsieur," resumed Morgan, "there are, visible or invisible, from thirty-two to thirty-four thousand men; in the direction of the Rue Saint-Roch, ten thousand men; from the Place des Filles-Saint-Thomas as far as the Barrière des Sergents, ten thousand more, — making fifty-six thousand men in all."

"Is that all?" asked Bonaparte.

"Do you not think that will be enough to oppose your five thousand?"

"And you say you are sure of the number?" asked Bonaparte, without replying to the question.

"Perfectly sure; I am one of their principal leaders."

A lightning glance darted from the eye of the young general, who looked fixedly at Carteaux.

"How comes it that the citizen-sectionist is here?" he asked. "Is he your prisoner?"

"No, Citizen-General," replied Carteaux.

"Did he come with a flag of truce?"

"No."

Bonaparte frowned.

"But there must be some reason why he is in your ranks?" he said.

"Citizen-General," replied Garat, stepping forward, "I, with a hundred and fifty unarmed men, whom I had recruited in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, fell into the hands of Citizen Morgan and his troops. In order that neither I nor my men should suffer harm, he accompanied me here, with a fidelity and generosity which deserve our gratitude. Citizen Morgan, I thank you for the service which you have rendered me, and I declare that not only have we no pretext for detaining you, but that to do so would be to act contrary to honor and the rights of man. Citizen-General Bonaparte, I therefore ask your permission for the citizen to retire."

And Garat, advancing towards Morgan, shook hands with him, while General Bonaparte, extending his arm towards the outposts of the sectionists, made a sign to Morgan to return to his men, which the latter, after bowing courteously to Bonaparte, proceeded to do, walking slowly, and whistling the air of "La Belle Gabrielle."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STEPS OF SAINT-ROCH.

As soon as Morgan had rejoined the sectionists, and stood facing the general, who this time saluted him by drawing his sword, Bonaparte turned to Carteaux, and said, —

"You did right, General, to abandon the Pont Neuf, in spite of the order which I gave you. You could not, with three hundred men, hold it against thirty-four thousand. But, here, you have more than a thousand men; here is the Thermopylæ of the Convention; and you and your thousand men must die rather than yield a single step. — Come, Barras."

Barras saluted General Carteaux, and followed Bonaparte as if he were already accustomed to receiving orders from him. Then, continuing along the quay, the young general ordered two guns to be placed in position a little below the balcony of Charles IX., to command the flank of the Quai Conti. Then, continuing to follow the quay, he entered the court of the Carrousel. He had left by the swing-bridge at the extremity of the Tuileries, had crossed the Place de la Révolution, — where there was a strong reserve force of men and artillery, — had followed the line of the Feuillants, the Place Vendôme, the *cul-de-sac* of the Dauphine, and the Rue Saint-Honoré, and then he returned by way of the Louvre, and re-entered by the Carrousel.

Just as Bonaparte and Barras disappeared within the Carrousel by the gate, a bearer of a flag of truce was introduced to them with all the ceremonial customary among civilized men when treating with fortified towns. The bearer approached them from the gate of L'Echelle, on the opposite side of the Carrousel, and was preceded by a trumpeter. Questioned as to his errand, he said that he was the bearer of proposals from Citizen Danican, general-in-chief of the sectionists.

He was led by the two generals to the hall of the Convention, and the bandage which covered his eyes was removed. Then, in a threatening voice, he offered peace, on condition that the battalion of patriots should be disarmed, and that the decrees of Fructidor should be repealed. At that moment the Convention gave evidence of a weakness which, to their shame, great assemblies sometimes manifest. And the strange thing was that the weakness emanated from a quarter where the greatest strength would naturally have been looked for.

Boissy d'Anglas, who on the 1st Prairial was so grand, so firm, so like the ancients, now ascended the tribune and proposed to grant Danican, not what he demanded, but a conference, in which they might come to an understanding. Another deputy proposed to disarm all those patriots of '89 whose conduct during the course of the Revolution had been reprehensible. Finally, a third proposed what was more reprehensible still; namely, that they should trust to the good faith of the sections. Lanjuinais, the man who had so resolutely withstood the Jacobins, and who had dared to oppose the massacres of September, gave signs of fear, and thought it would be wise to accept the proposals of those "good citizens." Now, the "good citizens" were none other than sectionists.

One of the Conventional party went even farther, crying out, —

"I am told that into the battalion of patriots of '89 some assassins have crept. I demand that they be shot."

But then Chénier sprang to the tribune. The poet's head was conspicuous among all that crowd of heads; his brow was inspired this time, not by the muse of drama, but by the genius of patriotism.

"I am, in truth, amazed," he said, "that you should dare to consider the demands of the revolted sections. There is no middle course for the Convention. Victory or death! When the Convention has conquered, it will be time enough to separate those who are guilty from those who are only misguided. Talk of assassins!" he exclaimed; "there are assassins among the revolted party."

Lanjuinais mounted the tribune and said, —

"I foresee civil war."

Twenty voices replied at the same time, —

"Civil war! it is you who are bringing it about."

Lanjuinais wished to reply; but cries of "Down! down!" came from all parts of the hall.

Just then stacks of arms were brought in to General Bonaparte.

"For whom are these arms?" cried a voice.

"For the Convention, if it is worthy of them," replied Bonaparte.

The inspiration breathed by the young general's reply thrilled in every heart.

"Arms! Give us arms!" cried the Conventionals. "We will die fighting."

The Convention, for a moment humiliated, recovered itself. The lives of its members were not yet saved, but their honor was. Bonaparte profited by the flash of

enthusiasm which he had kindled. Each deputy received a musket and a package of cartridges. Barras exclaimed, —

"We are going to die in the streets in defence of the Convention; it is for you, if need be, to die here in defence of liberty."

Chénier, who had been the hero of the session, once more ascended the tribune, and with that eloquence which is akin to grandeur, said, his arm raised to heaven:

"O thou, who for six years hast guided the ship of the Revolution through the most frightful tempests, amid the rocks of different parties; thou, by whom we have conquered Europe with a government without rulers, with armies without generals, with soldiers without pay, — O Genius of Liberty, watch over us, thy last defenders!"

At that moment, as though Chénier's prayer was answered, the first shots were heard. Each deputy seized his musket, and, standing in his place, bit off his cartridge and loaded it. It was a solemn moment, when nothing but the sound of the ramrods in the musket-barrels was heard.

Ever since morning, the republicans, provoked by the grossest insults, and from time to time even by occasional shots, had obeyed with heroic patience the order which had forbidden them to fire. But, attacked this time by a volley that came from a court which the sectionists had captured, seeing a republican drop dead in their ranks, and others who were wounded totter and fall, they replied by a volley.

Bonaparte at the first shots hastened into the court of the Tuileries.

"Who fired first?" he asked.

"The sectionists," he was answered from all sides.

"Then all is well," he replied. "And it will not be

my fault if our uniforms are reddened with French blood."

He listened. It seemed to him that the firing was heaviest in the direction of Saint-Roch. He set out at a gallop, found at the Feuillants two pieces of artillery, which he ordered to be limbered up, and went with them to the top of the Rue du Dauphin.

The Rue du Dauphin was a furnace. The republicans held the street, and were defending it. But the sectionists, occupying all the windows, and standing in groups upon the steps of the church of Saint-Roch, were raining a hail of bullets upon them.

Bonaparte arrived just then, preceded by his two pieces of artillery, and followed by the battalion of '89. He gave an order to the two officers of the battalion to advance into the Rue Saint-Honoré, amid the terrible fire and in spite of it, and wheel, one to the right, and the other to the left.

The officers called to their men, executed the required manœuvre, and fired in the direction, — the one of the Palais-Royal, and the other of the Place Vendôme; at the same moment a hurricane of fire swept along behind them. It was caused by General Bonaparte's two guns, which were fired at the same time, and which covered with corpses and blood the steps of the church of Saint-Roch.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ROUT.

When the smoke from the cannon had disappeared, those sectionists who remained standing on the steps of the church of Saint-Roch could see, not fifty paces from them, Bonaparte on horseback in the midst of the gunners, who were reloading their pieces. They replied to the cannonade by a heavy fire. Seven or eight gunners fell, and Bonaparte's black horse sank to the ground, shot dead by a bullet in his forehead.

"Fire!" cried Bonaparte, as he fell.

The cannon thundered for the second time. Bonaparte had time to rise. He had concealed the battalion of '89 in the Cul-de-sac du Dauphin, which they reached by means of the stables.

"This way, volunteers!" he cried, drawing his sword.

And the battalion of volunteers hastened to him with fixed bayonets. They were tried men, who had seen all the first battles of the Revolution. Bonaparte noticed an old drummer who was standing in a corner.

"Come here," he said, "and beat the charge."

"The charge, my boy!" said the old drummer, who saw that he had to do with a young man twenty-five years of age, "you want the charge? Well, you shall have it; but it will be a warm one."

And he placed himself at the head of the regiment of '89, and beat the charge. The regiment marched straight to the steps of Saint-Roch, and pinned to the church doors

with their bayonets, all the sectionists that remained standing.

"At a gallop, and to the Rue Saint-Honoré!" cried Bonaparte.

The cannon obeyed as if they understood the command. While the battalion of volunteers were marching upon Saint-Roch, the guns had been reloaded.

"To the right!" said Bonaparte to the gunners in charge of one of the cannon.

"To the left!" he cried to those of the other.

And to both at the same time he said, —

"Fire!"

And with the two discharges of grapeshot he swept the whole length of the Rue Saint-Honoré.

The sectionists, destroyed without being able to tell whence the thunderbolt had come, took refuge in the church of Saint-Roch, in the Théâtre du République (now the Théâtre Français), and in the Palais Égalité. Bonaparte had put them to flight, dispersed them, broken them; it was for others to drive them from their last intrenchments. He mounted another horse, which was brought him, and called out, —

"Patriots of '89, the honor of the day is yours! Finish what you have so well begun."

These men, who did not know him, were astonished at being commanded by a boy. But they had just seen him at work, and they were dazzled by his calmness under fire. They scarcely knew his name; they certainly did not know who he was. They put their caps on the end of their muskets and cried, —

"Long live the Convention!"

The wounded, lying alongside the houses, raised themselves upon the doorsteps, or clung to the gratings of the windows, crying, —

"Long live the Republic!"

In the streets the dead lay in heaps, and blood ran through the gutters as in a slaughter-house; but enthusiasm hovered above the corpses.

"I have nothing more to do here," said the young general.

And, putting spurs to his horse, he rode through the Place Vendôme, now clear; and almost in the midst of the fugitives, whom he seemed to be pursuing, he reached the Rue Saint-Florentin, and thence continued to the Place de la Révolution.

There he directed General Montchoisy, who commanded the reserve, to form a column, to take two twelve-pounders, and to go by way of the Boulevard to the Porte Sainte-Honoré, in order to turn the Place Vendôme; then to effect a junction with the guard attached to the staff, in the Rue des Capucines, and with it to return through the Place Vendôme, and thus drive out all the sectionists that might remain there.

At the same time General Brune, obeying Bonaparte's order, went through the Rues Saint-Nicaise and Saint-Honoré. All the sectionists from the Barrière des Sergents to the Place Vendôme, attacked on three sides at once, were either killed or taken prisoners. Those who escaped by the Rue de la Loi (formerly the Rue de Richelieu) raised a barricade at the top of the Rue Saint-Marc.

It was General Danican who made this effort, with about twelve thousand men whom he had gathered at the point nearest to the Convention, believing that he had only to force the wicket de l'Echelle in order to reach the Assembly. Desiring to obtain for himself all the honors of the day, he had forbidden Morgan, who commanded on the Pont Neuf, and Coster de Saint-Victor,

who commanded on the Quai Conti, to make one forward step.

Suddenly Morgan saw Danican, with the remnant of his ten thousand men, returning through the Halles and the Place du Châtelet. The impetus thus given extended to the Quai du Louvre, and also to the Quai Conti. This was the movement which Bonaparte had foreseen when he left the church of Saint-Roch.

From the Place de la Révolution he saw them advancing in close columns, on one side towards the gardens of the Infanta, and on the other towards the Quai Malaquais. He sent two batteries to take up their position on the Quai des Tuileries, and ordered them to begin firing instantly in a slanting direction, crossing the river diagonally. He then set off at a gallop for the Rue du Bac, turned three guns ready loaded upon the Quai Voltaire, and cried "Fire!" just as the column emerged by the Institute.

Obliged to march in a compact body as they passed between the monument and the parapet of the quay, the sectionists formed a narrow but deep mass; this was the moment when the artillery burst forth, and the shot swept through their ranks, and literally mowed down the battalions as with a scythe. The battery consisted of six guns, of which three only were fired at a time, the other three reloading and then firing in turn; consequently, the firing was incessant.

The sections wavered and recoiled. Coster de Saint-Victor put himself at their head, rallied them, and was the first to leap the narrow passage. His men followed him. The cannon resounded on their flank and in front. His men continued to fall around Coster, who stood ten feet in advance of the mutilated column, the fragments of which rapidly drew back.

The young chief sprang upon the parapet of the bridge, and thence, a target for every shot, appealed to his men, encouraging them, — insulting them, even. Stung by his sarcasms, the sectionists attempted once more to cross the passage. Coster leaped from the parapet, and put himself at their head.

The artillery made terrible havoc, the shot ploughing through the ranks; a single shot killed or wounded three or four men. Coster's hat, which he held in his hand, was carried away; but the hurricane of fire passed round him without touching him.

Coster looked round him; saw that he was alone; recognized the impossibility of restoring his men's courage; glanced in the direction of the Quai du Louvre, and saw that Morgan was waging deadly battle there with Carteaux; then he darted through the Rue Mazarine to the Rue Guénégaud, and thence to the summit of the Quai Conti, which was heaped up with dead, exposed as it was to the battery on the Quai des Tuileries; on his way he rallied round him a thousand men, crossed the Pont Neuf with them, and emerged, at their head, upon the Quai de l'École.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VICTORY.

THE struggle on this side also was terrible. Scarcely had Morgan, who was boiling with impatience, heard Danican's voice, still a long way behind him, cry, "Forward!" when he fell like an avalanche upon Carteaux's troops. The movement was so rapid that the latter had not time even to raise their weapons to their shoulders and fire. They aimed at random, and received Morgan and his men on the points of their bayonets.

The battery under the balcony of Charles IX. narrowly escaped being taken, so unexpected was the attack. The sectionists were not more than ten feet from the muzzles of the guns, when the gunners lowered their matches and fired almost instinctively.

It is impossible to describe the horrible and bloody gap which the three guns, fired simultaneously, made in the ranks of the men who were marching so close together; it was like a breach in a wall. The advance of the sectionists, however, was so rapid that, in spite of this breach, they were not checked. But at that very moment from the colonnade of the Louvre, which was covered with sharpshooters, bullets fell like hail into the ranks of the sectionists.

Meantime a hand-to-hand fight was being waged in the open ground about the Louvre. The sectionists were, in fact, taken between two fires. All the houses in the Rue des Poulies, the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-l'Auxer-

rois, and the Rue des Prêtres, overlooking the gardens of the Infanta, were vomiting forth death.

Morgan had made a promise to himself that he would take Carteaux prisoner. He contrived to reach him, but Carteaux took shelter behind the bayonets of his men. For a moment it was a duel to the death all along the line. The sectionists, repulsed by the bayonets, drew back a step, reloaded their guns, fired point-blank, and then, reversing their weapons, used them as clubs, and tried to fight their way out of the belt of fire which encompassed them. But nothing could break it.

Suddenly Morgan felt that something had given way behind him. The artillery, which continued to thunder, had cut his column in two, and it was obliged to incline to the right, to maintain its position near the Louvre. There was now a large open space between the Rue de la Monnaie and the Pont Neuf, the sectionists not daring to risk themselves near the Quai du Louvre, and sheltering themselves behind the houses in the Rue de la Monnaie and behind the parapet of the Pont Neuf.

Morgan was thus obliged to retreat; but just as he reached the upper part of the Pont Neuf, Coster de Saint-Victor, at the head of his thousand men, advanced rapidly through the Rue Guénégaud. The two young men recognized each other, uttered a cry of joy, and carrying their soldiers with them by the mere force of their example, returned with fresh fury to that Quai du Louvre which they had before been compelled to abandon. But then the same butchery was renewed. Bonaparte's measures had been so admirably taken that the Louvre was unapproachable. Artillery, musketry, and shells rained death from every side. Folly alone could have continued such a struggle.

Then Carteaux, who saw the wavering of the section-

ists, who were really sustained by the courage of only two men, ordered his men to fire for the last time, and then, forming in column, to advance at the double.

The sectionists were annihilated. More than half of them were lying on the pavement. In the last rank, Morgan, holding only a fragment of his broken sword, and Coster de Saint-Victor, binding up with his handkerchief a flesh wound in the thigh, had recoiled, like two lions forced to retreat before the hunters.

By half-past six all was ended; every column was broken and dispersed. Two hours had sufficed to accomplish this tremendous defeat. Of the fifty thousand sectionists who had taken part in the fight, scarcely a thousand were left, and they were scattered about, — some in the church of Saint-Roch, others in the Palais Égalité, others behind the barricade in the Rue de la Loi, and others at the windows of the houses; and as night was coming on, Bonaparte, in order that the innocent should not suffer in place of the guilty, directed his men to pursue the sectionists as far as the Pont au Change and the Boulevards, but with guns loaded only with powder. Their terror was so great that the noise was enough to make them flee.

At seven o'clock Barras and Bonaparte entered the hall of the Convention, in the midst of the deputies, who laid down their weapons to clap their hands.

"Conscript Fathers," said Barras, "your enemies are no more! You are free, and the country is saved."

Cries of "Long live Barras!" resounded on all sides

But he, shaking his head and commanding silence, continued, —

"The victory is not due to me, Citizen Representatives, but to the prompt and skilful arrangements of my young colleague, Bonaparte."

And as the hall re-echoed with shouts of gratitude, all the more vehement because the terror had been so great, a ray of the setting sun, shining across the vaulted ceiling, made an aureole of purple and gold around the bronzed and calm head of the young victor.

"Do you see?" said Chénier to Tallien, pressing his arm, and regarding the light as an omen. "If that were Brutus!"

That same evening, Morgan, safe and sound as by a miracle, passed the barrier without being stopped, and took the road to Besançon; while Coster de Saint-Victor, thinking that nowhere could he be better concealed than in the house of Barras' mistress, went to ask shelter of the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour.

END OF VOL. I.

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